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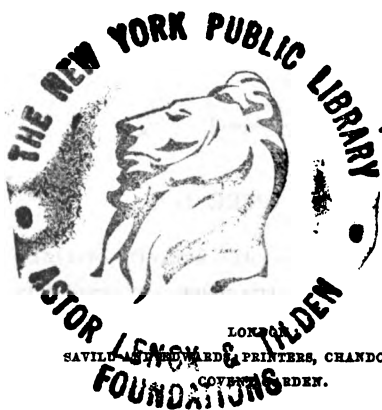
THE
DOBBS FAMILY
IN
AMERICA

BY OUR OWN
"SPECIAL" CORRESPONDENT



LONDON
JOHN MAXWELL AND COMPANY
122, FLEET STREET

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THE
DOBBS FAMILY IN AMERICA

CHAPTER I.

PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE—THE ARRIVAL—WILLARD'S—A
LETTER—GENERAL BURNSIDE—ANNOUNCEMENT IN THE
"TRUMPET."

PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE presents an unobstructed view from the Treasury building to the elevated site from which rises the imperial Capitol, with its lofty proportions outlined in the sky, grand and imposing. It is wider than Broadway of New York, and generally full of life and motion. In winter, when Congress is in session, it has its ebbs and flows like the main artery of Manhattan Island, the crowd tending downward until the afterpart of the day, and then returning. The Avenue begins to wear the marks of metropolitan life. There are soap-vendors on the corners, with patent soaps warranted to remove grease-spots the most tenacious, in an amazingly short space of time. The man with the artificial bugs, attached

to elastic strings, swinging up and down in a fashion altogether inviting to the juvenile mind, seems to do a thriving business. The candy-men are present in goodly numbers, with their little stands, on which are displayed huge rocks of the variegated article, from which pieces are chipped off according to the demand. The *Lazaroni* seem to find themselves as much at home here in roasting their chestnuts, as if the operation were going on under an Italian sky. The men with the telescopes at so much a sight, and the proprietors of lung-testing machines, who ask you if you "wont take a blow to see wot kind of a chist you've got," have evidently become citizens of the place. The cosmopolitan organ-grinders are at the corners and up the bye-streets, playing the old plaintive tunes as familiar to the inhabitants of the Old as the New World, peering down the areas in quest of the bounties of Bridget, or looking upward with that face which is always pensive, to the windows for the pennies which the little folk are wont to bestow. Prematurely sharp news-boys and boot-blacks are seen, and heard too, all along the Avenue; and it is worthy of remark that, although the majority of the boot-blacks are coloured boys, the white boys monopolize the selling of newspapers. Mounted guards are stationed at the street corners, who sit with drawn swords, motionless,

until some luckless wight attempts to ride by faster than the regulation admits, when they make a Balaclava charge after the offender, and bring him up in a trice. Cars well filled with passengers pass at intervals of two or three minutes over the double track which extends from the Navy Yard to Georgetown, a distance of about six miles. There are branches running up Fourteenth and Seventh streets, and the most crowded and busiest part of the Avenue is at the intersection of the Seventh street branch with the main track. The grand thoroughfare is well filled with vehicles of various kinds—government wagons, ambulances, private carriages with liveried coachmen and lackeys, but in greatest number hacks, driven chiefly by coloured men. The hack is in much request apparently, and a popular means of locomotion. The commerce and promenading seem to be confined pretty much to one side of the Avenue, the right in ascending, leaving the other side almost deserted. The buildings on the right are higher and more pretentious than on the left, where they are irregular in height and insignificant in appearance. There is the dark and the bright side—sunshine, bustle, and pretty shops on the one, and shadow, dulness, and dinginess on the other. In the gala days of fine weather, the promenaders are very numerous, considering the size of the city, and of

every complexion, from fairest blond to sootiest black—a panorama of nationalities, where various countries have their representatives—blue-eyed, light-haired Saxons; swarthy, dreamy-eyed Creoles, vivacious, fine-featured sons of France and Italy; olive-tinted quadroons, and every shade of mulatto, ebony-black “contrabands,” an occasional John Chinaman, and here and there a “lone” Indian, who is making the customary visit to the capitol to persuade the Great Father not to move him any farther back. The elegant costumes of fashionably attired ladies, the military uniforms of officers of the army, the showy gold-laced habits of the men of the sea, the fantastic rig of the Zouaves, and the general diversity of dress, imparts to the throng a mixture of extravagance and gaiety.

On one of the fine December days, when the Avenue appeared to greatest advantage, a carriage, containing the Dobbs family, rolled up to Willard’s Hotel and dumped out its contents at the side-door of that hospitable establishment. Paterfamilias, having conducted the ladies to one of the parlours, proceeded to the office, where he inquired of the affable clerk for Mr. Thomas Ruggles, and while he was asking the question the gentleman sought for made his appearance, saying—

“Talk of his majesty, and he is sure to be about. But, Dobbs, I am deuced glad to see you.”

"What!" responded Mr. D., "is it you, Ruggles, in proper persona?"

"It's not the proper thing to say proper; propria, Dobbs."

"Well, propria," said that gentleman, with tolerable grace. "Bless me, if I haven't been thinking about you ever since you left Dobbstown, and Mrs. Dobbs has, too."

The gentlemen shook hands very cordially for the second time, and indeed seemed to be very well pleased to meet each other.

"I have engaged rooms for you; come and register the names," said Ruggles. Whereupon Mr. Dobbs took the pen and made the following entry:—

"Honourable John Dobbs, Dobbstown.

"Mrs. John Dobbs, do.

"Miss Alice Dobbs, do.

"Miss Mary Dobbs, do."

"That's right," said Ruggles, looking over his shoulder; "put down the 'do,' for it's all *do dedi datum* here; about 300 dollars per day, I should judge, to say nothing of extras."

The clerk, glancing at the register, said, "Glad to see you looking so hearty, Mr. Dobbs. Hope you will spend a pleasant winter. Family well, sir?"

"Very well," responded Dobbs, who at once concluded that his fame had preceded him to the capital.

Mr. Dobbs looking around him, asked, "Ruggles, what are all these people doing here, in the office and around the corridors?"

"Many are drawn here in quest of the news, from a restless sympathy for the cause in which the government has embarked; others, veritable *quidnuncs*, for the sake of news itself: a great number come to see their friends who are staying here, and many to talk politics and pull the wires; the balance are guests of the house. Besides being an hotel, it is a political exchange, where there is a constant interchange of sentiment, which rubs off the sharp corners of politics of particular individuals, by which they are toned down to a state of reconcilability with each other, and thus are enabled to discuss the great questions of the day in a harmonious manner."

In the pause which here occurred in Mr. Ruggles's remarks, a seedy gentleman in paletot, with an air of decayed gentility, approached Mr. Dobbs, accosting him thus:

"Mr. Dobbs, I hasten to pay my respects to you, as I always make it a point of doing with my friends, as soon after their arrival as possible. I hope to find in you a man superior to the degenerate race of members that the people have been latterly sending here. Alas for the good old days of Clay and Webster! Then, they used to chip

without being bored ; but now, sir, I have to bore 'em like an auger, to get 'em to chip."

"And pray who are you, sir?"

"Hickman, sir, Beau Hickman, at your service, although I am not very *beau* now, as you can see, sir. I can assure you, however, that I have seen the time when the ladies cast sheep's eyes at me, sir. Ah, those were my palmy days ! I'll trouble you for a chip, sir."

"What do you mean by a chip?" asked innocent Mr. Dobbs.

"Are you not acquainted with my rights and privileges, Mr. Dobbs? Why, I am an institution here, although the constitution does not recognise me—a slight omission on the part of the framers thereof, sir, which is the only flaw I can detect in that admirable document."

"Wonder if he hasn't been on the stump some," observed Dobbs to Ruggles. "Does it as well as the best bushwhacker in our county."

The member from Dobbstown having bestowed the customary tip upon the indigent gentleman, ascended, with Mr. Ruggles, to the parlour in search of the ladies. They found Mrs. Dobbs alone, waiting for them, the young ladies having retired to their apartment and not being visible until the necessary ablutions consequent upon railway riding had been performed.

After the salutations usual between friends who have not seen each other for some time, had been spoken, Mrs. Dobbs said—

“We shall never forget that Mr. Dobbs owes his new dignities to your influential action as editor of the *Trumpet*, in bringing him before the people, and through a difficult canvass. I am anxious to learn from you what rôle Mr. Dobbs should take ; he will of course do nothing until we have consulted with you. I have suggested to him the propriety of his not going up to the House until we see clearly ; he might commit himself in some way. So, please provide yourself with a good share of patience, Mr. Ruggles, as we have a good deal to learn of politics and no one to teach us but yourself. Old Griggs conducts your paper very well since you left ; and your editorial correspondence from the capital is read by everybody in the county. We feel *particularly* obliged to you for the last letter which appeared in the *Trumpet*, written in praise of Mr. Dobbs and Republican principles.”

“That subject has been the keynote of the *Trumpet* so long, I question whether it would be possible to change it,” said Ruggles. After much more chat of the same kind, the trio separated to prepare for dinner.

Miss Mary Dobbs, the younger daughter, ad-

dicted to letter writing, after a few days' residence at Willard's, conveyed her impressions to her cousin, Miss Sophia Twiggs, in the following epistle :—

“MY DEAR SOPHY.—We are in very nice apartments at Willard's, three rooms *en suite*, two chambers and a parlour. Our rooms are well furnished, particularly the parlour. Alice, who is difficult to please in these matters, as you know, expresses herself perfectly satisfied with our quarters. We straggle in to breakfast without much order as to time, but at dinner we are at the table punctually at five *en grande tenue*, when Mr. Ruggles shows us the celebrities and tells us all about them. Last evening one of them appeared quite unexpectedly at the table—General Burnside. We caught sight of him before he removed his hat, which is one of those slouched conical-shaped ones, and I assure you he looks like one of those delightful Italian brigands that we so often read about and never see. Without his hat, he was a dashing dragoon—a Charles O'Malley—attired in dark blue jacket and pantaloons, Wellington boots, and sash tied round his waist. He appeared careworn and in haste. He has the quick movement and buoyant step of a youth of eighteen. Although he is quite bald, he

is very handsome. He has heavy well-marked eyebrows, covering dark lustrous eyes which tell of his noble nature. At a little distance, with covered head, by his sprightly movement and handsome *svelt* figure, he would be taken for quite a young man, and yet he must be about forty, Ruggles says.

"Ruggles's friend, Richard Clavers, who used to live in our town years ago, is here. He is so queer, Mr. Clavers, always laughing in his sleeve at people, and so satirical; but Ruggles says he is very kind-hearted, and has done a great deal for the sick and wounded soldiers in the hospitals. Besides, he is so nice and well-bred, and all that sort of thing, you know.

"We have made the acquaintance of such a handsome young nobleman—Count Cronier, who speaks our language with a delightful French accent. He has called upon us twice already, and *entre nous*, my dear, I think we shall see a great deal of him.

"Your affectionate cousin,

"MARY DOBBS."

About the same time, the following piece of news appeared in the editorial column of the *Trumpet*:—

"DISTINGUISHED ARRIVAL.

"Our citizens will be gratified to learn that our able representative, the Honourable John Dobbs, and his estimable family, have safely arrived at Washington, and taken up their quarters for the winter at Willard's.

"We believe we echo the common sentiment when we say that we feel confident that the important interests of this district will be carefully looked after by the talented representative elect. That the presence of our gifted M.C. in the House of Representatives will materially affect the legislative results of next winter, we have not a doubt. Mr. Dobbs will assuredly take a firm stand in the advocacy of the noble principles he has always professed, and it shall be our aim to chronicle his acts, for the benefit of our readers, as they transpire, with the promptitude and enterprise which characterize the conduct of this journal.

"We congratulate our citizens upon having such a strenuous advocate of the principles for which our fathers fought, bled, and died, to represent them and their interests in Congress; and if the *Trumpet* has contributed to this result, as we have been assured it has by friends, it will always be to us a source of pride that our humble

efforts have been thus instrumental in putting the right man in the right place.

"The accomplished ladies of the Honourable Mr. Dobbs' family, by their presence at Washington the coming winter, will lend an additional charm to the attractions of the national capital."

As soon as the journal arrived containing this account of the movements of the Dobbs family, Ruggles read the same aloud, with sundry flourishes, to the family group. The comment of Mrs. Dobbs thereupon was—

"Really, Mr. Ruggles, you are indefatigable. We are fortunate in having such a eulogistic historian."

The comment of the elder daughter, Miss Alice, was—

"Mr. Ruggles, please have the goodness to drop the 'accomplished ladies of the Dobbs family.' *Requiescant in pace*: You are always making them cut a figure in the columns of your paper. Be father's Boswell as much as you like, but please do let us alone."

Mr. Dobbs, who had come through an election contest wherein he had been badgered to the last degree, sighed as he listened to the highly-coloured account of himself by his political henchman, and thought of the ordeals he would still be

obliged to undergo on account of his political elevation.

"Will it be as hard to do the Congress-man as the candidate, friend Ruggles?" asked Mr. Dobbs.

"Nothing like," responded that gentleman. "You will find it very simple—I know you'll go through like a daisy."

CHAPTER II.

THE HON. JOHN DOBBS—HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES—
 MR. POMPOUS MEDIOCRITY—GOV. WYCLIFFE—OWEN
 LOVEJOY—THADDEUS STEVENS—JOHN J. CRITTENDEN—
 C. L. VALLANDIGHAM—HORACE MAYNARD—JOHN A.
 BINGHAM—WRIGHT—ALFRED ELY—J. K. MOREHEAD.

MR. JOHN DOBBS, in mind, was not even a respectable mediocrity. He had not the talents to ensure success, so the talents of others were pressed into his service. To his friends and acquaintances generally, Dobbs passed for a man of few words and much reflection, who was particular about not giving an opinion or committing himself to any course of action until the thing had cooled on his mind. If his remarks were often common-place, his friends gave him credit for reserving his heavy fire for important actions, and employing these shallow observations as a kind of light artillery for general skirmishing. When pressed for a yes or no, he generally replied, "Wait until I turn it over in my mind," or, "I'll tell you to-morrow." The power behind the throne in the Dobbs family was Mrs. Dobbs, but it was a family secret. Like a shrewd

woman, Mrs. Dobbs knew that to elevate herself at the expense of her husband would not improve her standing nor advance the interests of her family. Dobbs, therefore, was the ostensible pillar which supported the family dignity, and Mrs. Dobbs the ornamental vine which hung around it. This was the sham in the life of Dobbs—passing for clever when in reality he was only a good-natured imbecile—this was the single breath that marred the brightness of the mirror. He was a man of composure and some rotundity, and the movements of his body, like the operations of his mind, were slow. He was never seen without a cleanly-shaved face and immaculate linen. Beyond the family circle, none treated the opinions of Mr. Dobbs with more respect than Mrs. Dobbs. In their intercourse with the world, Dobbs was as the sun, and his wife the moon, who shone in reflected light: thus it was always day-time when they were out, and night when they were at home, for then the moon resumed her sway, and the sun disappeared altogether. In his out-of-door life, he wore the face of Sir Humphry Davy; in his inner life he was only too willing to throw off the mask of wisdom, and act without restraint. By his honest nature he was expansive and genial, and loved to babble his banalities to his wife and children; but, in accordance with his wife's wishes, he was taciturn in his relations with the outer world,

and imposed a check on himself whenever he discovered his geniality getting the mastery of his tongue. This life of restraint chafed the poor gentleman at times, but he had such an opinion of his wife's better judgment, he continued without complaint to act the character marked out for him. This was the only cloud between him and the sunshine.

After several days of confidential confab with his wife and Ruggles, the Honourable Mr. Dobbs duly made his appearance in the House of Representatives, and took his appropriate place on the Republican side, behind his little oaken desk, rubbed his spectacles with his red bandana, adjusted them carefully, and took a grave survey of the scene before him. The worthy man had looked forward to entering upon his congressional duties with some trepidation, but was rather mortified than otherwise to find that his entrance produced no sensation of any kind. He had expected some sort of greeting, in view of such an acquisition as himself to the assembled wisdom of the country. With two or three exceptions, no one addressed him. A gaunt member from the West, who sat alongside of him, and who was driving his pen over the paper with a shoving muscular movement, interrupted his labours a moment, and held out his bony hand to the new member.

"Ah! how d'ye do? You take Smith's seat. He was a host, was Smith, and his seat will be hard to fill; but I see you fill it—ha, ha!" said he, looking at Dobbs's portly form.

After a few moments' reflection, Dobbs appreciated the remark, and gently echoed back the "ha, ha!" of his neighbour, who was already driving away again with his pen with renewed energy.

Presently he received a note from Mrs. Dobbs, who sat in the gallery with Ruggles, watching her husband. The object of Mrs. Dobbs's solicitude opened the carefully-sealed envelope, and read—

"My dear: Mr. —'s Bill is before the House, —cast your vote with the ayes. Please be very circumspect in answering the questions of your neighbour.

"MRS. DOBBS."

Dobbs looked up at his matrimonial partner and nodded an assent. It was in this way that lady shaped her husband's political course.

As Dobbs became aware that his presence was not particularly remarked, he began to realize that a man might be a very important personage in Dobbstown, and quite lost sight of in the political arena of the capital. He was rather bewildered by the humdrum noise of the reading of Bills, the auctioneer tones of the Speaker, with his ever-

recurring cries of "Order;" "Does the gentleman from Pennsylvania yield the floor?" "The gentleman from New York has the floor;" or "The gentleman from Ohio is not in order;" "The second reading of the bill;" "The yeas and nays will be called;" and many other Parliamentary phrases, which sounded in his ears afterwards, waking and dreaming, for many a day; the occasional striking of the Speaker's gavel, the clapping of hands in calling pages, who darted around like little sprites, the scratching of pens and rustling of paper, the continual talking of those who were not addressing the Speaker, the passing to and fro, and above all, the monotonous tones of the big-voiced reading clerk.

The Western member again turning to Dobbs, said—

"I'm drawing up a Bill praying for a grant of land to assist in building a railway from —— to my town. If the Committee report favourably, will you vote for it?"

"I'll tell you to-morrow," said the wary Dobbs, as he looked up in the direction of his wife.

"Sharp," said the Western member, as he resumed his pen, to drive it with the muscular movement over the paper.

Mrs. Dobbs was always there to meet any emergency that might arise in her husband's political career. Besides, the sight of his partner had a

good effect on worthy Dobbs; it steadied his nerves, and gave him that courage which good backing always does. If a question came up suddenly before the House for which he was unprepared by previous instructions from Mrs. Dobbs, down came a note from that lady in which the way was made clear. She was always ready for these contingencies, with paper and pencil in hand, that her worthy husband might present a consistent record to his constituency.

On this first day of Dobbs's congressional experience, Ruggles overheard a lady behind him ask who that dignified, intellectual-looking member was in spectacles, with the red bandana in his hand. Ruggles leaned forward and made Mrs. Dobbs acquainted with the impression her husband had produced.

"He will do," continued the editor of the *Trumpet*. "There is something about him suggestive of bank-notes, respectability, and wisdom. You need have no fears, Mrs. Dobbs."

"Thank you, Ruggles," said that lady, her expression of solicitude relaxed into a smile. "Pray who is that reading a speech?"

"That individual," said Ruggles, "I call Mr. Pompous Mediocrity. His nomination was the result of accident, and in his district the nomination of his party is equivalent to an election. Observe how he rolls out his platitudes with that deep voice

of his. Pray don't let sound beguile you, but listen to the sense, or rather nonsense, of what he is saying. See how blatantly he delivers himself of stuff that a sophomore would be ashamed of. What a weary waste of wind! what a volume of voice to lay bare that threadbare little idea, around which he is revolving! what an amount of random hammering, without hitting the nail on the head! If he had less vanity and a little more penetration he would get some one to write his speeches for him, but the man actually believes that he has a capacity for that kind of thing. But this is his last session—he is politically dead. He will soon sink into the shades of private life, where he will doubtless regale his family and cronies with accounts of the time when the Legislative Hall of the capitol resounded with his eloquence.”

“Show me,” said Mrs. Dobbs, “some of those members who are best known.”

“Well,” answered Ruggles, nothing loth to hear himself talk, “let us commence with that old white-haired gentleman with crutches, shaggy eyebrows and black eyes, or that look as if they were. That is Governor Wycliffe, of Kentucky, who is the watch-dog of the House—always at his place, listening to everything, and suspicious of every measure. Disturb him, and he growls like an old mastiff over a bone. He loves the Union—and

slavery too. He is always grim, as you see him now. I do not recollect ever seeing his face tempered with mildness, but I *have* seen it grimmer. He is deeply impressed with the importance of the rights of the State of Kentucky, which prevents him from seeing the rights of the United States. If he had his way he would hang all secessionists as high as Haman, but speak to him of the abolishment of slavery as a Union-saving measure, and you touch him on a tender point; he will sing you the old song, *ad libitum*, about the divine institution. He has still in his head the old issues between Whig and Democrat, and does not seem to understand the needs of the present. Good as far as he goes, but his vision does not extend beyond the limits of his own State. He is an apt illustration of the term old fogey."

"Which is Owen Lovejoy?" said Mrs. Dobbs.

"The stout member, just below where we sit, with the good-natured countenance and light-brown hair," answered Ruggles. "Before there seemed to be any danger for the Union, Mr. Owen Lovejoy came into the House on the topmost abolition wave—an agitator the most fanatical, throwing down the glove to every Southern champion who chose to pick it up, and assailing slavery, on the stump, in private circles, in publications, and the

legislature, whenever he had an opportunity. Since the evil days have come upon us, he has grown calmer and more practical with the increasing danger, and now seems to be among the foremost to save the country, regardless of the negro, in every feasible plan that is presented. He is an orator with a poetical imagination, and a power of communicating to others the effect that his own eloquence has upon himself, which is the test, really, of an orator. He is natural and impulsive, and seems to spurn the aid which art can give in saying what he has to say. He is in antithesis as an orator, for instance, to Edward Everett, who has availed himself of every auxiliary in perfecting himself, and whose nature is too unsympathetic ever to arouse the feelings of the people to any great degree.

“The gentleman with the light, nervous frame, club-foot, and who wears a wig, is Thaddeus Stevens, the oldest member in the House, Crittenden perhaps excepted. He is chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, which is the most important and responsible position in this body. He is generally cool, and always talks business; is a hard worker, and fond of extreme measures, regardless of expediency. It is a matter of surprise, that a member whose views are so generally sound does not agree with Secretary Chase in the financial

scheme so lucidly and logically set forth by him in his last Report. As chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, he can throw obstacles in the way to prevent the consummation of Mr. Chase's well-digested plan; it is to be hoped, however, that he may eventually be induced to view this matter through the clear financial spectacles of the able Secretary. Mr. Stevens is unquestionably a leader, and doubtless the most able representative which Pennsylvania has in the House at this time. He makes no pretensions to oratory, and usually speaks in a conversational tone in addressing the House. Facts and figures suit him best—tropes and metaphors he leaves to others.

"You would scarcely recognise in that old man who sits in such apathy to everything around, the cotemporary and almost the compeer of Webster, Clay, Benton, and Calhoun."

"Who is it?" asked Mrs. Dobbs.

"John J. Crittenden. His reputation as a great man may have come to him through the reflected light of Clay, who was his intimate friend, or, what is probably the more just, as well as the more charitable conclusion, his powers may have latterly failed him from old age and peculiar domestic affliction. He certainly has lost the energy which he once displayed, both in the Senate and Cabinet. The acme of his popularity was reached when

he was elected to the Senate the last time, and before he acted as volunteer counsel to shield from offended justice Mat. Ward, the murderer of Professor Butler, the school-teacher of Louisville. Ever since his last return to the Senate, he has been vacillating, and lacking in back-bone. He rarely, if ever, speaks or writes now, and looks more like a spectator than an actor in the terrible crisis through which the country is passing. His political life ended soon after the death of Clay. His old friends and companions have almost all passed off the stage, and he is playing a part mechanically, which will, in the course of nature, soon be ended. He doubtless feels as if he were encroaching upon a new generation, and age is not the period when new ties are formed with those whom he regards in his old-fashioned timidity as restless, audacious spirits with desperate remedies for the afflictions of the country. Natures like his would let the patient die for want of vigorous treatment, and call it cruel when it is merciful. Let us pass to some one else."

"I have a curiosity to see Vallandigham," said Mrs. Dobbs. "Which is he?"

"The young-looking man, who appears from here to be twenty-six or seven years old, but to whom a close inspection adds about ten years, to the right of the Speaker, three or four desks from

the front, that is Vallandigham. As you see, there is always a smile on his face—a smile satiric—those who do not like him call it a smirk, and I must say it looks very like one. He has a flexible voice, speaks fluently, and with some grace. His most common gesture, when he has warmed to his subject, is bringing one hand with a swing into the other with sufficient force to produce a disagreeably loud smack. This is particularly the case when his attitude is threatening. He consumes more time on the floor than any other member, with the exception of Mr. Stevens, who, from his position as chairman of the most important committee, is entitled to more time than any one else. Vallandigham is fond of speaking, and hangs on to a question with great pertinacity, and I believe enjoys a debate for the sake of the talk. He generally takes his seat in great glee with himself, and is evidently not displeased at his own efforts. The smirk then breaks into a chuckle, as he chats away behind his hand, in his seat, with his neighbours, and perhaps his opponent, who may be speaking at the time—which, I can assure you, Mrs. Dobbs, is very embarrassing to a speaker, a fact of which Vallandigham is very well aware. The Democracy refuse any longer to receive him as an exponent of party views, and he has been left high and dry in the last election, and is now

on his last legs. But he is plucky and dies hard.

"The tall, slight figure, with swarthy complexion, and long black hair put behind his ears, in short, an Indian to all appearance, is Horace Maynard, of Tennessee. He is of a thoughtful, serious turn, and thoroughly in earnest in the great work of putting down the rebellion. He has laboured hard in the cause, both here and at home, where he has been an efficient missionary in spreading and encouraging Union sentiment. He is a pleasant speaker, and not ungraceful.

"To the left of the Speaker, occupying one of the front seats, is John A. Bingham, another leader, and one of the most talented members from Ohio. He possesses a nervous organization, and seems to suffer from ill-health. The inward burning of his vehement nature seems to be consuming him, for he is full of fire and vehemence, and his frail body does not look as if it could stand the wear and tear to which he subjects it. He is clear, forcible, and violent, and at times very eloquent, marred though it is by a little provincialism of language. He is irritable in debate, and ungraceful in gesture, but generally engages the attention of the House.

"That grey-haired Hercules, is Wright of Pennsylvania. He looks like a Saxon, and perhaps has

some of the old Pennsylvania German blood in his veins. If he thinks the right is on his side, I do not believe that Stonewall Jackson with his division at his heels could bend him. Determination is written on his face, and in his voice and gestures. And better still, he has a great loyal heart in that capacious chest, that beats in unison with every patriotic act of the Government, in its efforts to throw off that mighty incubus—the rebellion.

“The active little man who is speaking and shaking hands with everybody, is Alfred Ely of New York. Brusque, and lively as a jumping-jack, is this little gentleman, who never seems to get rid of the idea of canvassing, whoever it may be, with a view to securing votes—a frequently indulged habit which has grown into a second nature. He is *répandu*, as Cronier would say, from having been taken prisoner at Bull Run. This imprisonment of both him and Corcoran was the making of them. That Richmond incarceration did their business effectually, and for a time they were nighed with heroes. While they sojourned there, we were frequently furnished with bulletins to relieve our anxious suspense touching the health of these two gentlemen, while hundreds of the ‘great unwashed’ were dying from neglected wounds and wasting disease in the dungeons of that impregnable town, and their friends here were in a terrible state of doubt as to whether they were

alive or dead. The thing was overdone. Their release was opportune, for the public were becoming nauseated with accounts of the health of these men, to the exclusion of Corporal Jones and Private Smith, in whom the country is expected to take *some* interest.

"J. K. Morehead is the large gentleman occupying one of the last rows of desks near the main entrance. He is a good illustration of what fair ability, a conscientious discharge of duty, and a properly directed ambition can accomplish. Commencing life as a poor boy, he has amassed a considerable fortune, and become one of the prominent men of Western Pennsylvania. He is eminently a business man, who eschews the highfalutin' flights of the fancy speaker, and devotes his time and administrative talents to the carrying out of practical measures. His reputation here is that of a hard-working committee-man, who accomplishes for his constituency a good deal of labour, but who can, when occasion requires it, speak well, and to the point."

As Mr. Ruggles was proceeding to fix the *status*, moral and mental, of some one else, and rather to the annoyance of that gentleman, the House adjourned, when, offering his arm to Mrs. Dobbs, and joining Mr. Dobbs below, they returned to their hotel, two of them at least wiser than when they left it in the morning.

CHAPTER III.

THE CAPITOL—ITS PAINTINGS AND STATUARY—ALICE
AND CLAVERS.

THE prevailing idea of the public of this grand structure is of what it is to be, as seen in the engravings of the day, rather than what it really is. The effect of the building is more striking at a distance. For something like a bird's-eye view, Arlington heights is a good point, and for a nearer inspection, the sight from the avenue, and also that from the Mall about the Smithsonian grounds, are excellent. An extended view of the Capitol gives it a finished appearance, which is not the least considerable enchantment which distance lends in this case. A nearer approach exposes objects anything but agreeable for the eye to rest upon, such as the scaffolding about the dome, blocks of marble, cornices, columns, &c., in rough, lying around in every direction, except about the park in front.

The dome, which is nearly completed, is of a symmetrical shape and lofty, rising from the basement floor of the Capitol two hundred and fifteen

feet, and the height of the portion yet to be constructed—the *tholus* and statue—will add to it seventy-one feet, making two hundred and eighty-six feet. The advantage of situation which the building possesses—standing upon a hill—lends greatly to its height. The entire length of the Capitol is seven hundred and fifty feet, and the greatest depth, including porticoes and steps, three hundred and twenty-four feet. The ground actually covered by the building, exclusive of the courtyards, is over three and a half acres, or 153,112 square feet. The grounds comprise thirty-five acres, tastefully laid out in two parks.

In pursuance of an engagement which had for its object the inspection of the art features of the Capitol, Clavers and Alice sauntered along by the eastern front, which presents a grand colonnaded portico in the centre, composed of a double row of leviathan columns, where the portico rises, elevated on a lofty rustic basement, surmounted by an enriched entablature and pediment, over which rises the attic storey crowned by the immense dome, forming the grand surmounting feature of the building.

As they stood before the grand flight of steps, flanked on each side by massive buttresses, Alice's attention was turned to the colossal sculpture subjects which surmount the buttresses, and she

inquired, pointing her parasol to the one on the left—

“Who is the individual who looks as if he were rolling ten pins with all the *vim* of a ten-striker? And the maiden, crouching away from him as if she were afraid he might make a mistake, and take her for one of the pins?”

“Try again,” said Clavers.

“I should never guess,” responded Alice, “so you will please not stand upon the order of your explanation, but explain at once.”

“That, then, is the discovery of America eternized in marble. Your ten-striker is Christopher Columbus raising aloft yonder ball, which is the earth, on the summit of which, if you were in a position to see it, you would perceive inscribed the word *America*. The shrinking Indian maiden regards for the first time a white man. You see her face depicts awe and surprise, which is rather flattering to Mr. Columbus; for it is gratifying, if we cannot make the young women love us, to at least inspire them with a little awe or fright—anything is better than indifference.”

“The antediluvian notion of lovers,” added Alice. Turning to the subject on the other but-tress, she asked—

“Pray, what may that be—the naughty Choctaw with upraised tomahawk about to strike down the

woman and child, while the athlete form behind stays the hand of the interesting savage?"

"It is one of the scenes of border life," answered Clavers, "representing the early settlement of our country, by Greenough. Before ascending this flight of marble steps, Miss Alice, look up at the colossal group in the tympanum of the pediment of this portico, and tell me what you see."

"I see," said Alice, "a figure in the centre in becoming drapery, standing on a broad plinth, holding in her hand an oval shield, on which is written 'U. S. A.' in the middle, and surrounded by a glory. The shield rests on a pedestal, ornamented on the front with an oaken wreath in bas-relief, encircling the words 'July 4th, 1776.' There is a spear behind the figure and an eagle at her feet. Her head is crowned with a star, and she seems to be listening to the figure on the left. What are they?"

"The centre figure," answered Clavers, "is the 'Genius of America,' who is listening to 'Hope.'

And the figure on the right, with the partly-unrolled scroll bearing the title 'Constitution of the United States,' her left hand holding the scales?"

"If she had a bandage and sword I would say 'Justice?'" queried Alice.

"It is a new conception of 'Justice,'" said

Clavers. "Its author, I believe, explains that, in our free and happy country, 'Justice' is clear-sighted, and stands with open countenance, respecting and weighing equally the rights of all ; and it is in this, rather than in her punitive energies, that she is the admired object of freemen. You will observe 'Hope' looks eager and smiling toward 'Genius,' who, instead of catching her enthusiasm, points with cold dignity to the icy countenance of 'Justice' which is turned heavenward."

"Ah," said Alice, "it is intended for a story in marble. It takes too long, however, to read it—the design is too complex."

"There is a moral to it," resumed Clavers. "However 'Hope' may flatter, the American people will regard only that prosperity which is founded on public right, and the preservation of the Constitution."

"It sounds like one of Ruggles's perorations from the stump," remarked Alice. "But who *fecit*?" referring to the group in question.

"Signor Persico ; but there is a tradition around the Capitol which attributes the design to the 'old man eloquent,'" answered he. "If you please, we will now mount the steps, and take a view of this front," said Clavers.

From this portico the eastern park is well seen,

laid out in spacious gravel walks, and thick verdant exclosures of clumps of trees and shrubs, the whole encircled by an iron palisade. In the park, facing the Capitol, is seated in a curule chair, upon a plain granite block, a colossal statue of Washington, in marble, by Greenough. He is represented naked to the waist, with the right arm and lower limbs draped. He is in the act of delivering up his sword with his left hand, while with his right he points to heaven. "George Washington, First in War, First in Peace, and First in the Heart of his Countrymen," is inscribed upon the granite base.

"The sculptor," observed Clavers, "has endeavoured to rob him of his birthright by taking away the mark of his nationality—his costume, and putting him into the rig of a Roman. If it were possible to make this noble character ridiculous, these sculptors in their infatuation for the ancients would certainly do it."

"To say the least of it," said Alice, "his clothing seems scarcely sufficient to protect him from the inclemency of winter, however agreeable it may be in summer."

"He looks as if he might be saying," continued Clavers in the same spirit, "as he delivers up the weapon with the left hand, and with the right stretched in the direction of the Patent Office,

‘Here, take my sword, my clothes you will find over there.’”

“With regard to the groups on the buttresses at which we have been looking,” resumed Clavers, “many think they would appear to greater advantage on the blocks immediately below where they stand, which are finished without cornice, as if prepared for their reception; but the wags say Persico selected the present higher position of his Columbus, in order that he might better toss his ball to Washington in the park, who is seated in athlete costume, as if waiting to catch it.”

Greenough says, “the position of the group of Columbus and the Indian girl is anomalous and absurd—anomalous, because it invades the front view of the portico, crowds the façade, and hides another statue by the same artist; absurd, because it treats the building as somewhat on which to mount into conspicuous view, not as a noble and important vase, which it is called humbly to adorn and illustrate.” The same artist says, in reference to fencing-in objects of art, that “the railings which have been placed around the statues of the Capitol accuse a want of respect for the public property. They accuse it without remedying it; for, in spite of their protection, perhaps because of it, the statues of Columbus and of Washington have received more injury in the few years that

they have been so guarded than many figures wrought before the birth of Christ have suffered in coming to us through the so-called dark ages."

To the right of the principal grand walk in the park, a few rods from where the statue of Washington rests, is placed temporarily Crawford's gigantic and imposing statue of Freedom, which is to crown the dome. It is nineteen and a half feet high, and weighs about fifteen thousand pounds, is made entirely of bronze, and composed of five sections, the weight of the heaviest of which is about five thousand pounds. The screw-bolts which now blemish it will be removed when it is put in place, and a rich and uniform bronze tint will be imparted to it. The entire cost of the statue was about twenty-five thousand dollars. It is the most colossal representation of the female figure in the country.

Alice pointing to this statue remarked, "How much prettier that costume is than ours! The Grecian mode is certainly handsome, and I think, by the way, would become me admirably. Don't you think so?"

"You, Miss Alice," responded Clavers, gallantly, "and the Grecian costume were created for each other."

"Ollapodically, sir, I owe you one," replied that young lady.

"If you will be good enough to face the building now," continued Clavers, "Miss Alice, you will see two more subjects in marble, in niches, one on each side of the entrance leading into the grand rotunda. That on the right represents the fiery Mars, who is at present presiding over the destinies of the American people. With a frown on his face, and a sword in his hand, he represents at this moment the attitude of the nation in its determination to proceed to the last extremity in crushing the rebellion. The other niche contains a beautiful statue of Ceres, the Goddess of Peace, by Persico, who has been unusually happy in this creation. The goddess looks very beautiful, but until violated honour and justice are vindicated we must steel our hearts against her charms. The statue of Mars is also by Persico. These two subjects are regarded by some of the dilettanti as the most artistic conceptions in marble about the Capitol."

A bronze door for the eastern front, before which the young people stood, was cast in Munich before the war broke out, where it now remains ready for shipment whenever the Government chooses to send for it. This piece of workmanship is altogether unique, entirely of bronze, and weighs twenty thousand pounds. Its panels are embellished with scenes from the life of Columbus,

representing him before the Council of Salamanca, his leaving the Convent of La Rabida, his audience before Ferdinand and Isabella, his departure from Palos, his first landing at San Salvador, his first encounter with the Indians on the Island of Hispaniola, his triumphal entry into Barcelona, and in chains about to be sent back to Spain, and, lastly, his death. The door will cost, by the time it is transported and put up, over 30,000 dollars, and will serve as a fine basis for many a theme on the extravagance of the Government.

"If they go on at that rate," said Miss Alice, "the Capitol will be an appendage to the door."

"Or," added Clavers, "the Capitol will be like yourself—something to *adore*."

"Really, Mr. Clavers, you deserve to be encouraged."

Passing through the doorway, they stood in the grand rotunda, of which the dome is enriched with cuissons or deep sunken panels, similar to those of the Pantheon at Rome, pierced at the apex with a circular opening through which the light descends. The sides of this spacious rotunda are divided in its whole circuit into panels, separated by massive Roman pilasters, which support a bold entablature, ornamented with wreaths of olive. The upper parts of the panels are decorated with festoons of flowers, scrolls, and wreaths, four of them encircling the busts of Columbus, Sir Walter

Raleigh, La Salle, and Cabot. The small panels over the door of the entrance and the large lower panels are filled with subjects of a historical character. The four on the west half of the rotunda were painted by Colonel John Trumbull, and are valued more for the portraits they contain than as objects of art. The Government paid for each of Mr. Trumbull's four pictures eight thousand dollars, and the first one painted was the "Declaration of Independence," which is interesting rather for the act it commemorates than for any merit it possesses as a picture. Col. Trumbull was a painstaking artist, and endeavoured, as far as he was capable, to record faithfully the portraits of the actors in this memorable scene with all the accessories of time and place.

As Alice looked at the order in the rows of the celebrated signers, she observed—

"Prim is the word—too prim."

"Yes," said Clavers, "the colonel seemed to carry his military notions of precision and regularity into his pictures."

"The Surrender of Burgoyne," the next picture of Trumbull's, represents the act of surrender, where the English general with his attendant officers, including General Phillips, appears on the left, near the marquee of General Gates—the latter with a number of prominent American officers appears on the right.

Trumbull's third picture is the "Surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown," of which the following paragraph from a historian forms the subject:—

"The American troops were drawn up on the right of the road leading into York; General Washington and the American general officers on the right; the French troops on the opposite side of the road, facing them; General Rochambeau and the principal officers of the French army and navy on the left. The British troops marched out of town 'with shouldered arms, colours cased, and drums beating a British and German march,' passed between the two lines of victorious troops to a place appointed, where they grounded their arms, left them, and returned unarmed to their quarters in the town."

The portraits of the French officers in this picture were obtained from Paris, and were painted from life in the house of Thomas Jefferson, who was at that time Minister to France.

The "Resignation of General Washington at Annapolis, Dec. 23, 1783," is the fourth and last of Trumbull's series. This official paragraph forms the subject:—

"General Washington, having taken an affectionate leave of the army at New York, proceeded to Annapolis, accompanied by his officers, and there resigned his commission into the hands of

the representatives of the people, thereby divesting himself of all authority, and retired to private life."

Mr. Randolph said in the House on one occasion, that he disclaimed any disposition to wound the feelings of any one—of an artist particularly—because artists are probably *genus irritabile*, because genius is easily excited—but he said he hardly ever passed through that avenue (the Rotunda) to this Hall (which was almost every day, the other avenues to it being nearly impassable) without feeling ashamed of the state of the arts in this country; and as the pieces of the great masters of the art have, among the *cognoscenti*, acquired a sort of *nom de guerre*, so ought, in his opinion, the "Declaration of Independence" to be called the "Shin piece," for surely never was there before such a collection of legs submitted to the eyes of man.

"An admiration for well-turned legs was said to be a mania with the Rounoke gentlemen," said Clavers, "and that feature of this picture did not meet with his approbation."

"Well," said Alice, as they turned away from Trumbull's pictures, "the colonel may have been a good warrior, but he was certainly an indifferent painter."

The remaining four panel pictures are much better than those of Trumbull. "The Baptism of

Pocahontas" is by John G. Chapman. The scene is laid in Virginia, at Jamestown; the intended husband, Rolfe, is looking with great interest on the baptismal scene; the brother, sister, and uncle are present to witness what they deem the self-sacrifice of their relative—the uncle with averted, sullen face.

The "Landing of Columbus," by John Vanderlyn, is familiar to the public through woodcuts and engravings.

The "Embarkation of the Pilgrims in the *Speedwell* at Deft Haven," by Robert W. Weir, through engravings circulated about the country, is also tolerably well known to the people.

The last picture put up, in the only remaining vacant panel, was "De Soto's Discovery of the Mississippi," by William H. Powell, which tells its story very well. The four last-named paintings cost the Government from ten to twenty thousand dollars each.

In alto-relievo, over the four doors of the Rotunda, in stone, are, "Penn's Treaty with the Indians," by M. Gevelot; the "Rescue of Captain John Smith by Pocahontas," by Capellano; the "Landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth," by Causici; and the "Conflict of Daniel Boone with the Indians," also by Causici.

"It is to be hoped," said Clavers, "some move-

ment will be made in Congress to have those alto-relievos taken down and presented as a free gift to their authors, or some Hottentot who may be able to find something in them. Whoever ordered or received these caricatures deserves the anathemas of all true lovers of art."

Passing through the corridor leading from the Rotunda, they found themselves in the old Hall of Representatives, which seems at present to be used for various purposes, such as the selling of apples and cakes, storing lumber, and the exhibition of statuary. Just above one of the doors of the old Hall still remains the old clock, apparently unimpaired. The design is superb—a winged car, the face of the clock forming a wheel, which rests upon the globe; on one side of the face is the front of the car, and on the other, the gracefully spread wing, and immediately above the timepiece rises a loosely draped female figure, which stands in the car, holding in one hand an open book, and in the other a pen, with which she seems about to write in the volume before her. The face has a listening expression, and the pose is very graceful.

"The flight of time and the record of something. What is it?" asked Alice.

"History," answered Clavers—"calm, impartial, and undeviating."

"That old clock," resumed Clavers, "has marked

the limits of speech for many a great man in its day. With unerring justice it has cut short the flights of genius and the garrulity of stupidity. In its exact proportionment of time, it has been the guillotine of much thought, which possibly the world would have been much wiser for knowing. If it could speak of something else beside the march of time, what stories it could tell of the scenes that have passed in this old Hall ; how great little men have been on some occasions, and again, how little great men have been ; of the noble words that have been uttered, the witty sayings, the flying repartee, and what not. But the old clock discourses of nought but time, and we must hunt for these things through the musty tones of the Congressional Globe."

In a semicircle on each side of the clock, upon a platform about four feet from the floor, are placed Crawford's several groups of statuary, forming together the subject—"March of Civilization," intended for the northern pediment—the present position being only temporary. The centre piece of the whole, a colossal figure of America in the blaze of a rising sun, does not stand with the others, but occupies a place in the same Hall up under the arch, where it can scarcely be seen at all. Of the other pieces of this subject, on the left of the clock are placed the "Soldier," "Commerce," "Youth

and Education," the "Mechanic and a Sheaf of Wheat." On the right, the "Pioneer Backwoodsman," the "Hunter," the "Indian and his Squaw, with an infant in her arms, sitting by a grave." The most interesting figure in the series is the Indian seated upon a rock beside the newly-made grave, with head bowed down, the picture of deep dejection. This is probably Crawford's masterpiece.

There is another group of two reclining figures in this Hall, of indifferent merit as works of art, also by Crawford.

Returning by the way in which they came, Alice and Clavers crossed the Rotunda, proceeded through the long corridor, and were soon in the lobby in front of the Senate Chamber, in each end of which is placed a bust—one of Chief Justice Taney, the other of Thomas H. Benton. They are both done in the same style, with loose drapery thrown around the neck, and stand in a very good light.

Passing on into the corridor or lobby on the right, which forms a right angle with the one in which they stood, the sight-seers beheld at the foot of the stairway leading to the gallery, the *chef d'œuvre* of everything in the way of sculpture about the Capitol—a statue of Benjamin Franklin, by Hiram Powers. The genial old philosopher is in the old continental costume, cocked hat, knee breeches,

shoe buckles and all. The elbow rests upon the trunk of a tree, and the hand supports the chin. The shrewd, good-natured expression is drawn to the life, and, in short, as a portrait and a work of art it is faultless. After gazing at this admirable statue for some time, Alice observed—

“It is a pity that a gem like this should be placed in such a bad light. I hope some senator, who has the love of these things in his heart, will have it removed to a better place. It is a real pleasure to see art like this. The artist has given us a duplicate of nature.”

“Or,” added Clavers, “a second edition of the old doctor.”

Ascending the stairway, a good view is obtained of a canvas picture by Walker of New York, representing the battle of Chapultepec, in Mexico; originally intended for one of the committee-rooms, but proving too large, it was hung in its present position. Upon an isolated hill in the background rises a fortress, from which the smoke of discharged cannon fringes the entire fortifications. The American forces making the siege occupy the foreground to the base of the hill. A cannon-ball or shell has just fallen among the troops in the foreground, many of whom are represented as wounded and dying. A little to the left is an interesting group of an Indian wife supporting on her knee a fallen

warrior, her head turned upward as if in invocation, and swung in a shawl across her back hangs her infant child.

At the foot of the corresponding stairway, on the other side of the chamber, in the same imperfect light as Power's Franklin, is another statue, by Horatio Stone, of John Hancock, holding in his right hand a scroll of the Declaration of Independence, to which he points with his left.

Passing on they entered the President's room, the most richly decorated chamber in the Capitol. Immense mirrors, reaching from the floor to the lofty arched ceiling, occupy a portion of the walls, and the remaining spaces are filled up with portraits of Washington and the members of his Cabinet, Thomas Jefferson, Henry Knox, Alexander Hamilton, S. Osgood, and E. Randolph, painted by Brumidi. At each corner of the ceiling are full lengths of Franklin, Columbus, William Brewster, and Amerigo Vespucci, in painted niches. Between each of these are figures representing Legislation, Liberty, Religion, and the Executive, and above the chandelier, three flying cherubs, all by the same artist.

The famous marble room adjoins the President's, and is accessible, during the hours Congress is in session, only to senators and certain other dignitaries. None of the niches in the walls of this

room are occupied but two, and they contain a bust portrait of an Indian, much soiled by the incessant fingering of some Vandals, who seem to take delight in breaking the nose of every statue they can lay hands on. This room is also decorated with large mirrors set in the walls.

"While the light is yet good," suggested Clavers, "if it is agreeable to you, let us go over to the House and *do* Lentze's picture, which I have reserved for you till the last, as *le grand coup*."

"I am agreeable," said Alice.

"Particularly so, I think," remarked Clavers.

"No trifling, Mr. Chaperon, but lead me at once to this feast of art of which you speak so highly."

In a few minutes the two sight-seers stood in the corridor, or gallery, from which the best view of the picture can be had.

The title, "Westward the course of Empire takes its way," is in gilt letters on a scroll at the top, forming part of a border which surrounds the picture. The scene is laid in the land of sunset—the artist having spent some time in studying Nature as she appears on the confines of civilization. A train of immigrants is moving onward over an almost impassable road towards the undiscovered country which lies beyond. There is in the whole movement of man and beast an *élan* characteristic

of the go-ahead pioneer. On the left is stretched out as far as the eye can reach, a widening plain, golden tinted by the sun, and a horizon of the same gorgeous colouring. The effect is beautiful, and cannot be seen in nature this side of the western plains. In the foreground of the left are two stalwart figures hewing a fallen tree out of the way of the advancing train, at the head of which is sitting on horseback what appears to be an old trapper and the leader of the expedition. The horse is foreshortened, and the trapper's back is presented to the spectator, but the face is turned in profile towards his followers, gaunt and Roman-nosed. In advance of the rest, and leaning forward with an eager gaze in the direction to which the leader points, is a sandy complexioned figure on horseback, in the *bizarre* costume of a frontier-man, with gun, pistol, cooking utensils, blanket, knife sheathed in the leg of his boot, and all the accoutrements which belong to the man of the plains. Alongside of him, on foot, a wild-looking fellow is running his hand through his unkempt locks, while his face expresses a sort of pleased wonderment at what the old trapper is saying in front. A conspicuous black-bearded character follows close behind, mounted on a dappled grey; half turned in his saddle, he beckons to those who follow to hasten their speed to get a view of the

scene which opens out before them ; the swarthy face is in fine keeping with a black slouch hat, in the band of which a pipe is stuck, and his accoutrements the same as those of the horseman in front of him. An African follows, leading a mule mounted by a brunette matron with an infant swung in a shawl over her shoulder, her face turned towards the child with motherly tenderness, and a tear trickling down her cheek. This group is one of the finest in the picture. Near these figures, on foot, a stout, grey-bearded father supports his pale, sick son in marching, one arm encircling the waist of the youth, and the other bearing the guns of both. The pale face of the boy contrasts strongly with the red bandage tied round his head. Next comes a fine study of four cattle attached to a covered waggon. A fine chubby boy sits astride one of the front cattle, with bow and arrows in one hand, and over his shoulder in the other a dead rabbit—one of the trophies of the young Nimrod's skill. With his hand upon the horn of one of the oxen behind, another pilgrim of the plains leans forward to catch a glimpse of the eureka lying beyond. With the same eager expression to see the unknown country, a blonde mother with an infant on her lap, sits in the fore-part of the waggon. The child is playfully endeavouring to attract the mother's attention,

who is too much absorbed in what is going forward to notice it. Behind this waggon, a horse and an ox harnessed together are dragging their load with difficulty up a steep ascent across a ravine, from the bottom of which, extending away over a hill to the right, the rest of the train is seen. In middle distance, near the centre of the picture, stands upon a lofty pinnacle of rock the most striking figure of the whole—a man in red shirt, relieved against the sky, waving his hat. Another figure climbing up the rocks is handing him the American flag. Below them, on a projecting cliff near the old trapper, a thoughtful lad of thirteen or fourteen years, gun in hand, is taking in the prospect. Behind the boy, on a ledge of rocks, is a group of four—a golden haired girl, a woman with an infant in her arms, and a trapper in coon-skin cap tenderly supporting the woman. Climbing up to the same ledge, an active young fellow, with a violin swung across his back, is assisting a bare-footed maiden to mount. In the background to the right, the mountains rise golden-topped in the setting sun. The blue misty effect peculiar to evening, around the base of the mountains and through the pine trees, is carried out with great truthfulness. The brilliancy of the painting is remarkable.

The representation of a long lake of blue water

in the border is in fine contrast with the masterpiece above it. On the side wall to the right, in the border, there is a bust-portrait of Daniel Boone, and underneath this inscription,

“The spirit grows with its allotted spaces,
The mind is narrow'd in a narrow sphere.”

In the same position on the left wall, there is a bust-portrait of Capt. William Clark in light fur cap and coat, and beneath is inscribed the following sentiment :—

“No pent-up Utica contracts our powers,
But the whole boundless continent is ours.”

After looking long and silently on this magnificent picture, Alice and Clavers returned to Willard's, well pleased with their visit and each other.

CHAPTER IV.

A HOP AT WILLARD'S.

PROFUSE and brilliant jets of gaslight sparkled down upon a throng in the paraphernalia in which all civilized people have agreed to invest themselves on occasions of this kind. For a really fine description of a Terpsichorean entertainment, probably nothing better can be found than that of Byron, commencing with, "There was a sound of revelry by night," dispensing, of course, with the booming of the cannon at Waterloo, which every one familiar with the verses will remember entirely disturbed the hilarity of the gay cavaliers and beautiful dames who met to "chase the glowing hours with flying feet." The description of this vividly portrayed scene at Brussels will convey a very good idea of the hop at Willard's, by changing somewhat the toilette of the dancers, and leaving out the booming of the cannon already referred to, and also the "car rattling o'er the stony street," seeing that the streets of the capital are not paved with "boulders" as those of Brussels are, but covered with dirt and mud enough for the car of

Juggernaut to traverse them without making any particular noise.

The dance of nowadays, at hotels in large cities, and at the watering-places in vogue, or rather the hop, as the *papillons* of the ball-room call it,—for negroes have dances with banjo accompaniments, which every one knows is not the genteel thing,—the hop, then, is not unlike a battle. First, the reconnaissance made by the “opposing and enduring” sexes, as they stand apart in groups to see “who is who,” and make observations as to the best point of attack. Next, feelers are thrown out in the way of a little promenading close to each other, followed by general skirmishing in the shape of that intellectual conversation peculiar to the ball-room before completely breaking the ice, to wit, “It’s quite warm this evening,” “A very pleasant affair this,” “Were you at so and so’s?” and a few other observations of like import and calibre, for it is the time for banalities, and remarks of a different kind would be out of place. Then the squares are formed for the quadrilles, the music sounds, and the action begins, and after an hour or so becomes so general that the reserves, that is to say the wall-flowers, are also brought forward and engaged. “In the wee sma’ hours ayant the twal,” the dancing is at its height. The musicians, with a reckless regard as to conse-

quences, inflate their cheeks to the utmost, and blow more blatantly than ever. The chief standing in close proximity to the muzzles of the brass instruments, which almost shake the building with the volume of sound they emit, calmly and with undaunted front calls out the figures. The effects of the engagement begin to be felt. Some of the gentlemen by a flank movement steal a march up or down stairs to refresh their exhausted forces with a little liquid stimulant. It is scarcely necessary to add that many of these flankers fall victims to their own temerity in thus leaving the main body, from which their communication is cut off, by some one calling a carriage and bearing them off in a helpless condition. Soon there is a change of base, the hollow squares of quadrilles are broken up, and the action is renewed by two and two in the waltz, the polka, et cætera. The gentlemen rush upon the ladies, seize and bear them away bodily, but the latter seem to stand the shock admirably, and are in nowise disconcerted. The generous supper and sparkling champagne are employed as important auxiliaries in sustaining and increasing the *élan*. Amid the general clash and bang, pieces of gauze fly hither and thither as they are caught in the currents of air made by these modern dervishes as they glide rapidly past. Elaborately prepared head-dresses become awry,

and flowers unused to this fashionable atmosphere droop and die after accomplishing their destiny in decorating female loveliness for one brief night. Robes of such magnificence are torn as to send a pang to the heart of him who pays for them; bracelets and pins are unclasped in the clasping of hands and forms, the like of which can be seen only among the tempting treasures of Tiffany or Ball and Black. Wandering ringlets fall unconstrained around the palpitating busts of *laissez-aller* maidens, who worship only at the shrine of Terpsichore for the time. When the redowa couples flash here and there in all the abandon of flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, and reckless gaiety rules the hour, prudent mothers and aunts appear as cautious generals, and sound a retreat by informing the devotees of the dance, who are very loth to retire and leave the field in the possession of the gentlemen, that "John has been waiting with the carriage for the last two hours," or, that they "must come right away to bed," under pain of not being allowed to attend "Mrs. So-and-so's next party," if they do not obey. The threat of such punishment generally proves effectual. These mammas doubtless agree with the poet, when he commands Terpsichore to—

"Cease, playful goddess! From thine airy bound
Drop like a feather softly to the ground;

This light bolero grows a ticklish dance,
And there is mischief in thy kindling glance.
To-morrow bids thee, with rebuking frown,
Change thy gauze tunic for a home-made gown,
Too blest by fortune, if the passing day
Adorn thy bosom with its frail bouquet,
But, oh ! still happier if the next forgets
Thy daring steps and dangerous pirouettes !”

“Can you tell me how many such campaigns a young woman can sustain without detriment to her maidenly modesty?” asked Clavers, as he promenaded with Alice on his arm, in the large corridor into which the parlours open.

“You have the scruples of a prude of an uncertain age, Mr. Clavers. You don’t see any harm in a little innocent dancing?”

“Not in the dancing *per se*, but the concomitants—the manner in which it is done.”

“Then,” said Alice, “the old-fashioned, formal minuet, with its coupé, high step, and balance, I imagine, would not offend your extreme sense of propriety. I regret on your account it is no longer in vogue.”

“I will not discuss the matter with you, Miss Alice,” answered he; “for this night I shall see in dancing only what you see, and think of it only what you think. But does this jumping around the floor to the sound of music afford you much pleasure?”

"It certainly does."

"You think you could not substitute for it some other more rational amusement?" continued Clavers.

"To me there is nothing more rational than dancing. I think it should form part of the regular course of instruction in every educational establishment in the country. If you want to see how much I enjoy it, come in and see me dance the next galop with Count Cronier."

"*Dum vivimus vivamus*," said Clavers; "life is short and art is long. Your pleasure shall be my pleasure. I should like to dance this galop with you myself, if you will accord to me that honour."

"But I am engaged to the Count for this one."

"Ladies who are in demand are always engaged; it is to be expected," returned Clavers.

"A few moments ago you had scruples."

"Eve tempted Adam, and he did eat," was the reply.

"But you were not tempted until I told you I was engaged to Cronier. Don't you like to see me dance with him?"

"I cannot say it affords me any pleasure."

"Is he not a gentleman in the true sense?" pursued Alice.

"I know nothing to the contrary."

"Then you must be——"

"Jealous," added Clavers; "that is the word to finish the sentence."

"And pray what ground have you for jealousy? This privilege comes by right of conquest only, and I do not remember ever having surrendered my affections to your keeping. I am, perhaps, not as susceptible as I should have been," she added, in a tone of raillery; "besides, I am of the earth earthy, and you are a saint, you know, of steadfast purposes and unshakeable convictions," said she, half in jest and half in earnest.

Clavers, who, to use the expression of Ruggles, was much given to chaffing and playing at high jinks, replied in mock sentimental style—

"Must I do the heroic to secure a place in your affections? Shall I throw myself at your feet in most approved rose-water style, and swear by the moon and the stars that I adore thee? Shall I wake you from your slumbers some night by singing with a hoarse voice, 'I'm thinking of thee, love,' or some other equally delectable verses, accompanying myself on the light guitar? Or, if you should prefer the Italian, shall I do my best with a bit of Ernani, singing *dolcemente*—

"Vieni meco, sol di rose
Intrecciar ti vo' la vita,
Meco vieni, ore penose
Per te il tempo non avrà."

Alice, somewhat piqued, interrupted him with—

"I have not time to listen to any more of your badinage, for here comes my partner for the galop. Come, Count," said she, taking the arm of the new-comer, "we will not lose any more of the music."

As they disappeared from the corridor, the bristly-headed irrepressible Ruggles entered in festive attire, with a lady on each arm—Mrs. Dobbs and her younger daughter, who observed—

"Ma, there is Mr. Clavers. How sad he looks!"

"Sad in the midst of such a gay and festive scene?" said Ruggles; "but he is always doing and saying odd things."

As they approached, the editor of the *Trumpet* inquired, with his usual bonhomie—

"What's up, Clavers? By Jove, you look as melancholy as Hamlet over the skull of Yorick!"

"On the contrary, I am as blithesome as a spring songster," answered Clavers, his face changing to an expression of gaiety, sham or real, "and eager for the fray. Come, Mary, Solomon said there was a time to dance, and I think the time has come. I want to be a quadruped this evening, and gallop. Let us join the gallopers."

And Mary, nothing loth, was whisked off to the ball-room. Crash, crash went the music, and away flew the dancers. Cheeks flushed and eyes swimming with pleasure, Mary was swung round and

round the room, her form quivering with sensibility as she was almost lifted from the floor.

"Ah!" whispered she, "this *is* happiness. I wish it could last for ever."

Clavers stopped. Mary, still keeping time to the music, asked the cause of the interruption with some impatience. Clavers, looking into the blue eyes of the young blonde, replied—

"Because, my little Teuton, if you were to continue, you would likely swoon away in my arms and make a scene, which would very much grieve your good mamma."

"Why do you speak to me as if I were a child, Mr. Clavers?" asked Mary, and added, in her *naïve* manner, "I am sixteen, and *out*, and have been wearing long dresses for nearly two years, and I have gone through music, French, drawing, embroidery work, and all that sort of thing. Why don't you say pretty things to me, and pay me compliments, like the other gentlemen? Ah, there goes Count Cronier with Alice. Ma has asked him to talk French to me occasionally for practice. He has the real Parisian accent, you know. Isn't she beautiful to-night, Mr. Clavers?"

"As a dream," said Clavers.

"She is quite a belle this evening," continued Mary. "Mr. Ruggles says she is an honour as well as an ornament to Dobbstown. But they are

forming for the Lancers, and here comes my partner—*au revoir*."

As Clavers looked over to the other side of the room he saw Alice taking her place, and still with the same partner, Cronier; and heard her silvery laugh in the pause before the music commenced, as she gaily talked with the laughing cavaliers around her. Again the crash of the music and the cadenced sliding and shuffling of feet, and again the variegated mass set in graceful motion.

After a while, when the dancing was reaching its culminating point, Cronier, hurling and whirling, serpentined through the throng, with Mary clinging to his shoulder.

"La danse, c'est le ciel," whispered the little goose, as they swept by at such speed as to see things in strings and streaks, as she afterwards explained.

"Quelle danseuse! une véritable fée," said the count, referring to Mary.

"Ne blaguez-vous pas?" questioned Mary.

"Pardon, mais où avez-vous appris ce vilain mot, mademoiselle?" asked the count, instead of replying to the interrogation.

"La femme de chambre que nous avons chez nous pour m'apprendre les élégances de la langue, elle m'a donné ce mot-là," answered Mary. "N'est-ce pas gentil, Comte?"

"On ne dit jamais ce mot, mon amie."

"Fichtre!" exclaimed Mary, "j'ai cru qu'il était joli."

"Fichtre? voilà encore au autre!" said the count, a little impatiently. "Vous avez attrapé aussi fichtre à cette dame sans doute. Elle était Parisienne, cela va sans dire?"

"Oui," answered Mary.

"C'est toujours comme cela," he remarked.

"La musique va toujours en pure perte. Profitons-en. Etes-vous prêt?" demanded Mary, patting time to the measure, preparatory to making a start. The count nodding an assent, Mary gave the word.

"A cheval!" and they were off; the count making a slight grimace at Mary's last expression as he remarked—

"Encore une autre élégance de la langue française."

"There she goes, the little innocent," said Clavers to Ruggles, "who believes there is nothing to live for but dancing, dressing, flowers, et cætera; that every smile is true, every friendship real, every affection sincere; and eyes closed against even the suspicion of evil. Life for her is a book written in a strange tongue, but ornamented with beautiful pictures. The world for the present drops a veil over its deformities, which time will only too soon

remove. Thus the pleasures of sixteen are the illusions of thirty."

"That depends altogether upon the way you look at it," said the editor of the *Trumpet*. "As for me, I usually look at the bright side of a thing, if I can possibly find one, don't cry over spilt milk, nor puzzle my brains about future contingencies, but am satisfied to do with the present. Besides, my liver and stomach are in good condition, and I am pretty generally well pleased with myself. On the whole, I am somewhat like that poet who was in such perplexity about choosing an appropriate season to die in, he concluded he would rather not die at all. But I am not going to make a wallflower of myself by such dry talk. Come, let us go in. Charge, Chester, charge," said Ruggles, enthusiastically, as he appropriated to himself a partner, and whirled off to the crash, crash of the music.

Again Clavers and Alice find themselves together at the table prepared for the refreshment of the guests; the former quiet and the latter gay.

"Let us bury the hatchet and take a glass of wine together, my Plato. You hesitate. Still afflicted with scruples, I suppose? It is becoming a mania with you. Yet I am convivial, and cannot wine alone; I must ask Ruggles or Cronier——"

"Say no more," said Clavers, quickly. Then

endeavouring to put himself in accord with the humour of his exigent companion, he made an oriental salaam, and added—

“Behold your slave!”

As the handsome girl held up her brimming glass of champagne between her eyes and the light she said—

“I think it is Boswell who tells that an enthusiastic youth, wishing to profit by the experience and wisdom of Dr. Johnson, approached the sage in a stilted style, suitable, as he thought, to the occasion, with—

“‘Sir, which is the way, the life, the truth?’

“To which the old philosopher replied in good English—

“‘Come, my lad, and take a glass of wine.’

“I believe,” she continued, “the Doctor’s advice was good. Let it serve, at least, as one argument against your scruples.

“Is it not beautiful?” said she, still holding up her glass as it sparkled in the light. “Typical of life, as it foams upward with its diamond beads, and ends in froth—slower and slower the shining chain mounts to the surface, and as its vitality departs, gradually it dies. But come, my ascetic friend, we will break the simile by drinking the wine while it has life. Drink, and make yourself as agreeable as you can—

“If one bright drop is like the gem
That decks a monarch’s crown,
One goblet holds a diadem
Of rubies melted down.”

And amid the popping of corks, the buzz of conversation, and the continued crash of the music, the wit of Clavers sparkled in raillery and lively sallies, like the champagne which he had just drunk.

The next morning, the waking thoughts of the young gentleman who had spent the previous night so gaily were anything but agreeable. Thus, in a few hours he had slipped from that moral eminence to which he had climbed through years of trial and patience. He had disregarded the rules which had been his faithful guides through life. And the cause! To think that the cause—such a beautiful creature—could do wrong. But was she wrong? Was *he* not rather over-scrupulous, or uncharitable in his judgment through his prejudices? At all events, she was frank and honourable, and practised only what she believed, while he professed much which he did not perform.

CHAPTER V.

NEW YEAR'S CALLS—SECRETARY CHASE, MAJOR-GENERAL BOMBAST, AND BRIGADIER-GENERAL BUNCOMB—WILLIAM H. SEWARD—SECRETARY STANTON—ATTORNEY-GENERAL BATES.

ON New Year's Day, Mr. Dobbs and Mr. Ruggles proceeded to make the customary calls on their friends, the members of the Cabinet, and the President. Owing to the immense crowd waiting for admittance to the executive mansion, they concluded charitably for the President, not to add two more to the number of hand-shakers.

The first call was upon Secretary Chase. The usher, in conventional black and white choker—no unimportant personage in this establishment—received the cards of the gentlemen from Dobbstown, and announced in his best voice—

“Honourable John Dobbs!”

“Mr. Thomas Ruggles!”

Deep rivers move with silently majesty—small brooks are noisy. The magnate of Dobbstown moved into the drawing-room with the imperturbability of a man assured of the solidity of his

position. His fine bearing and large proportions monopolized at first the regards, and Ruggles was unobserved. In an easy, natural manner, Dobbs turned off the usual New Year's compliments, after his presentation to the ladies, when Ruggles stepped forward and paid his respects.

Governor Chase, as his friends call him, is remarkable for his fine appearance. As Ruggles remarked, "he is the noblest Roman of them all," and the toga could not invest a more noble form certainly than that of the keeper of the national purse. As the smart newspaper folk say, the dignity and grace of his manners are only equalled by the fineness of his face and the grasp of his mind. Ruggles whispered in the ear of Dobbs, as soon as an opportunity occurred—

"He is an Apollo amplified, and about ten years older than he is usually represented in marble."

While he is being talked to, his face wears a listening expression, which is rare with public men, owing likely to the inordinate quantity and inferior quality of talk which is sounded in their ears. His smile, which is very winning, has a boyish ingenuousness about it. His face in repose is full of majesty—the eyes are of a clear grey that never quail, and yet possess that kind of tender expression which the painters have put into the eyes

of the first Napoleon. If the fully developed lips and rounded chin hint of a penchant for the good things of the *cuisine* and the wine-cellar, the refinement and intellectuality of the other features repel the insinuation. His daughters were near him—the elder as lithe and graceful as an osier willow, and as beautiful as a *houiri*.

“You still hold in your hands the hen that lays the golden eggs, Mr. Secretary,” observed Ruggles. “I am in hopes, sir, that Congress will not kill your hen and set her to clucking, by interfering with your treatment of the fowl. The recommendations contained in your Report, sir, meet my views exactly. By Jove! you are a horn of plenty, sir.”

Mr. Ruggles' further remarks, if he intended making any, were cut short by the Milesian voice of the usher announcing Major-General Bombast and Brigadier-General Buncomb, who entered with all the *éclat* which glittering stars and jingling swords can give. They appeared with the air of veterans who had contested many a well-fought field, and won high renown in many a deadly breach. Alas! their virgin swords had never drunk blood, nor leaped from their scabbards but at reviews or on gala days. They have never smelt powder, but have dipped their noses into glasses innumerable of “Tom Moore” and toothsome

Heidseck. Their military duties have been confined to cross-questioning, and the giving of opinions in all kinds of courts. They have harassed many a brave fellow for at least trying to do what they never attempted—fighting. It may be a wise provision of the Government for keeping these doughty chieftains from doing a greater mischief as leaders in the field. That they are not useless but mischievous, does not seem to be a sufficient reason for the Government to deprive them of their commissions. Ruggles, who sometimes takes offence at the *general* management, said, *sotto voce*, to worthy Dobbs, on seeing the military party bearing down to the end of the drawing-room with so much aplomb, where the Secretary and his daughters stood—

“By Jove! sir, the President will never get high enough to take a comprehensive view of things, until he lightens himself by throwing over such sand-bags as Bombast and Buncomb. Congress and the President, between them, ought to count the cost every time they make new stars to hang in the military horizon. Just to think that the single star costs the Government 16,000 dollars, and the two stars 24,000 dollars per annum—that is, including the expense of personal staffs, rations, et cætera. As to how many of these staff officers are sojourning with their generals who are holding

courts, how many are with commanders relieved of commands, with commanders in disgrace at home on furloughs, or floating about the large cities, more particularly Washington, no one knows. Yes, sir, stars are the fashion. These are the kinds of stars the young women are thinking of when they ring the changes on that song about the

“beauti—beauti—beautiful star.”

Ruggles having thus relieved himself, retired with Dobbs, leaving the military gentlemen in full possession.

The carriage next stopped before the residence of Mr. Seward—a three-storey, old-fashioned brick house, on Lafayette-square, within gun-shot of the presidential mansion. In the interior everything comfortable without ostentation, looking, in short, like a home. The little premier was surrounded by half-a-dozen of his friends, who were speaking with a degree of excitement on some political subject. The secretary was calm and genial. This impassibility is the leading characteristic of the man. As Ruggles observed in his energetic style—

“Who ever saw his eyes flash, or his lips quiver, or his hand tremble? Who ever heard his voice falter, or sneer, or raised in anger? His blood remains cool under insult and injury, and his heart does not sink before impending danger.

“Is he a master mind?” would Ruggles continue, “and does he comprehend the situation of affairs? and is he equal to it?—is he a statesman, in a word? Who are best fitted to answer these questions? Naturally those who have made the history of nations and statesmen the study of their lives. Ask these questions of the leading statesmen of Europe who are not in sympathy with rebellion—ask them of their diplomatists who undergo so much drilling to learn in what consists statesmanship—ask them of the citizens of our country—ask Sumner, who, as chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, ought to know something about these things. There can be but one reply, and that is, that he is the right man in the right place. A handful of radicals once tried their best to induce Abraham to offer him up as a sort of Isaac to what they call the higher law, but Abraham knew what a treasure he had; and couldn’t see it as these out-and-outers wished him to see it. The fact is well-known among Mr. Seward’s friends, that he would much prefer being in his quiet home at Auburn, and that he accepted his present position from a sense of duty, backed by the urgent solicitations of the President. By Jove! sir, he has the astuteness of Machiavel with the impassibility of Talleyrand, and posterity will place him on the same shelf with Clay and Webster.”

"Whar now, Massa Ruggles?" asked the coachman, as they took their seats.

"Let me see," observed Ruggles; "the Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Caleb Smith, has left the City to end his days on the bench, somewhere in Indiana, where, perhaps, he will be better appreciated than he was here. As for the Secretary of the Navy and the Postmaster-general, neither are receiving to-day, on account of recent deaths in their families; so we will finish up the Cabinet by calling on Mr. Stanton first, and Mr. Bates afterwards.

Accordingly the spacious mansion on Franklin Square occupied by the Secretary of War next received the gentlemen from Dobbstown. A handsome, well-behaved African took their cards, and ushered them into a large double parlour with large windows and lofty ceiling. Back of this, another room, where was kept a well-provided collation for such as wished to avail themselves of it. A couple of dozen of people were in the drawing-room, a few black coated, some ancient mariners and beardless ensigns, and the inevitable Major-General Bombast and Brigadier-General Buncomb in all the accoutrements of war they liked so much to display and so little to use. Ruggles, looking at the trappings of these two generals, relieved himself to his companion, who was always a good listener.

"The people are getting tired of this kind of

thing. These carpet knights are an incubus on the Government. The people are crying for reforms, and this abuse should receive the first blow. They are barnacles on the keel of the ship of State, and until they are scooped off she will not sail true, to say nothing of the danger of foundering."

The stout Secretary received his guests as they entered, and presented them to his wife and two other ladies, who were assisting in dispensing the honours of the house. The coming and going was continuous. This kept the head of the establishment busy shaking hands, saying the proper things, and making the presentations to the ladies. His manner was cordial enough, but at times mechanical, for he was doubtless thinking of more important matters than "Glad to meet you, Sir;" "Happy new year," &c. Occasionally the eyes would wear a look of recognition through the spectacles, and then resume their habitual pre-occupied expression.

"That man has a thinking head," observed Ruggles to his companion. "When he was a lawyer I have heard him in the Supreme Court unfolding his argument as if it were a problem from Euclid. He may possibly be very stubborn, and not always do the right thing at the right time, but he has a mind, the *New York Herald* and the Harpers' concern to the contrary notwithstanding. Don't you remember the ringing rhetoric of his

proclamations in the hey-day of his popularity, when we were driving the rebels before us? It was well done, but all that is played out now. Proclamations must be sandwiched with victories, otherwise they are not palatable."

While Dobbs was in presence of the great dispenser of military patronage, he recollected his wife's instructions, and asked, with that full and deliberate voice which made his words sound as if there were really something in them,—

"What about my nephew's commission, Mr. Secretary? He always was fond of soldiering from the time——"

"To-morrow, at the Department," replied the Secretary, after the manner of Edgar of Ravenswood waving off his tormentors.

It may possibly have entered into the head of Dobbs to expostulate with the host in reference to his demand; but while he was in doubt as to the propriety of the proceeding, his guardian angel, Ruggles, took him by the arm and led him off.

In a few minutes more they were before the door of the Attorney-General. They were soon duly presented to Mr. Bates and the ladies of his family. They were much pleased with this gentleman of the old school, who is under the medium height, with long arms, black eyes covered by heavy eyebrows, and iron-grey hair, which extends well down

the forehead. The citizens of Dobbstown were affably treated, and left the house gratified with their visit.

Having continued their calls until nightfall, the Dobbstown gentlemen, thinking their duty as members of society had been compiled with, ceased their rounds and repaired to the hotel, where they amused the ladies with an account of the day's proceedings.

CHAPTER VI.

CURIOSITIES AND RELICS IN THE PATENT OFFICE.

A PORTION of the Dobbs family having been invited by Clavers to accompany him to the Patent-office for the purpose of seeing a few relics of the fathers of the Republic, they got into a carriage, and were in a few minutes before the immense building, rising to the height of three stories, with Doric columns and grand flight of steps in front, and occupying the square enclosed by F, G, 7th and 8th streets.

Alice, looking at the long flight of steps, remarked to her father, with a twinkle in her eye—

“Pa, you will find these steps more grateful to your eyes than to your legs.”

“Such a place for getting up stairs is this Washington, and these steps are worse than those at the Capitol,” said the old gentleman, looking ruefully over his spectacles at the prospect before him.

“I hope, pa,” continued the daughter, “for the benefit of such gentlemen as Preston King and yourself, that Congress will have a vertical railway

constructed to carry you from the lower to the upper floor of the Capitol, in order that you may guard your energies for electrifying the galleries, instead of wasting them in climbing stairways."

"Ah, you puss—always quizzing."

The party having mounted to the model-room, were soon interested in two of the relics of which Clavers had spoken—the battle-sword of Washington and the cane of Franklin preserved in a glass case, facing the main entrance to the room or hall. The sword is a plain cutlass, or hanger, with a green hilt and silver guard; on the upper ward of the scabbard is engraven, "J. Bailey, Fishkill." It is accompanied by a buckskin belt, which is secured by a silver buckle and clasp, whereon are engraved the letters "G. W.," and the figures "1757." These are all of the plainest workmanship, but substantial and in keeping with the man and the times to which he belonged. It was worn first by Washington as a colonel in the campaign against the Indians, and afterwards during the whole period of the War of Independence as commander-in-chief of the American army.

The last will and testament of General Washington contains, among a great variety of bequests, the following clause:

"To each of my nephews, William Augustine Washington, George Lewis, George Steptoe Wash-

ington, Bushrod Washington, and Samuel Washington, I give one of the swords of which I may die possessed ; and they are to choose in the order they are named." These swords are accompanied with an injunction "not to unsheath them for the purpose of shedding blood, except it be for self-defence or in defence of their country and its rights, and in the latter case to keep them unsheathed, and prefer falling with them in their hands, to the relinquishment thereof."

In the distribution of the swords, the one in the glass case fell to the lot of Samuel Washington the devisee, by whom it was bequeathed to his son Samuel T. Washington, who presented it as a gift to his country. It was not the side arms used by Washington on occasions of parade, but his constant service sword. The father of the donor saw him when he probably wore it for the last time in reviewing the Virginia and Maryland forces concentrated at Cumberland under command of General Lee, and destined to co-operate with the Pennsylvania and New Jersey troops, then assembled at Bedford, in suppressing the first rebellion, generally known as the "whisky insurrection." General Washington was at that time President of the United States, and as such was commander-in-chief of the army. It is known that it was his intention to lead the army in person

on that occasion had he found it necessary, and he went to Bedford and Cumberland prepared for that event. At this time, when America is suffering from a rebellion that was allowed to grow to its present formidable condition through the imbecility and rascality of its rulers, we cannot help marking and admiring more than ever the summary manner in which President Washington nipped in the bud the "whisky insurrection."

Mr. Samuel Washington, the father of the donor, held the commission of captain at that time himself, and served in that campaign. He was anxious to obtain this particular sword, and preferred it to all the others, among which was the ornamented and costly present from the Great Frederick. At the time of the division among the nephews, they agreed to bestow the battle-sword on the captain, seeing that he was the only one among them who had participated in military service. This memento remained in this gentleman's hands until his death, when it became the property of his son, who, thinking that such a relic ought not to be appropriated by an individual citizen, presented it to the nation.

In the same case with the sword is a cane which once belonged to Franklin. By a codicil to his last will it is thus disposed of:—

"My fine crab-tree walking-stick, with a gold

head curiously wrought in the form of the cap of liberty, I give to my friend of mankind, General Washington. If it were a sceptre, he has merited it and would become it."

General Washington in his will devises this cane as follows:—

"Item.—To my brother Charles Washington, I give and bequeath the gold-headed cane left me by Dr. Franklin in his will."

This cane by inheritance also fell into the hands of the possessor of the sword, and was presented with the sword, on behalf of the donor, by the Honourable G. W. Summers of Virginia, who on this occasion said:—

"Let the sword of the hero and the staff of the philosopher go together. Let them have place among the proudest trophies and most honoured memorials of our national achievements. Upon that staff once leaned the sage of whom it has been said 'he snatched the lightning from heaven, and the sceptre from tyrants.'

"A mighty arm once wielded this sword in a righteous cause, even unto the dismemberment of empire. In the hand of Washington this was the sword of the Lord and of Gideon. It was never drawn except in defence of public liberty. It was never sheathed until a glorious and triumphant success returned it to the scabbard, without a stain

of cruelty or dishonour upon its blade. It was never surrendered except to that country which bestowed it."

The old man eloquent also said in the same body on that occasion :—

"The sword of Washington! The staff of Franklin! Oh, sir, what associations are linked in adamant with those names! Washington, the warrior of human freedom—Washington, whose sword my friend has said was never drawn but in the cause of his country, and never sheathed when needed in his country's cause—Franklin, the philosopher of the thunderbolt, the printing press, and the ploughshare.

"What names are these in the scanty catalogue of the benefactors of mankind—Washington and Franklin! What other two men whose lives belong to the eighteenth century of 'Christendom have left a deeper impression of themselves upon the age in which they lived, and upon all after-times? Washington, the warrior and the legislator. In war contending by the wager of a battle for the independence of his country, and for the freedom of the human race—ever manifesting, amidst the horrors of war, by precept and example, his reverence for the laws of peace, and for the tenderest sympathies of humanity. In peace, soothing the ferocious spirit of discord among his countrymen

into harmony, and giving to that very sword now presented to his country a charm more potent than that attributed in ancient times to the lyre of Orpheus. Franklin, the mechanic of his own fortune, teaching in early youth under the shackles of indigence the way to wealth, and in the shade of obscurity the path to greatness ; in the maturity of manhood disarming the thunder of its terrors, the lightning of its fatal blast, and wresting from the tyrant's hand the still more afflictive sceptre of oppression ; while descending into the vale of years traversing the Atlantic ocean ; braving in the dead of winter the battle and the breeze ; bearing in his hand the charter of Independence which he had contributed to form ; and tendering from the self-created nation, to the mightiest monarchs of Europe, the olive-branch of peace, the mercurial wand of commerce, and the amulet of protection and safety to the man of peace on the pathless ocean from the inexorable cruelty and merciless rapacity of war ; and, finally, in the last stage of life, with fourscore winters on his head, under the torture of an incurable disease, returning to his native land, closing his days as the chief magistrate of his adopted Commonwealth, after contributing by his counsels, under the Presidency of Washington, and recording his name under the sanction of devout prayer, invoked

by him to God, to that constitution under the authority of which we are here assembled as the representatives of the North American people, to receive in their name these venerable relics of the wise, the valiant, and the good founders of our great confederated Republic—these sacred symbols of our golden age.

“May they be deposited among the archives of our Government, and may every American who shall hereafter behold them ejaculate a mingled offering of praise to that Supreme Ruler of the universe, by whose tender mercies our Union has been hitherto preserved through all the vicissitudes and revolutions of this turbulent world, and of prayer for the continuance of these blessings by the dispensations of His providence to our beloved country from age to age till time shall be no more.”

Fortunately for the old man, he was saved the misery of seeing the disruption of that Union which he cherished so dearly.

Near the sword and cane lies the military suit of clothes worn by Washington when he resigned his commission at Annapolis as commander-in-chief of the army, and which consists of a buff-coloured pair of breeches, waistcoat to match, and the blue coat of revolutionary memory. These clothes are carefully preserved in a glass case,

which contains also another relic—the travelling secretary—used by the chief in his revolutionary campaign. It is much worn, and evidently had been in constant service during the dawning days of the Republic.

Some articles of furniture once belonging to Washington are placed in upright cases with glass fronts. They were taken from Arlington House, which is in sight of the city, since the beginning of the rebellion, and placed among the archives here.

The clothes worn by General Jackson at the battle of New Orleans, and his battle-sword, are in another case under cover.

To the right of the door in entering, attached to the wall in a glass-covered frame, is placed the original Declaration of Independence and signatures. The majority of the signatures are completely effaced from frequent handling, others scarcely legible, and a few apparently but little impaired. John Hancock, the imperial autograph of all that follow, still appears, but indistinct. The names have been written in different kinds of ink, and some are illegible owing to the inferior quality used. The Declaration is still legible, but shows marks of age, it being now eighty-nine years since that memorable day on which it was signed by the good and fearless fathers of the Republic. Although the greatest care is now being taken to

preserve the document as long as possible, it seems to have been much injured by Vandal fingering in times past. This frame also contains Washington's Commission from the Continental Congress, still perfectly legible.

A model of the Washington Monument as it *is* to be, occupies the centre of the hall on a raised block, at each corner of which are glass boxes, with holes in the top to receive the contributions of the public. Back of this model has been recently placed Powers' statue of Washington, taken by General Butler from the State Capitol at Baton Rouge, during the summer of '62. The statue is of pure Carara marble, was begun and finished at Florence, and is wrought out with the artist's usual ability. The face looks as if one of Gilbert Stuart's portraits had served as the study.

Alice evincing considerable curiosity as to what the numerous silk and satin garments enclosed in cases were intended for, Clavers informed her that they were Japanese costumes, presented to the President by the members of the Japanese delegation, when they visited this country two or three years ago.

"As the President," he continued, "or any officer of the Government, is forbidden by law to accept presents from foreign Powers, all presents that have been forced upon the President, our

Ministers abroad, or commanders of naval expeditions, which could not be refused with a good grace, have been placed here in the keeping of the commissioner of this bureau. Hence many of the objects you see around you have been deposited by naval commanders, and a few by consuls and diplomats. Several of our Presidents have found themselves in a perplexing dilemma on account of the disposition of the eastern nations to force personal gifts upon them. President Lincoln has not been exempt from these expressions of amity. The King of Siam, knowing that we were a civilized people, learned to his astonishment that we were without elephants—a fact in his mind incompatible with a proper condition of civilization, and endeavoured to persuade the President to accept a number of these animals. But here is the letter of his majesty on the subject,” said Clavers, producing a printed copy of the same. “I found it in the Capitol among the curiosities of literature of the document-room, and it is worth reading,” said he, handing to Alice the correspondence, of which the contents were as follows:—

[*Translation.*]

“The King of Siam to the President of the United States.

“Somdetch Phra Paramendr Maha Mongkut, by the blessing of the highest superagency of the

whole universe, the King of Siam, the sovereign of all interior tributary countries adjacent and around in every direction—viz. Laws of Shiengs, on north-western and northern; Law Kans, on northern to north-eastern to south-eastern; most of the Malay peninsula on southern and south-western; and Kariengs, on the western to north-western points, and the professor of the Magadhe language and Buddhistical literature, &c. &c. &c., to his most respected excellent presidency, the President of the United States of America, who, having been chosen by the citizens of the United States as most distinguished, was made President and Chief Magistrate in the affairs of the nation for an appointed time of office—viz. Buchanan, Esquire, who has forwarded an official letter to us from Washington, May 10, Anno Christi 1859, which was Wednesday, tenth night of waxing moon in the lunar month of Visakh, the sixth month recurring from the commencement of the cold season in the year of Goat, first decade of the Siamese astronomical era 1221, with a package of books, one hundred and ninety-two volumes in number, which came to hand in the year following; or to whomsoever the people have elected anew as chief ruler in place of President Buchanan, &c. &c. &c., sendeth friendly greeting :

"RESPECTED AND DISTINGUISHED SIR,—At this time we are very glad in having embraced an excellent opportunity to forward our royal letter, under separate envelope, together with complimentary presents, viz. :

"A sword, with a photographic likeness of ourselves, accompanying herewith directly to Washington, as being a much better way of forwarding it than the way we had intended, by delivering it to the Consul of the United States of America here, to be forwarded on, sometimes by a steamer, sometimes by a sailing vessel, from one port to another, till it should reach Washington. This sending, where there are many changes from one vessel to another, is not a trustworthy way ; there is danger of delay, and, indeed, that the articles may be damaged, and never reach their destination.

"On this occasion occurred, in February, Christian Era 1861, corresponding to the lunar time being in connexion of the Siamese months of Magh and Phagun, the third and fourth month from the commencement of the cold season, in the year of Monkey, second decade, Siamese astronomical era 1222, a ship of war, a sailing vessel of the United States navy, the *John Adams*, arrived and anchored outside the bar, off the mouth of the river "Chan Phya." Captain Berrien, with the officers of the ship, came up to pay a friendly

visit to the country, and has had an interview with ourselves, hence to him we have entrusted our royal letter in separate envelope, which accompanies this, and the presents specified in that letter.

“ We are assured that Captain Berrien will deliver them in safety to you, who will be President of the United States when our letter would reach Washington.

“ During the interview, in reply from Captain Berrien to our inquiries of various particulars relating to America, he stated that on the continent there are no elephants. Elephants are regarded as the most remarkable of the large quadrupeds by the Americans, so that if any one has an elephant's tusk of large size, and will deposit it in any public place, people come by thousands crowding to see it, saying, it is a wonderful thing. Also, though formerly there were no camels on the continent, the Americans have sought for and purchased them ; some from Arabia, some from Europe, and now camels propagate their race, and are serviceable and of benefit to the country, and are already numerous in America.

“ Having heard this, it occurred to us that if, on the continent of America, there should be several pairs of young male and female elephants turned loose in forests where there was abundance of water and grass, in any region under the sun's declination

both north and south, called by the English the torrid zone, and all were forbidden to molest them, to attempt to raise them would be well ; and if the climate there should prove favourable to elephants, we are of opinion that after a while they will increase until there be large herds, as there are here on the continent of Asia, until the inhabitants of America will be able to catch, and tame, and use them as beasts of burden, making them of benefit to the country, since elephants, being of great size and strength, can bear burdens and travel through uncleared woods and matted jungles where no carriage and cart-roads have yet been made.

“ Examples we have, coming down from ancient times, of this business of transplanting elephants from the mainland of Asia to the various islands. Four hundred years ago, when the island of Ceylon was governed by its native princes, an embassy was sent to beg of the King of Henzawatty or Pegu to purchase young elephants, in several pairs, to turn loose in the jungles of Ceylon, and now, by natural increase, there are many large herds of elephants in that island.

“ We have heard also a tradition that a long time ago the natives of Achen, in the island of Sumatra, and the natives of Java, came to the Malayan peninsula to obtain young elephants to turn loose in the jungles of Sumatra and Java, and in conse-

quence of this, elephants are numerous in both those islands.

"On this account we desire to procure and send elephants to let loose to increase and multiply in the continent of America. But we are as yet uninformed what forests and what regions of that country are suitable for elephants to thrive and prosper. Besides, we have no means, nor are we able to convey elephants to America, the distance being too great.

"The islands of Ceylon, Sumatra, and Java are near to this continent of Asia, and those who thought of this plan in former days could transport their elephants with care and without difficulty.

"In reference to this opinion of ours, if the President of the United States and Congress, who conjointly with him rule the country, see fit to approve, let them provide a large vessel, loaded with hay and other food suitable for elephants on the voyage, with tanks holding a sufficiency of fresh water, and arranged with stalls, so that the elephant can both stand and lie down in the ship, and send it to receive them.

"We, on our part, will procure young male and female elephants, and forward them, one or two pairs at a time.

"When the elephants are on board the ship, let a steamer take it in tow, that it may reach America

as rapidly as possible, before they become wasted and diseased by the voyage.

“When they arrive in America, do not let them be taken to a cold climate out of the regions of the sun’s declinations or torrid zone, but let them, with all haste, be turned out to run wild in some jungle suitable for them, not confining them any length of time.

“If these means can be done, we trust that the elephants will propagate their species hereafter in the continent of America.

“It is desirable that the President of the United States and Congress give us their views in reference to this matter at as early a day as possible.

“In Siam it is the custom of the season to take elephants from the herds in the jungles in the months of Phagun and Chetre, 4th and 5th, generally corresponding to March and April.

“If the President and Congress approve of the matter, and should provide a vessel to come for the elephants, if that vessel should arrive in Siam on any month of any year after March and April, as above-mentioned, let notice be sent on two or three months previous to those months of that year, in order that the elephants may be caught and tamed, whereas the elephants that have been long captured and tamed and domesticated here are large and difficult to transport, and there

would be danger they might never reach America. At this time we have much pleasure in sending a pair of large elephant's tusks, one of the tusks weighing fifty-two cents of a picul, the other weighing forty-eight cents of a picul, and both tusks from the same animal, as an addition to our former presents, to be deposited with them for public inspection, that thereby the glory and renown of Siam may be promoted.

"We hope that the President and Congress, who administer the government of the United States of America, will gladly receive them as a token of friendly regard.

"Given at our royal audience hall, Ananant Sana-gome, in the grand palace of Ratne Kosinds Mahindra India, at Bangkok, Siam, on Thursday, the fifth night of the waxing moon, in the lunar month of Phagun, the 4th month from the commencement of the cold season, in the year of Monkey, 2nd decade Siamese astronomical era, 1222, corresponding to the solar date of the 14th February, Anno Christi, 1861, which is the 11th year, and this day is the 3564th day of our reign.

"This from the worthy and good friend of the President of the United States of America and her Government,

(Seal)

"S. P. P. M. MONKGUT,
"Major Rex Siamesium."

Another Washington relic, an old battered camp-chest, presented to the country through Congress, occupies the bottom shelf of one of the cases. On the occasion of its presentation Senator Pierce eloquently remarked :—" The relics of our past history are few and simple. Our nation is too young to possess those memorials of great events strewn along the track of time which belong to another hemisphere. We have no iron crown to remind us of the oppressions of an iron despotism—no ' towers of Julius by many a foul and midnight murder fed.' No moated battlements frown over our land, marking the seats of rapine and exaction. No castellated crags look down upon the smiling waters of our broad rivers, telling how insolence and pride have lorded it over ignominious submission. We have not been buried in the darkness of feudal superstition. We have not been conquered and subdued, reconquered and again enslaved. Neither Roman nor Saxon, neither Dane nor Norman, has made us his prey. There are no vestiges on our soil of any iron rule. Our colonial existence was that of young Freedom, restrained and indeed checked during nonage, but only for a moment enchained. Our national history is that of Freedom full grown, erect, unshackled, and self-restrained. It is not surprising, then, that the relics of the past

with us should be few and simple. That which is now tendered to us does not—like the sword of Washington, which was presented to Congress at its last session—bear the blaze of victory with it. It does not tell of royal power cloven down in the fierce strife for freedom. It has a sadder, but not less touching story to tell. It is associated with recollections of privation and suffering; of want approaching to famine; of poverty in almost every form—most patiently, patriotically, and nobly borne by the officers, soldiers, and citizens of our country during the darkest, but perhaps the proudest period of her history. It tells of disastrous reverses heroically sustained and gloriously retrieved. That camp-chest, sir, was the companion of Washington in the memorable retreat through the Jerseys. It was with him during the long and stern winter passed by the army at the hutted wilderness of Valley Forge. It followed him across the burning plains of Monmouth, and was with him at the crowning glory of Yorktown. Though it be simple and mute, this companionship makes it an eloquent memorial of the great soldier and patriot, and of that war of principle which he conducted so gloriously for himself and so happily for his country.”

Mr. Adams, the pathos of whose nature was always touched by the sight of these relics, on the

same occasion discoursed with feeling eloquence of the associations linked about this old chest.

"Here," said Clavers, pointing to the old printing-press of Franklin, "is the dingy black machine which communicated to the people so much light. In the days of his poverty, or at least when his circumstances obliged him to practise rigid economy, the philosopher himself was the pressman who pulled the lever and threw off the sheets—the impressions of his own gifted mind. What a patient, loyal mind, to toil on for years in comparative obscurity, with the consciousness of his own wonderful genius! No panting for honours and renown, but a daily conscientious discharge of humble duty—no repining after losses or lack of success, but always genial and looking on the bright side; in short, he knew how to wait. The name philosopher fits him exactly."

The visitors, having given the objects of the museum a hasty inspection, walked through the neighbouring rooms.

The immense saloons of the museum and model rooms occupy entirely the third floor of the building, and comprise four grand chambers, fronting respectively on each street by which the structure is surrounded. With the exception of the one looking on G street, which has been used for some time as a soldiers' hospital, they are filled with

models of every conceivable kind, which it would be impossible in a lifetime to examine separately. Thousands upon thousands, all enclosed in glass cases, repose there as monuments to the inventive genius of the American people. Everything is clean and orderly, and that the national habit of expectorating may be indulged in without injury to the premises, the floors are well supplied with spittoons within convenient distance of each other.

The inventive faculty is now turned from ploughshares and pruning-hooks to the implements of war. The "piping time of peace" is o'er, with its reapers, mowers, apple-paring machines, and grim-visaged war directs the inventive energies of the nation. Whatever will destroy the greatest number of men in the shortest space of time is the instrument *par excellence* for which there is the greatest demand.

From reliable statistics it is ascertained that from the year 1836 to 1860 inclusive, over 31,000 patents have been issued. What a commentary is this upon the creative power of the nation! What a story it tells of sleepless nights, throbbing temples, and terrible thinking!

"I took the patent fever myself once," said Ruggles, who had been holding his peace for some time, "and got up a machine for which I filed an application. It was a simple contrivance, consist-

ing of pulleys, screws, and levers—a self-adjusting, back-acting, and re-acting thing, with a fly-wheel, and——”

“Please, Mr. Ruggles,” said Alice, “don’t afflict us with the story of that patent again. Beside, I think it is time we were going—I have an engagement to dine.”

“It is worth listening to,” said the *Trumpet*-man, button-holing Clavers. “Is your engagement pressing, Miss Alice?”

“Yes—for I am hungry.”

Whereupon the party turned homeward, Ruggles resolving mentally to enlighten Clavers as to the merits of the afore-mentioned patent at the very first opportunity.

CHAPTER VII.

HONOURABLE JOHN DOBBS' SPEECH IN CONGRESS—FRANCIS
P. BLAIR—JOHN COVODE—JUDGE KELLY.

THE day before it was intended that Dobbs should make his speech in the House, that gentleman, his wife, and Ruggles were in earnest consultation. The two latter had been co-labouring for some days back to produce a speech for Dobbs, who was until this time in ignorance as to its character. Ruggles was at table, pen in hand, and in fine frenzy, capping the framework of his intellectual structure with a large roof of spirited declamation. The production, in its relative proportions, was something like a comet, with its large tail and little body, and in its extravagant sentiments and high-sounding words worthy of the happiest efforts of Roger A. Pryor. His hair more bristling than usual, and the light of inspiration shining from his eyes, Ruggles finished the document with a flourish, and handed it over to Mrs. Dobbs for inspection, who, after looking at the closing paragraph, observed—

“Don't you think it a little strong, Mr. Ruggles?”

"I cannot say that it is, Mrs. Dobbs; but I have the *cacoethes scribendi* on me now, and will be more competent to judge when I am cooled off. Still, our constituency must be peppered and salted to an amazing degree, and I am inclined to think that this speech—considering for what it is intended—is a *βυλλιε βιγ θινγ*," said Ruggles, who was at times fond of a bit of the classics, and *would* indulge himself in an allusion of this kind, although he should thereby subject himself to the charge of pedantry. "I have faith in your good sense, however, Mrs. Dobbs: express yourself freely."

"Is it not a little too spread-eagle?" ventured Mrs. Dobbs; "and would it not be well to tone it down a little in this respect?"

"Ah," said Ruggles, "you wish to clip the outstretched wings of that proud bird which soars in glorious independence——"

"Mr. Ruggles," interrupted Mrs. D., a little nettled, "pray remember that you are not speaking through the *Trumpet*, nor haranguing the voters——"

"But to a remarkably shrewd, sensible woman like yourself, Mrs. Dobbs. You ask if it be not too strong. Permit me to answer Yankee fashion, by asking you a question. Supposing you were a merchant, and you understood there was a great demand for pumpkins in a certain locality, and a

demand for nothing else : would you send there a cargo of some finer production, such as lemons, citrons, or something of that kind ?”

“Certainly not ; what a question !”

“The demand regulates the supply, is a commercial axiom all the world over,” resumed Ruggles, “and you cannot force the market, no more than you can force people to eat what is nauseating to them. You may say that the demand is disadvantageous to civilization, and not up with the progress of the age, but it is not your business as a merchant to attempt to reform the demands of the people, and incur the risk of loss, but to supply them. Pardon me, but I know the market in our district, and just such a speech as this suits it. It is not made, my dear madam, for the Boston market, where they, of course, would turn up their noses at it, nor for you, nor me, nor for the House, but for home consumption—for the sovereigns of our district, who are my masters and yours.”

Mrs. Dobbs said nothing further on this point, and Ruggles continued—

“Although Mr. Dobbs has given notice, and will be entitled to the floor at his appointed hour, it will require considerable determination to make a stand, and not be crowded down when he is up. Do you feel equal to the occasion, Mr. Dobbs ?”

said Ruggles, turning to that gentleman, who answered in a hazy, mechanical way—

“I'll tell you to-morrow.”

“But speak your mind, husband,” said his partner; “you forget you are at home.”

“What was the question, my dear?” asked Dobbs, brightening up.

“Are you afraid of breaking down in reading this speech to-morrow?” said Mrs. D., putting the question in a more comprehensible form.

“You have told me what to do, my dear—it's simple enough. I am a tolerable reader, you know; when I was at school I was reckoned as a good hand at that sort of thing. I recollect I read ‘Robinson Crusoe’ aloud to the boys, because we only had one copy among us, and they liked to hear me read, because I always minded my stops. Although your speech is not nearly so interesting as ‘Robinson Crusoe,’ I think I can manage it very well, that is if you make the stops plain.”

“Mr. Dobbs,” said Ruggles, enthusiastically, “the entire absence of self-consciousness in you is something akin to genius. Extremes meet in you.”

The old gentleman did not seem clearly to understand him, and his face assumed its usual hazy expression, as his mind doubtless dwelt on the beauties of “Robinson Crusoe.”

The next day Mrs. Dobbs and Ruggles took

their seats on one of the front benches of the gallery, where they could have a good view of Dobbs. While waiting for Dobbs' appointed hour, Ruggles, in compliance with Mrs. Dobbs' request, proceeded to give that lady some account of several of the members below.

"The off-hand member," he began, "in a sort of half-military suit, who is always twirling a pair of sandy moustaches, is Mr. Francis P. Blair, of the well-known Blair family, the members of which are characterized by hard heads with practical ideas inside of them, and always standing shoulder to shoulder, and pushing together in perfect harmony. Blair senior has the credit of directing the movements of the juniors and setting them on, and has a more extensive political experience, perhaps, than any other man in the country, by which his sons evidently have profited. This one, Frank, inherits all the old gentleman's energy, with a good share of his ability, is full of *vim*, and does not know what fear is. He is not at all thin-skinned, the cuticle of his sensibilities being hardened and tempered by the fires of vituperation which he has gone through on the stump, for in the West it is no child's play to demand the suffrages of the people. It is a good deal like standing up to be shot at, the speaker being a fair target for a running commentary of all kinds of remarks

while he is spreading the wings of the eagle, and when he is through, like as not charged by his antagonist with being one of the greatest scoundrels that ever walked unhung. The result is, that the aspiring politician either breaks down altogether under the scathing fire of these campaigns, and goes back to the shades of private life, sorry that he ever ventured out of them, or he becomes hardened and bullet-proof to such a degree that he can hear his character assailed on every side with perfect equanimity, and be told without a wince that he is a great rascal. Mr. Blair has passed through this ordeal, and been tempered to the invulnerable point. As the pioneer of emancipation sentiment in Missouri he is deserving of the thanks of the country—he was the entering wedge between the slavery-loving power and the old prejudices of the people in that State, and insinuated himself so adroitly that he split the old parties and secured a *point d'appui* to lay around him right and left in the cause of freedom. Political education is of slow growth, and requires gingerly care to bring it into full blossom. When Blair first broke ground in Missouri, he inscribed on his standard BENTON, and planted himself squarely and firmly on the old man's popularity. The forces of Blair were next marshalled into campaign under the name of Free Democracy; for though the ear

would have been shocked with the name of Republican, the mind was becoming familiarized with the principle; and what mattered the name to Blair? 'a rose by any other name,' &c. Becoming bolder with increasing strength, the chieftain finally flung out the banner of emancipation, won another victory, and found himself again at the capital. He has already been with our western army fighting the rebellion, where he intends soon to be again, it is said. He was with General Lyon during that short but most brilliant campaign of the war. Ah, what action—what push there was in that general! By Jove, his death is the greatest loss the nation has suffered since the breaking out of this business. And what a terrible mistake it was to attach him as a mere appendage to Fremont, when he should have been the head of the military organization, at least in the State where he had been operating so successfully!"

"Are you not allowing yourself considerable latitude in discussing Mr. Blair?" asked Mrs. Dobbs.

"Right, Mrs. Dobbs, as you generally are. I *am* apt to digress occasionally, and require to be checked up."

"The farmer-like, oldish-looking man," resumed Ruggles, "is John Covode, of Pennsylvania, who was boasted before the people as chairman of the Buchanan investigating committee. A plain, blunt

man, who has enjoyed but few advantages in the way of education, and a revolutionist by nature. He has no reverence for law and order, and is a reconstructionist without the ability to reconstruct. His views are narrow, of which, like men of his stamp, he is very tenacious; he rejoices, too, in the exercise of power. He is chairman of the committee on the conduct of the war—a position, with his proclivities, well suited to his taste;—the power of sending for papers and summoning witnesses at will, being a delectable proceeding for one so fond of exercising authority. He has a plain, honest way with him in talking, which is rather attractive to some portions of the rural districts, and which has secured for him a certain degree of personal popularity. Mr. Covode has been a persistent and bitter opponent of General M'Clellan, whose character he has assailed on every occasion in public and private. In company with the other members of the war committee, he visited Manassas, and investigated matters there after the evacuation to his own satisfaction in a few hours, and returned with a series of resolutions in his hat, which he prepared at once to lay before Congress, and thereby sweep M'Clellan from the military chess-board altogether; but the resolutions were so unfair and so coloured with prejudice, that his colleagues, thinking that if they were allowed to go before the country the

effect would be more damaging to the committee than the general, persuaded him to abandon the idea of presenting them. He has a contempt for West Point, which he takes no pains to conceal; and he believes that the military profession can be adopted without any particular previous training, and followed with success. It is said, indeed, on one occasion that he made a proposition to the President to capture the batteries at Aquia Creek, which were at the time in possession of the enemy, by contract, if the President would allow him a certain number of men. Mr. Covode is, doubtless, very sincere in his desire to save the Union, but, like many others, he has a queer way of going about it."

"I believe you speak of Mr. Covode in a partizan spirit, and think I should receive your account of him with some grains of allowance," said Mrs. Dobbs, archly.

"I have given you only my opinion, from which you will find others who differ—there are some people up in Pennsylvania, for instance, who regard John Covode as a modern Lycurgus," answered Ruggles.

"When you wish to hear some particularly good talking," resumed that gentleman, "come here when Judge Kelly of Philadelphia is to speak, and you will hear the most accomplished orator of this

body. There are, perhaps, men of greater calibre here than Mr. Kelly, but none with his elegant, finished style of eloquence. He has taste in the selection of words and fluency in uttering them, and his voice is deep and full. He may be reckoned as the Demosthenes of the House."

"But see, Mr. Dobbs is about to commence," said Mrs. D., when the attention of both was directed to the movements of that gentleman, who promptly arose from his seat according to instructions, but simultaneously with three or four others. Dobbs, however, at length arrested the attention of Mr. Grow with his stentorian cry of "Mr. Speaker," who at once proclaimed that "The gentleman from — has the floor," whereupon the member from Dobbstown, with dignity and deliberation, smoothed out his MS., wiped his spectacles with the bandanna, adjusted the same carefully, and took a calm survey of the House. The portly form and front of Jove were imposing. The bony, industrious member from the West ceased shoving his hand with the muscular movement over the paper, laid down his pen, cocked his lanky legs over his desk, took a fresh quid of tobacco, assured himself that the spittoon was within hitting distance, and prepared to listen. A little page tripped off and returned in a trice with a glass of water, which he placed on the desk in front of the new member.

Within a radius of half a dozen gentlemen from Dobbs, comparative quiet reigned, but beyond noise incessant, and no notice taken of the new member, who was so tardy in commencing that the Speaker rattled out with some impatience, in his auctioneer tone—

“Mr. *Dobbs* has the floor. Will the gentleman proceed?”

To which the new member replied—

“I am waiting for the House to listen to me, sir.”

“Ha! ha! ha!” came from all parts of the chamber. In strong contrast with the gaiety below was the anguish depicted on the face of Mrs. Dobbs as she sat in the gallery with Ruggles. She whispered hurriedly to her companion—

“The ridicule will be too much for him,—he will break down! Can’t you save him, Mr. Ruggles?”

“Ha! ha! ha!” still came up from below.

“Unfortunate remark,” said Ruggles. “Preposterous to suppose they would listen to any one down there. Why, they would hardly listen to the great Daniel. But here, some are crying, ‘Good! good!’ They think he is joking—they take him for a dry joker; and see, he is not the least embarrassed; indeed, I never saw him more at his ease. He will do, Mrs. Dobbs, don’t be at all anxious.”

It was true they thought him a *farceur*, especially as he joined a little in the general hilarity himself, seeing the risible disposition around him. The worthy man had no idea of the cause of the merriment, but laughed because he saw others laughing. His inquiring look at length caught Mrs. Dobbs' troubled, anxious face, which brought him back to instructions, and he immediately commenced reading the speech in a loud, deliberate tone.

For nearly an hour Mr. Dobbs held forth with some fervour, pausing now and then to wipe the perspiration from his face with the bandanna. The closing paragraph, referring to the President's proclamation, written in Ruggles' fine-writing style, for home consumption, was pronounced in real sledge-hammer fashion, as follows:—

“Three millions of crushed spirits will soon awake to the glorious privileges which await them, and shake the manacles from their hands. A sable Brutus will rise in every hamlet and proclaim the freedom of a down-trodden race, and the friends of liberty will join hands in dealing one ponderous and final blow to this pandemonium institution, and destroy it utterly from the face of the land. Then, beware, despots of the old world, who have lent your aid and sympathy to vitalize this curse upon our country, beware! for your turn will

come next—the avenging Nemesis of outraged nature will pursue you even to your unrighteous thrones and strike you down !”

As the orator resumed his seat, he looked up to where his wife sat, saw an approving smile, and was content. Ruggles had been delectably entertained—no one certainly had listened with as much pleasure as he. He had frequently during the pauses called Mrs. Dobbs' attention to this and that part with—

“Not bad, that, Mrs. Dobbs. Prettily turned, rather, eh? He does justice to the subject. I shall have it published entire in the *Trumpet*, with an editorial commentary.”

As Mr. Dobbs wiped the perspiration from his face, the lanky Western member held out his hand and congratulated him on being one of the right sort.

Thus ended Dobbs' triumph.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE WHITE HOUSE—ITS OCCUPANTS—JOHN ADAMS—MRS. ADAMS—THOMAS JEFFERSON—JAMES MADISON—MRS. MADISON—JAMES MONROE—JOHN QUINCY ADAMS—ANDREW JACKSON—THE MRS. EATON IMBROGLIO—MARTIN VAN BUREN—WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON—JOHN TYLER—JAMES K. POLK—GENERAL TAYLOR—MIL-LARD FILLMORE—FRANKLIN PIERCE—JAMES BUCHANAN—MISS LANE—PRESIDENT LINCOLN—THE SATURDAY RECEPTIONS—PRESENTATION OF THE DOBBS—MRS. LINCOLN.

WHATEVER may be the opinion of critics in reference to other public buildings in the capital, they find few, if any, faults in the architecture of the executive mansion. It is simple, spacious, and elegant—just such a dwelling as the chief magistrate of a republic should have. The site is well chosen, upon rising ground, the front looking upon the avenue, and the back upon the extensive gardens attached to the house. From behind, the building is more imposing, as it presents there three stories to the spectator, on account of the slope, while in front there are but two. The grounds in the rear are tastefully laid out in walks and lawns, and planted with rare trees. One evening in the week in summer, the marine band,

which is quite famous for its musical talent, plays for an hour or two in these gardens, which on such occasions are pretty well filled with visitors. From the back portico of the building a fine view is presented of the "Mall," Washington Monument, Smithsonian Institute, the Potomac river, and in the distance Arlington heights. "The White House is one hundred and seventy feet front, and eighty-six deep ; it is built of freestone, painted white, with Ionic pilasters, comprehending two lofty stories of rooms, crowned with a balustrade. The north front is ornamented with a portico of four Ionic columns in front, and a projecting screen with three columns. The outer intercolumniation is for carriages ; the middle space is the entrance for visitors who come on foot ; the steps from both lead to a broad platform in front of the door of entrance. The garden front is varied by having a rusticated basement story under the Ionic ordonnance, and by a semicircular projecting colonnade of six columns with two flights of steps leading from the ground to the level of the principal story. In the interior, the north entrance opens immediately into a spacious hall of forty by fifty feet. Advancing through a screen of Ionic columns, apparently of white marble, but only an imitation, the door in the centre opens into the oval room or saloon, of forty by thirty feet. Adjoining this room are

two others, each thirty by twenty-two feet in size. These form a suite of apartments devoted to occasions of ceremony. The great banqueting, or as it is now generally called, the east room, occupies the whole depth of the east side of the mansion, and is eighty feet long by forty feet wide, with a clear height of twenty-two feet."

The rules by which the President, officers of the government, and representatives of foreign powers are governed in their intercourse with each other, are embraced in the following code :—

"*The President.*—Business calls are received at all times and hours when the President is unengaged. The morning hours are preferred. Special days and evenings are assigned, each season, for calls of respect—one morning and evening a week being usually assigned for this purpose.

"Receptions are held, during the winter season, generally once a week, between eight and ten o'clock in the evening, at which time guests are expected in full dress, and are presented by the usher.

"The President holds public receptions on the first day of January and the fourth of July, when the diplomatic corps present themselves in court costume, and the officers of the army and navy in full uniform. The executive, legislative, and judicial branches of the government are received

between the hours of eleven and twelve, after which the diplomatic corps, officers of the army and navy, and civilians *en masse*.

"The President accepts no invitations to dinner, and makes no calls or visits of ceremony, but is at liberty to visit without ceremony at his pleasure.

"An invitation to dinner at the President's must be accepted in writing, and a previous engagement cannot take precedence.

"The address of the executive in conversation is, *Mr. President*.

"*The Vice-President*.—A visit from the Vice-President is due to the President on the meeting of Congress. He is entitled to the first visit from all others, which he may return by card or in person.

"*The Supreme Court*.—The judges call upon the President and Vice-President annually upon the opening of the court, and on the first day of January.

"*The Cabinet*.—Members of the President's cabinet call upon the President on New Year's day and the fourth of July. First calls are also due from them, by card or in person, to the Vice-President, judges of the Supreme Court, senators, and the Speaker of the House of Representatives, on the meeting of Congress.

"*The Senate*.—Senators call in person upon the

President and Vice-President on the meeting of Congress and first day of January, and upon the President on the fourth of July, if Congress is in session. They also call in person or by card upon the judges of the Supreme Court, and the Speaker of the House of Representatives, on the meeting of Congress.

"The Speaker of the House of Representatives.—The Speaker calls upon the President on the meeting of Congress, first day of January, and the fourth of July, if Congress is in session. The first call is also due from him to the Vice-President on the meeting of Congress.

"The House of Representatives.—Members of the House of Representatives call in person upon the President on the first day of January, and upon the Speaker of the House at the opening of each session. They also call by card or in person upon the President on the fourth of July, if Congress is in session, and upon the President, Vice-President, judges of the Supreme Court, cabinet officers, senators, Speaker of the House, and foreign ministers, soon after the opening of each session of Congress.

"Foreign Ministers.—The diplomatic corps call upon the President on the first day of January, and upon the Vice-President, cabinet officers, judges of the Supreme Court, senators, and Speaker of the

House, by card or in person, on the first opportunity after presenting their credentials to the President. They also make an annual call of ceremony, by card or in person, upon the Vice-President, judges of the Supreme Court, senators, and Speaker of the House, soon after the meeting of Congress.

"The Court of Claims.—The judges of the Court of Claims call in person upon the President on the first of January and the fourth of July. They also make first visits to cabinet officers and the diplomatic corps, and call, by card or in person, on the judges of the Supreme Court, senators, Speaker, and members of the House, soon after the meeting of Congress.

"The Families of Officials.—The rules which govern officials are also applicable to their families in determining the conduct of social intercourse."

During the early days a set of rules on etiquette for the Presidential mansion, differing very much from the foregoing, were adopted, which bore the mark of Jefferson, and consequently were exceedingly democratic, the idea being as much as possible to level all distinctions. This etiquette business bothered the heads of the old statesmen not a little. Adams became so much excited about it that he addressed a letter to the then Secretary of State protesting against the levelling process,

as contained in the rules, by which he lost a little political capital—the opposition straightway denouncing him as an aristocrat. Washington, it seems, referred questions on points of etiquette to others, usually Jefferson, Adams, and Hamilton.

The stout, unflinching, unconquerable John Adams was the first occupant of this house—the man with “the clearest head and firmest heart of any cotemporary in Congress”—the Colossus in the memorable debate on the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, who worked through that “present gloom for the future glory” of the nation—the pillar which upheld in that stormy discussion nobly the cause of freedom and independence. As Jefferson remarked, that although he was the author of the Declaration, John Adams was the man to whom the country is mainly indebted for its passage.

Shortly after the Adams family had taken up their quarters in the new mansion, Mrs. Adams, not over well pleased with the accommodation of the new establishment, wrote of the same to her daughter as follows:—

“The house is upon a grand and superb scale, requiring about thirty servants to attend and keep the apartments in proper order, and perform the ordinary business of the house and stables—an establishment very well proportioned to the Presi-

dent's salary. The lighting of the apartments, from the kitchen to parlours and chambers, is a tax indeed, and the fires we are obliged to keep to secure us from daily agues is another very cheering comfort. To assist us in this great castle and render less attendance necessary, bells are wholly wanting, not one single one being hung through the whole house, and promises are all you can obtain. This is so great an inconvenience that I know not what to do or how to do. . . .

"The house is made habitable, but there is not a single apartment finished, and all within side, except the plastering, has been done since P. came. We have not the *least fence, yard, or convenience without*, and the great unfinished audience-room I make a drying-room of to hang up the clothes in."

The new mansion rather excited the ire of the old-timed men on account of its "palatial dimensions and appearance," and the "extravagant" sums employed in its construction. The impression then prevailed that the house was too large, and now that it is, if anything, too small for the increased wants of the executive. The family of the elder Adams occupied only a portion of the building, and lived in a quiet way, but entertained, in imitation of Washington, with the wine and cake hospitalities. President Adams, personally, disliked levées, but.

held them on principle. He was not given to general intimacies, but confined his confidences and friendship pretty much to the members of his own family. Men usually have a receptacle for their inward thoughts and reflections, and Mrs. Adams' sympathizing ear was ever ready to hear the complaints and plans of her husband. Jefferson communicated his thoughts to intimate friends, some of whom afterwards used them against him; but John Adams confided without fear his private and political secrets to his wife, who stood nearly on an intellectual level with him, and could therefore, when occasion required, which was often enough, advise and reason with her indomitable husband.

When his second term expired, and it was his courteous duty to receive his successor before quitting the Executive mansion, such was the bitterness with which he regarded the incoming President, Jefferson, that he made off to Massachusetts, to avoid being present at the triumph of his rival. For thirteen years this party feud kept them apart, when at the end of that time they were brought together through the kind offices of Mrs. Adams and others—Jefferson making the first advances.

In one of his letters to his wife, Adams spoke of being able to resign himself with a good grace to

the tranquil enjoyments of private life, in the event of his not being elected to the Presidency. When he did eventually repair to his quiet home in Massachusetts he was thrust there, still longing for the sceptre. He was of too active a temperament to remain idle, and so took to writing letters, pamphlets, and newspaper articles, and to advising with his son John Quincy, whose rising political fortunes were some recompense to him for what he considered the unwarranted abuse the party had heaped upon him during the last days of his administration.

Parton sketches John Adams' character pithily but extravagantly, thus:—"Glorious, delightful, honest John Adams! An American John Bull! The Comic Uncle of the exciting drama. The reader, if a playgoer, knows well the fiery old gentleman who goes blustering and thundering about the stage, grasping his stick till it quivers, throwing the lovers into a terrible consternation, hurrying on the catastrophe he is most solicitous to prevent, pluming himself most of all upon his sagacity, while he alone is blind to what is passing under his very nose! Such is something like the impression left upon the mind of one who becomes familiar with the characters of this period respecting the man who, as Franklin well said, was always honest, often great, and sometimes mad. Think

of a President of the United States who, while his countrymen were in the temper of 1797 and 1798, could, in a public address, allude to his having had the *honour* once to stand in the presence of the British king! It is simply amusing now to read of his having done so; but to the maddened Republicans of that era it seemed the last degree of abject pusillanimity toward England and arrogant insult to the people of America. Think also of a President of the United States who could see, without interference, a fellow-citizen prosecuted, convicted, and fined a hundred dollars for *wishing* that the wadding of a certain cannon, fired to salute the President, as he passed through Newark, had lodged upon an ample part of the President's ample person! One of his own cabinet told Hamilton that the 'chief was a man who, whether sportful, playful, witty, kind, cold, drunk, sober, angry, easy, stiff, jealous, careless, cautious, confident, close, or open, is so almost always in the wrong place, and to the wrong persons.' . . . In the revolutionary period this high-mettled gamecock of a John Adams appeared to glorious advantage, made a splendid show of fight, animated the patriotic heart, and gave irresistible impetus to the cause. But he was ludicrously unfitted to preside with dignity and success over a popular Government, which must do everything with an

eye to its effect upon the people. His own cabinet intrigued against him ; they regarded Hamilton as their real chief ; and Hamilton, far more than Adams, *was* the influencing mind of the Government. . . . In one word, John Adams was not in unison with the humour of the age ; and being a passionate, dogmatical, obstinate John Bull of a man, he took not the slightest pains to conceal the fact, or to conciliate the people with whom he had to do."

Of Mrs. Adams, Randall writes:—"Her lofty lineaments carried a trace of the Puritan severity. They were those of the helmed Minerva, and not of the cestus-girdled Venus. Her correspondence uniformly exhibits a didactic personage—a little inclined to assume a sermonizing attitude, as befitted the well-trained and self-reliant daughter of a New England country clergyman—and a little inclined, after the custom of her people, to return thanks that she had not lot or part in anything that was not of Massachusetts. Perhaps the masculineness of her understanding extended somewhat to the firmness of her temper. But towering above, and obscuring these minor angularities, she possessed a strength of intellectual and moral character which commands our unqualified admiration. Her decision would have manifested itself for her friend or her cause, when softer spirits would have

shrunk away or been paralyzed with terror. When her New England frigidness gave way and kindled into enthusiasm, it was not the burning straw, but the red-hot steel. On the stranding deck, at the gibbet's foot, in any other deadly pass where undaunted moral courage can light up the coming gloom of 'the valley and shadow of death,' Mrs. Adams would have stood by the side of those she loved, uttering words of encouragement; in that more desperate pass where death or overthrow are balanced against dishonour, she would have firmly bade the most loved friend on earth embrace the former like a bride."

The gifted, lion-hearted, incorruptible John Adams died at a ripe old age on the 4th of July, and his last words were "Thomas Jefferson still survives."

Jefferson, the founder of Democracy, and strenuous advocate of States' rights and the equality of the people, became the next occupant of the White House. The new President, an aristocrat by nature and a democrat by principle, had long looked with aversion on what he considered smacked of monarchism in the administrations of Washington and Adams, and as soon as he took the reins of government in hand he effected important changes in some of the domestic features of the White House. He abolished curls, powder,

and levées, wore pantaloons and straight hair, and seldom rode in his state carriage drawn by the four famous blooded bays, thinking it too aristocratic a mode of conveyance, but either walked, or rode on horseback, of which he was very fond. John Adams had held two regular levées every week, in which a certain pomp and ceremony were observed. These levées were numerous attended, and the ladies, more particularly, were loth to give them up, and Jefferson was besought to continue these pleasant reunions, but the great democrat would not relent. The custom of communicating the first addresses of the Executive to the Legislative branch of the Government in person was done away with. One of his admirers writes: "Thus the pageant of the 'King's speech,' as it had been called—the stately cavalcade attending the President to the Capitol, and in due time the procession of Congress back to the President with their 'addresses,' were for ever swept away. The levées and some other ceremonies, borrowed from the customs of England, were already gone. The days of state ceremonials had passed.

"The Republicans rejoiced in this as if some substantive particles of royalty had been obliterated. The Federalists mourned as if some important props of social and civil order had been torn away. Both probably attached undue consequence to the

subject. Such forms are only important as they indicate national feeling. Both sides should have known that a little tinsel and parade could neither make nor guide the great currents of national sentiment, and that the shadow would necessarily conform to the substance. The same political and social traditions which for ages had taught that the many were made to be controlled by the few—that powdered wigs and gold buttons, if they did not prove intelligence and wisdom in the individual, indicated it in the class—had also taught that pomp and pageantry were necessary to impress the popular mind and command the popular reverence. But when this whole system fell, what was either the further use or the further danger of its trappings? They could not restore *ancien régime*, nor could they control unwigged and unpowdered democracy. They had lost their appropriateness, their signification, their motive; and they required no violent effort for their displacement. They had fallen of themselves, and were as foreign to the new order of things as are the fancifully ornamented costumes of ancestors found in old wardrobes—which were brave and becoming in their day, but which would provoke unbounded merriment from the spectators if worn now. The stately ceremonies of Washington's administration were appropriate to the times; and we confess that they

seem to us not unbefitting the man. This was our heroic epoch—the half-mythical epoch of nation-founders. We cannot, like the ancients, translate the latter to demigods. But it seems to us very harmless that they should drift down the tide of tradition, associated in the national memory with scenic accompaniments, which in the distance appear grand and high. We never expect to see Washington painted on the canvas in pantaloons and a round hat. We should as soon think of quarrelling with the costume as with the manners of the first Presidency.”

As it is the object here to glance only at the inner or domestic life of those who dwelt in the White House, it may not be inappropriate to give Randall's account of a little domestic breeze which ruffled the placid current of domestic affairs in the mansion during Jefferson's time, and to which the following extract of a letter from Moore the poet serves as a fit preface:—

“I stopped at Washington with Mr. and Mrs. Merry for near a week; they have been treated with the most pointed incivility by the present democratic President, Mr. Jefferson; and it is only the precarious situation of Great Britain which could possibly induce it to overlook such indecent, though at the same time petty hostility. I was presented by Mr. Merry to both the Secretary of State and the President.”

"The indecent and petty hostility" to Mr. and Mrs. Merry was manifested in this wise. They were invited to dine at the President's. When dinner was announced Mr. Jefferson chanced to be standing by and talking with Mrs. Madison, at some distance from Mrs. Merry, and he accompanied the former to the table. Mr. Merry regarded this as almost an insult. Such a stir was made by the angry ambassador, that Madison wrote Monroe (who had succeeded Mr. King as our minister to England), apprising him of the facts to enable him to answer an expected call of the British Government for official explanations."

* * Nothing, however, came of it. "Mrs. Merry tossed her head without shaking the peace of two nations, and poor Mrs. Madison was saved from involuntarily 'firing another Troy.' But Mr. Merry never forgot this 'pointed incivility,' though he and his friends knew that by an express regulation at the White House all etiquette in respect to official precedence was formally abolished, and though with the most stringent etiquette of the Celestial Empire in force, it would seem an amusing specimen of impertinence in him to claim priority over the Secretary of State of the United States.

"But the farce was not ended. Mrs. Merry thenceforth eschewed the Presidential mansion,

and if her husband went there it was only officially. After the clamour subsided, the President felt a good-natured desire to put an end to this frivolous matter, and to relieve the offended dignitaries from the awkwardness of their position. Accordingly he made inquiry through a common friend (the representative, we think, of the Swedish Government) whether Mr. and Mrs. Merry would accept an invitation to a family dinner? The former was understood to give an affirmative answer, and the invitation was sent, written in the President's own hand. The minister replied by addressing the Secretary of State to know whether he was invited in his private or official capacity? If in the one, he must obtain the permission of his sovereign; if in the other, he must receive an assurance in advance that he would be treated as became his position. The Secretary of State put an end to the correspondence in a very dry note, and here the affair ended.

“Mr. Thomas Moore had an individual cause of complaint against the President, the history and consequences of which would be in no way worth repeating, except for a characteristic anecdote they chance to furnish of the latter. Moore was, as he remarks, presented to the President by Mr. Merry. He had then published nothing which had crossed the Atlantic, but

‘—— gentle Little’s moral song
To soothe the mania of the amorous throng.’

Mr. Jefferson knew not the ‘young Catullus of his day,’ and had no conception that he stood in the dangerous presence of the hero of Chalk Farm, or of the better-loaded weapons of a clever lampooner. Accordingly, standing stark six feet two inches and a half, and with that cold first look he always cast upon a stranger, the President gazed down on the perfumed little Adonis, spoke to him, and being occupied, gave him no more attention. Moore (then twenty-four) had crossed the Atlantic in the same vessel with Mr. and Mrs. Merry, in October, 1803, and had hardly set foot in the United States before he began to write home his own and Mrs. Merry’s disgust at everything in the United States. He repaired to Bermuda, where he spent the winter; made his appearance in Washington in June, 1804; met with undistinguished reception; was flattered by Mrs. Merry’s sympathizers, and fell to lampooning the President and everything American, except a few attentive Federal gentlemen and ladies.”

It seems that Mr. Moore in his letters home expressed himself as being especially disgusted at the “philosophic humility” of the American President and his style of living. The President only occupied a “corner” of his mansion. The

"grand edifice" was "encircled by a very rude pale, through which a common rustic stile introduced visitors," &c. &c. Nor did he like his politics any better.

As soon as these scurrilous attacks were published, some of the President's indignant young relatives entered his library, while he sat serenely unconscious of calamity, and pointed out to him the obnoxious passages in an exasperated manner, when the President, looking at their troubled faces, broke into a hearty laugh. When Moore's *Melodies* appeared in the United States a copy was placed in his hands. "Why," said he, "this is the little man who satirized me so!" He read on, and as he began to see the merit in the book, he exclaimed, "Why, he *is* a poet after all."

Jefferson was very fond of society, and during his occupancy of the White House always had a number of visitors partaking of his hospitalities, which he dispensed in the style of the Virginia gentleman of the old *régime*. He was a *bon vivant*, fond of his wine, horses, and genial company; too fond, indeed, for he retired from the Presidency 20,000 dols. in debt. The excess of his expenditures over his income for his first presidential year amounted to nearly 6000 dols.*

Not bad for an equal rights Republican, who

* The following statement is taken from his account

was ever advocating simplicity and economy in the administration of the affairs of the Government.

book:—Expenditures from March 4, 1801, to March 4, 1802.

Secretary	450.00	dols.
Provisions	4,504.84	„
Fuel	690.88	„
Miscellaneous	295.82	„
Servants	2,675.84	„
Groceries	2,003.71	„
Wines	2,797.28	„
Stable	884.45	„
Dress, saddlery, &c.	567.36	„
Charities (in cash)	978.20	„
Contingencies	557.81	„
Books and stationery	391.30	„
Debts paid	3,917.59	„
Loans	170.00	„
Acquisitions (horses, carriages, &c.)	4,712.74	„
Building at Monticello	2,076.29	„
Furniture	545.48	„
Household expenses at Monticello	652.82	„
Plantation at ditto	3,732.23	„
Family aids	1,030.10	„
	<hr/>	
	33,634.84	„
Cr.		
By Salary	25,000.00	„
„ Tobacco	2,974.00	„
„ Profits of Nailery	533.33	„
„ Debt contracted with A. Barnes	4,361.00	„
	<hr/>	
	32,868.33	„
Error	766.51	„
	<hr/>	
	33,634.84	„

But he wanted the people to follow his precept and not his example. Parsimonious to the last degree in disbursing from the coffers of the State, he opened his own purse with a regal hand.

To all titles of honour, such as "Excellency," "Honourable," and even "Mr.," he was much opposed. Before he himself filled the office, in presenting his respects to the President, it was always "Thomas Jefferson," or "T. J.," not "Mr. Jefferson," who addressed "the President," not to "your Excellency," as then was and is now customary.

Two days before the expiration of his term, Jefferson wrote to his friend the Duc de Nemours: "Within a few days I retire to my family, my books, and my forms; and having gained the harbour myself, I shall look on my friends still buffeting the storm with anxiety, indeed, but not with envy. Never did a prisoner released from his chains feel such relief as I shall in shaking off the shackles of power."

Daniel Webster, after a visit to Monticello, thus describes the personal appearance of Jefferson: "He is now between eighty-one and eighty-two, above six feet high, of an ample, long frame, rather thin and spare. His head, which is not peculiar in its shape, is set rather forward on his shoulders; and his neck being long, there is, when he is walk-

ing or conversing, an habitual protrusion of it. It is still well covered with hair, which, having been once red, and now turning grey, is of an indistinct sandy colour. His eyes are small, very light, and now neither brilliant nor striking. His chin is rather long, but not pointed. His nose small, regular in its outline, and the nostrils a little elevated. His mouth is well formed, and still filled with teeth; it is strongly compressed, bearing an expression of contentment and benevolence. His complexion, formerly light and freckled, now bears the marks of age and cutaneous affection. His limbs are uncommonly long; his hands and feet very large, and his wrists of an extraordinary size (probably swollen with rheumatism). His walk is not precise and military, but easy and swinging. He stoops a little, not so much from age as from natural formation. When sitting he appears short, partly from a rather lounging habit of sitting, and partly from the disproportionate length of his limbs.

* * * Mr. Jefferson rises in the morning as soon as he can see the hands of his clock, which is directly opposite his bed, and examines his thermometer immediately, as he keeps a regular meteorological diary. He employs himself chiefly in writing till breakfast, which is at nine. From that time till dinner he is in his library, excepting that in fair weather he rides on horseback from seven

to fourteen miles. Dines at four, returns to the drawing-room at six, when coffee is brought in, and passes the evening till nine in conversation. His habit of retiring at that hour is so strong that it has become essential to his health and comfort. His diet is simple, but he seems restrained only by his taste. His breakfast is tea and coffee, bread always fresh from the oven, of which he does not seem afraid, with sometimes a slight accompaniment of cold meat. He enjoys his dinner well, taking with his meat a large proportion of vegetables. He has a strong preference for the wines of the Continent, of which he has many sorts of excellent quality, having been more than commonly successful in his mode of importing and preserving them. Among others we found the following, which are very rare in this country, and apparently not at all injured by transportation: L'Ednau, Muscat, Samian, and Blanchette de Limoux. Dinner is served in half-Virginian, half-French style, in good taste and abundance. No wine is put on the table till the cloth is removed. In conversation Mr. Jefferson is easy and natural, and apparently not ambitious: it is not loud, as challenging general attention, but usually addressed to the person next him."

The deaths of Jefferson and of John Adams were almost coincident on the fourth of July—the latter

lingering for an hour or so after the demise of the former.

James Madison, the especial pet of Jefferson, doubtless partly owing to the influence exerted by the latter in his favour, succeeded to the presidential chair. He was a *protégé* of the great democrat, who modelled him after his own fashion, and found in him a willing and obedient pupil who never seemed to question the teachings of his preceptor. Jefferson was his Pythagoras, whose *dixit* was sufficient and satisfactory. Yet he was by no means a mediocrity, but his talents did not appear to advantage in comparison with the genius of his mentor. He, indeed, made a very respectable figure in the presidential chair, after Jefferson had gone to Monticello and was no longer beside him for people to make disparaging comparisons. When Jefferson disappeared from active life, and the brilliant Hamilton, and the old war-horse John Adams also, retired from the political scene, Mr. Madison found himself apparently among his compeers at Washington.

The bond of union between Jefferson and Madison was in part owing, perhaps, to the difference in personal characteristics. Jefferson was six feet two and a half inches in height; Madison five feet and six or seven inches. In walking Jefferson had a bold swinging gait, while Madison picked his

steps carefully. Jefferson was a man of mark wherever seen, but Madison's appearance attracted no more attention than that bestowed on an ordinary passer-by.

One of his eulogists says of Madison, "he had the old school elegance, and superabounded with information. His discourse, without being didactic and frigid, was weighty. He, perhaps, was never impassioned, and was rather taciturn in public. But among his friends he was a delightful and humorous talker ; and in very small and very confidential circles, blazed out into unrestrained facetiousness, and occasional brilliant flashes of wit. He told a story admirably, and had a long list of pet anecdotes against Jefferson, at which their victim always laughed until his eyes ran over. Mr. Madison's fund of geniality and liveliness was inexhaustible, and it defied age or pain. A gentleman who was intimate at Montpelier, long after its owner's retirement, mentioned to us visiting him on one occasion, when he was severely indisposed and confined to his bed. When the family and guests sat down to dinner, the invalid desired the door of his apartment to be left open, 'so that he could hear what was going on.' Every few moments he was heard to cry out in a feeble but most humorous voice, 'Doctor, are you pushing about the bottles?—do your duty, doctor, or I must cashier you.'"

But the central figure during the Madison administration was the beautiful and accomplished Mrs. Madison, who drew around her the *cognoscenti* of art and fashion in those days. The President himself seems to have been but a background figure in the presidential mansion during the reign of his queenly wife. She survived her husband many years, and took up her residence permanently at Washington, in the house at present occupied by Admiral Wilkes in Lafayette-square, where she continued to exercise the same influence in society as when she was mistress of the White House. In earlier years she was known as the captivating Dolly Payne, then as Mrs. Todd the young widow, who, tradition says, after much wooing, was induced to change her name to Madison.

Mr. James Monroe, the last of the Virginia Presidents, with the exception of "Accidental" Tyler, was the next occupant. He was the author or initiator of the famous "Monroe doctrine" which was promulgated in one of his messages, an epitome of which, as it is generally understood, is, neither to entangle ourselves in the broils of Europe, nor to allow the nations of the old world to interfere in the affairs of the new. Mr. Monroe evinced creditable pluck, when in the same message he declared, in pursuance of the doctrine, to foreign nations, "that any attempt on their part to extend

their system to any portion of this hemisphere," would be regarded by the United States as "dangerous to our peace and safety."

The greatest service, perhaps, which Mr. Monroe ever rendered to his country, was the purchase, through his instrumentality, of the State of Louisiana, Bonaparte fortunately being at that time pressed for funds to pay his soldiers. Monroe acted on the occasion as confidential agent of Jefferson with plenipotentiary powers. The successful accomplishment of his mission was considered quite creditable to his skill as a diplomatist. The amount paid for the State was about 15,000,000 dollars, a sum which is being now expended every six or seven days in conducting the war against the rebels. Jefferson said of his purity of character, "that if his soul were turned inside out, not a spot would be found on it." He was generous to a fault, and also had not only dependent relations about him, but needy hangers-on who called themselves his friends, fed upon his bounty, and impoverished him, in spite of his comfortable salary, to such an extent that in his old age he was obliged to live with a son-in-law for the remainder of his days. Madison thought "that the country had never fully appreciated the robust understanding of Monroe, and the fact may be partially accounted for by his deficiency in the power of public speaking

—a showy talent which in America so largely influences the popular judgment in regard to intellectual endowments. In person James Monroe was tall and well formed, with a light complexion and blue eyes. The expression of his countenance was an accurate index of the simplicity, benevolence, and integrity of his character. He was plain in his manners and tastes, fond of the society of his friends, strongly given to hospitality, and a very fair specimen of the kindly old race of Virginia country gentlemen." His wife was a Miss Kortright, who was somewhat celebrated for her beauty and accomplishments, and who as Mrs. Monroe led a quiet exemplary life in the White House.

After a sharp contest between John Quincy Adams and General Andrew Jackson in the House of Representatives, the former was elected as the successor of Monroe, but did not take possession of the Executive mansion for two or three months after the commencement of his term, owing to the delay of the ex-President in moving out. On the evening of the day on which it was made known that Adams was elected over Jackson, the two rivals met at one of the levées of the White House, Jackson accepting his defeat with a good grace, but feeling it keenly enough, addressed the successful man in his hearty south-western manner, with some casual remark in reference to the election,

to which the elect, unthawable, replied coldly and unbendingly. This was characteristic of the younger Adams—no humour, no *bonhomie*—life was too serious a business for the indulgence of such trifling. He was an economical and judicious housekeeper, whose hospitality was extended with republican simplicity. To the abstemious life which he led, and a naturally strong constitution, he was doubtless indebted for that green old age in which he was still a foeman worthy of the steel of other leaders in the prime of life.

During his occupancy of the mansion, his son had a billiard-table put up in the east room, at that time still comparatively empty, a proceeding which created no little noise among the *quidnuncs* of the opposition, who tried hard to build upon it a case of extravagance and ungodliness, but not with much success.

The administration of John Quincy Adams does not seem to have been a popular one. General Jackson, with increasing popularity, led the opposition in accusations against Adams of bargain and corruptions, and combinations were entered into and became so formidable that he was unseated at the expiration of his first term, and retired to Quincy, his home in Massachusetts. "After having successfully kept the political seas for nearly forty years, and that in very stormy times, Mr. Adams was

at last stranded, as it seemed, high and dry on a lee shore." Though he had then reached an age when most men think of giving up the cares and troubles of active life, "he had in his temperament too much of innate vigour and indefatigable activity, and too much of the stormy petrel in his character, to make him willing to leave that vocation to which both by nature and habit he was so especially adapted." The ex-President entered Congress, and served for many years, where he was famous as the champion of the rights of the people, and where he showed himself as fearless as he was incorruptible. The termination of his brilliant career was an apt illustration of his saying, which he has been heard to repeat on several occasions, that "it was better to wear out than rust out," for he dropped from his seat in the House one day, struck with paralysis, and in three days after died with these words on his lips, "This is the last of earth; I am content." He died as he wished to die, "the still admired and trusted champion, with harness on his back and spear in hand."

After Jackson's inauguration great crowds followed the conquering hero from the Capitol back to the White House. Judge Story, a man of old-timed notions, was present at the scene, of which he wrote:—"After the ceremony was over, the President went to the palace to receive company

and there he was visited by immense crowds of all sorts of people, from the highest and most polished, down to the most vulgar and gross in the nation. I never saw such a mixture. The reign of King Mob seemed triumphant. I was glad to escape from the scene as soon as possible." A letter-writer said :—"A profusion of refreshments had been provided. Orange-punch by barrelsful was made ; but as the waiters opened the door to bring it out a rush would be made, the glasses broken, the pails of liquor upset, and the most painful confusion prevailed. To such a painful degree was this carried, that wine and ice-creams could not be brought out to the ladies, and tubs of punch were taken from the lower storey into the garden, to lead off the crowd from the rooms. On such an occasion it was certainly difficult to keep anything like order, but it was mortifying to see men, with boots heavy with mud, standing on the damask satin-covered chairs, from their eagerness to get a sight of the President."

The domestic peace of the General was very much disturbed during his occupancy of the White House by the Mrs. Eaton imbroglio, which assumed such a serious turn as to divide the Cabinet. Parton, in his "Life of Jackson," gives the following account of the affair :—

"No sooner had General Jackson announced

the names of the gentlemen who were to compose his Cabinet, than an opposition to one of them manifested itself, of a peculiar and most virulent character. Mr. Eaton, the President's friend and neighbour, was the object of this opposition, the grounds of which must be particularly stated, for it led to important results.

"A certain William O'Neal kept at Washington for many years a large old-fashioned tavern, where members of Congress, in considerable numbers, boarded during the sessions of the national legislature. William O'Neal had a daughter, sprightly and beautiful, who aided him and his wife in entertaining the boarders. It was not good for a girl to grow up in a large tavern. Peg O'Neal, as she was called, was so lively in her deportment, so free in her conversation, that, had she been born twenty years later, she would have been called one of the 'fast' girls of Washington. A witty, pretty, saucy, active tavern-keeper's daughter, who makes free with the inmates of her father's house, and is made free with by them, may escape contamination, but not calumny.

"When Major Eaton first came to Washington as a senator of the United States, in the year 1818, he took board at Mr. O'Neal's tavern, and continued to reside there every winter for ten years. He became

acquainted, of course, with the family, including the vivacious and attractive Peg. When General Jackson came to the city as senator in 1823, he also went to live with the O'Neals, whom he had known in Washington before it had become the seat of government. For Mrs. O'Neal, who was a remarkably efficient woman, he had a particular respect. Even during his Presidency, when he was supposed to visit no one, it was one of his favourite relaxations, when worn out with business, to stroll with Major Lewis across the 'old fields' near Washington to the cottage where Mrs. O'Neal lived in retirement, and enjoy an hour's chat with the old lady. Mrs. Jackson also, during her residence in Washington in 1825, became attached to the good Mrs. O'Neal and to her daughter.

"In the course of time Miss O'Neal became the wife of Purser Timberlake of the United States navy, and the mother of two children. In 1828 came the news that Mr. Timberlake, then on duty in the Mediterranean, had cut his throat in a fit of melancholy, induced, it was said, by previous intoxication. On hearing this intelligence, Major Eaton, then a widower, felt an inclination to marry Mrs. Timberlake, for whom he had entertained an attachment quite as tender as a man could lawfully indulge for the wife of a friend and brother mason. He took the precaution to consult General Jackson

on the subject. 'Why, yes, major,' said the General, 'if you love the woman, and she will have you, marry her by all means.' Major Eaton mentioned what the General well knew, that Mrs. Timberlake's reputation in Washington had not escaped reproach, and that Major Eaton himself was supposed to have been too intimate with her. 'Well,' said the General, 'your marrying her will disprove these charges and restore Peg's good name.' And so perhaps it might if Major Eaton had not been taken into the Cabinet.

"Eaton and Mrs. Timberlake were married in January, 1829, a few weeks before General Jackson arrived at the seat of government. As soon as it was whispered about Washington that Major Eaton was to be a member of the new Cabinet, it occurred with great force to the minds of certain ladies, who supposed themselves to be at the head of society at the capital, that, in that case, Peg O'Neal would be the wife of a Cabinet minister, and, as such, entitled to admission into their own sacred circle. Horrible to contemplate! Forbid it, morality!—forbid it, decency!—forbid it, General Jackson!"

Parton goes on to state that the General became warmly interested in Mrs. Eaton's case—wrote to New York for testimony to sustain her good character, and kept up a vehement correspondence with a Philadelphia clergyman and others, who

were understood to have made charges against the lady—undertook her defence in the White House—that, in short, he identified himself personally in the matter, and that the correspondence of the General on this subject would have made eighty or ninety pages of a good-sized volume. He continues—

“Will it be believed, that at length the President of the United States brought this matter before his Cabinet? The members of the Cabinet having one day assembled in the usual place, Dr. Ely and Mr. Campbell (two of those who were supposed to have spoken or written disparagingly of Mrs. Eaton) were brought before them, when the President endeavoured to demonstrate that Mrs. Eaton was ‘as chaste as snow.’ Whether the efforts of the President had or had not the effect of convincing the ladies of Washington that Mrs. Eaton was worthy of admission into their circle, we shall see. Upon a point of that nature ladies are not easily convinced. Meanwhile, the suitors for presidential favour are advised to make themselves visible at the ladies’ receptions. A card in Mrs. Eaton’s card-basket is not unlikely to be a winning card.

“General Jackson succeeded in showing that the charges against Mrs. Eaton were not supported by testimony, but he did not succeed in convincing

the ladies who led the society of Washington that Mrs. Eaton was a proper person to be admitted into their circle. They would not receive her. Mrs. Calhoun would not, although she had called upon the lady soon after her marriage, in company with the Vice-President, her husband. Mrs. Berrien would not, although Mr. Berrien, ignorant, as he afterwards said, of the lady's standing at the capital, had been one of the guests at her wedding. Mrs. Branch would not, although Mr. Branch had been taken into the Cabinet upon Major Eaton's suggestion. Mrs. Ingham would not, although the false gossip of the hour had not wholly spared her own fair fame. The wives of the foreign ministers would not. Mrs. Donnelson, the mistress of the White House, though compelled to receive her, would not visit her. 'Anything else, uncle,' said she, 'I will do for you, but I cannot call upon Mrs. Eaton.' The General's reply in effect was this: 'Then go back to Tennessee, my dear.' And she went to Tennessee. Her husband, who was also of the anti-Eaton party, threw up his post of private secretary, and went with her; and Mr. Nicholas P. Trist, of the State Department, was appointed private secretary in his stead. Six months after, however, by the interposition of friends, Major Donnelson and his wife were induced

to return and assume their former positions in the mansion of the President.

"The new Secretary of State, Van Buren, at length arrived in the city, and came to the rescue of the bothered General.

"Mr. Van Buren was a widower. He had no daughters. Apprised of the state of things in Washington, he did what was proper, natural, and right. He called upon Mrs. Eaton, received Mrs. Eaton, made parties for Mrs. Eaton, and on all occasions treated Mrs. Eaton with the marked respect with which a gentleman always treats a lady whom he believes to have been the victim of unjust aspersion. A man does not get much credit for an act of virtue which is also, of all the acts possible in his circumstances, the most politic. Many men have the weakness to refrain from doing right, because their doing so will be seen to signally promote their cherished objects. We have nothing to do with Mr. Van Buren's motives. I believe them to have been honest. I believe that he faithfully endeavoured to perform the office of oil upon the troubled waters. The course he adopted was the right course, whatever may have been its motive."

The letter-writers of that day were in the habit of amusing their readers with the gossip of the capital, as letter-writers are now. But not a whisper of

these scandals escaped into print until society had been rent by them into hostile "sets" for more than two years. After the explosion, one of the Washington correspondents gave an exaggerated and prejudicial, but not wholly incorrect, account of certain scenes in which "Bellona" (the nickname of Mrs. Eaton) and the Secretary of State had figured. It was among the diplomatic corps, with whom Mr. Van Buren had an official as well as personal intimacy, that he strove to make converts to the Eaton cause. It chanced that Mr. Vaughan, the British minister, and Baron Krudener, the Russian minister, were both bachelors, and both entered good-naturedly into the plans of the Secretary of State.

"A ball and supper," says the writer just referred to, "were got up by his Excellency the British minister, Mr. Vaughan, a particular friend of Mr. Van Buren. After various stratagems to keep Bellona afloat during the evening, in which almost every cotillon in which she made her appearance was instantly dissolved into its original elements, she was at length conducted by the British minister to the head of the table, where, in pursuance of that instinctive power of inattention to whatever it seems improper to notice, the ladies seemed not to know that she was at the table. This ball and supper were followed by another

given by the Russian minister (another old bachelor). To guard against the repetition of the mortification in the spontaneous dissolution of the cotillon, and the neglect of the ladies at supper (where, you must observe, none but ladies sat down), Mr. Van Buren made a direct and earnest appeal to the lady of the minister of Holland, Mrs. Huygens, whom he entreated in her own language to consent to be introduced to the 'accomplished and lovely Mrs. Eaton.'

"The ball scene arrived, and Mrs. Huygens with uncommon dignity maintained her ground, avoiding the advances of Bellona and her associates, until supper was announced, when Mrs. Huygens was informed by Baron Krudener that Mr. Eaton would conduct her to the table. She declined and remonstrated, but in the meantime Mr. Eaton advanced to offer his arm. She at first objected, but, to relieve him from his embarrassment, walked with him to the table, where she found Mrs. Eaton seated at the head, beside an empty chair for herself. Mrs. Huygens had no alternative but to become an instrument of the intrigue, or decline taking supper; she chose the latter, and taking hold of her husband's arm, withdrew from the room. This was the offence for which General Jackson afterward threatened to send her husband home.

“The next scene in the drama was a grand dinner, given in the east room of the palace, where it was arranged that Mr. Vaughan was to conduct Mrs. Eaton to the table, and place her at the side of the President, who took care by his marked attentions to admonish all present (about eighty, including the principal officers of the Government and their ladies) that Mrs. Eaton was one of his favourites, and that he expected her to be treated as such in all places. Dinner being over, the company retired to the coffee-room, to indulge in the exhilarating conversation which wine and good company usually excite. But all would not do—nothing could move the inflexible ladies.”

The writer already referred to concludes—

“How exquisitely gratifying to General Jackson Mr. Van Buren’s emphatic public recognition of Mrs. Eaton must have been every reader will perceive. General Jackson had thrown his whole soul into her cause, as has been shown. But it was not General Jackson alone whom Mr. Van Buren’s conduct penetrated with delight and gratitude. It completely won the four persons who enjoyed more of General Jackson’s confidence and esteem than any others in Washington. First, Major Eaton, the President’s old friend and most confidential Cabinet adviser ; secondly, Mrs. Eaton ; thirdly, Mrs. O’Neal, the mother of Mrs. Eaton,

the friend of the President and of his lamented wife ; lastly, but not least in importance, Major William B. Lewis, an inmate of the White House, the President's most intimate and most constant companion, and formerly the brother-in-law of Major Eaton. The preference and friendship of these four persons included the preference and support of Amos Kendall, Isaac Hill, Doctor Randolph, and all the peculiar adherents of General Jackson."

After serving two terms, Old Hickory, as he was frequently called, retired from the presidency the idol of his party. Now his memory is held in grateful remembrance by all parties, for the political issues of the past seem as the merest trifles compared with the great question of the present—Union or Secession. During the last days of the old chieftain at the White House, he was the recipient of many favours from the people, among the rest an enormous cheese, brought to him with banners and band of music profession. The cheese was four feet in diameter, two feet thick, and weighed fourteen hundred pounds, which was twice as large as the cheese presented to Jefferson on a similar occasion. The General distributed pieces of his cheese among the guests at one of his *levées*, which the old *habitués* of the mansion say caused such an odour about the premises that it was perceptible for months after.

The old hero was seventy years old at the expiration of his last presidential term, when he retired to the Hermitage—his home in Tennessee.

Martin Van Buren, the favourite of Jackson, succeeded him in the mansion. It is said that Van Buren was the only statesman who could *manage* the old man in his obstinate moods. It was the habit of the General, in preparing his messages, to write off on stray scraps of paper from time to time the ideas which struck him, and deposit them in the old white hat. It was made the business of Mr. Van Buren to put the contents into a presentable shape for Congress, and to blunt the General's bristling ideas a little, that they might not prick too sharply. This delicate task he usually accomplished to the General's satisfaction, although tradition says, in one or two instances, he insisted on having his notions inserted in all their naked crudity, in spite of the gentle remonstrances of the "kinderhook" gentleman.

The furnishing of the east room of the mansion was completed during Van Buren's Presidency, which caused a great hue and cry about extravagance, squandering of public money, and all that sort of humbug, among his political opponents, one of whom made himself particularly conspicuous in this way—the Honourable Jack Ogle, as he was called, of Pennsylvania. Ogle raised his eyes with

holy horror at the sinful luxuries indulged in by Van Buren, or, as he called him, his Highness Martin the First. This was the key-note of a number of electioneering speeches which he made through his own State. It seemed like a very weak invention of the enemy, but it proved a very effectual one in the canvass, for the great unwashed swallowed it at a gulp. It is perhaps not asserting too much to say that Van Buren lost Pennsylvania when he was a candidate the second time by this electioneering trick.

William Henry Harrison, the clerk of a county court somewhere in Ohio, was drawn from his obscurity and nominated for the Presidency on the score of availability. He was a weak man, but the Tippecanoe scrimmage did his business for him effectually, and he was elected executor of Van Buren. This was in the days of "log cabins," "hard cider," "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," and "Matty Van is a used-up man," together with mass meetings and political processions. Harrison died one month after his inauguration, killed by his political adherents in pestering him for office and shaking hands with him. His was the first funeral from the White House. The Portuguese Hymn on this sad occasion was played upon trumpets with peculiarly solemn effect as the coffin was brought out to be placed upon the funeral car.

John Tyler, the last of the Virginians and the tenth President, came after Harrison. He is frequently styled the "accidental President," and was nominated for the Vice-Presidency when he never would have been thought of for the high position to which he was unexpectedly elevated afterwards. The large-nosed President was a man of fair ability, but a renegade—a trimmer, who eventually was despised by both Whigs and Democrats. After a long political interment he burst his cerements and reappeared in Washington in 1861 as a member of the Peace Convention, composed of delegates from border States, which met in the capital for the purpose of arranging terms of compromise between the rebels and the Government, and of which he was President: in this capacity, true to his old instincts, he endeavoured to play the go-between. For a time it was difficult to tell on which side the big-nosed man had ranged himself. At the eleventh hour, however, he wheeled into Secession line. Mrs. Tyler died while her husband occupied the White House. Within a short time back the wretched old ex-President also died with treason on his lips.

James K. Polk, who used to be called by his friends Young Hickory, was the next occupant. The full-length portrait of him which hangs in the rotunda of the Capitol is considered a very good

likeness. He was an unostentatious, grave-looking man; an English traveller described him as resembling a Dissenting minister. Mrs. Polk was a lady of some accomplishments, and performed her duties as mistress of the White House quite creditably.

General Taylor, although he disposed of the Mexicans without much trouble, found the office-seekers too much for him when he came to the capital. He was hand-shaked, and badgered, and waylaid on all occasions to the last degree. The old chieftain, like Harrison, could not stand the constant wear and tear of body and soul, and six months after his inauguration he died. His march from the West to the capital of the nation was a triumphant one. He was met at every turn and village through which he passed by the enthusiastic people with cheers and outstretched digits. Such was the old man's popularity, that during this trip his war-horse, Old Whitey, lost a goodly portion of his caudal appendage, through the general desire for mementos.

Millard Fillmore, a man of the people, who had struggled up through indigence and toil from early boyhood, became President in consequence of General Taylor's death. His administration was a peaceful, prosperous one, characterized by unusual ability. Daniel Webster was the Secretary of State, and wrote, while holding this position, his

celebrated letter to the Chevalier Hülseman. Many think if Fillmore had not signed the Fugitive Slave Bill he might have been President for another term. He seemed to entertain hopes himself of a re-election, but he was not considered sufficiently up with the age in the new issues which were already beginning to arise to entitle him to an extension of his term. He received the electoral vote of but one State—Maryland.

During the latter part of his Presidency he met with a bereavement in the loss of Mrs. Fillmore, whose early advantages had been superior to his own, and who, through all his rising fortunes, had been to him an invaluable counsellor. A few months afterwards he also lost an accomplished daughter, who is remembered by the old Washingtons as an exemplary and agreeable young lady.

Franklin Pierce, a compromise candidate of the democratic party, became the fourteenth President. On the question of slavery he always sided with the South, and in his first message to Congress he hoped that “no sectional or ambitious or fanatical excitement might again threaten the durability of our institutions, or obscure the light of our prosperity.” He signed the bill for the repeal of the Missouri compromise and introduction of slavery into the new territories of Kansas and Nebraska. This act aroused the indignation of many people in

the North, who considered the repeal of the old compromise a breach of faith. The last two years of Pierce's administration were marked by discord and discontent, on account of the Kansas and Nebraska troubles principally. Jefferson Davis had a seat in his Cabinet as Secretary of War.

Mr. Pierce, in April, 1861, made a speech in Massachusetts, in which he fully endorsed the efforts of the Government in putting down the rebellion. The ex-President is a man of fine presence and gentlemanly bearing.

James Buchanan, or the "old public functionary," at last attained the seat he had so long coveted. His sins and shortcomings are still fresh in the public mind. In his career he has shown himself to be a cold, dispassionate man, who never acted on impulse, hence never committed any overt act against the conventionalities of society, such as getting drunk, swearing, &c. Thus his virtues were of a negative kind, and his sins rather of omission than commission. Everything was smooth and proper "in his walk and conversation." He was cleanly—finically so—in his dress, always appearing with a newly-shaved face and immaculate linen, and the well-remembered spotless choker. His suspicious nature was in a measure screened by a forced *bonhomie*. All his letters he opened himself, though a great task; so little confidence

had he in his friends, that he would allow no one to do it for him or to assist him. Moments of expansion he never had, even with his most intimate friends. There was no getting down from the stilts of formality on which he was continually perched. One would have supposed that during his hours of relaxation, some term of endearment would have been bestowed on the charming niece who occupied the mansion with him, but those who have been on terms of intimacy with them say nothing of the kind escaped him; it was always "Miss Harriet."

As much as the uncle fell short of the duties of his position, the niece excelled in hers. Not since the days of Mrs. Madison was the White House graced with such an accomplished, well-bred mistress as Miss Lane.

The present occupant of the White House, Mr. Lincoln, has risen from the rank-and-file of the people of humble life to his present proud position. A self-made man, who, commencing at the foot of the ladder, has mounted to the topmost round. No former President has risen from as humble a sphere, nor overcome such obstacles, as Mr. Lincoln. His life is a brilliant record which furnishes additional evidence, if any were needed, that the highest office in the gift of the people is accessible to the humblest in the land.

* * * * *

During the last winter (1863), the night levées, with the exception of the one held on the day before the adjournment of Congress, were abolished, and the Saturday receptions, from one to three o'clock, substituted therefor. On one of these days the Dobbs party visited the White House to pay their respects to Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln. They passed through the large hall and corridor into the blue room, of which the prevailing colours are blue and gilt. In this room, between the two windows, is a bust of Mr. Lincoln, taken when his whiskers were shaved off half way down his cheek, leaving two hard lines crossing his cheek at angles, and which look worse in art than nature. It is difficult to judge of the likeness, owing to the gloomy light in which the bust is placed. All the rooms devoted to the public on reception days, with the exception of the east room, seem to be imperfectly lighted. In the blue room, a full-length portrait of Washington hangs over the grand piano—either a very good copy or an original of Gilbert Stuart probably. Mrs. Madison, when the British captured the capital, cut this picture out of its frame and took it with her in her flight, and on the return of the Madisons it was replaced. There are flowers tastefully arranged in this room, which is altogether the most inviting of the suite. The red, green,

and east rooms contain no object of art, except so far as it exists in gorgeous furniture, curtains, carpets, and painted walls.

The Dobbstown party, with Cronier and Clavers, passed from the blue room into the adjoining apartment, the red room, where Mr. Lincoln and his wife stood in the centre to receive their guests, who were presented by a portly, rather elderly gentleman, who demanded the name of each comer as soon as he or she crossed the threshold, and presented them, first to the President, and then to Mrs. Lincoln. If the visitor were unaccompanied by ladies, this ceremony was more honoured in the breach than in the observance—a how do you do and a shake of the hand being the general custom, when the guest moved on, to make room for others, into the next apartment *en suite*—the green room.

On this occasion Mr. John Dobbs, according to previous instructions, headed the party, and was first presented, with Mrs. Dobbs, to the President and Mrs. Lincoln. By way of saying something, doubtless, the Chief Magistrate made an allusion to Dobbs's speech in Congress.

"Did you read it?" said Dobbs, looking quite placidly over his spectacles at Mr. Lincoln, who, taking the member from Dobbstown for one of the humorous ilk, responded, laughingly, with one of those ready answers for which he is famous. In

putting the question, Dobbs's face wore a serious expression, but the President's humour being contagious, parenthesis lines began to form on each side of the worthy gentleman's mouth, and he kept the President company, for his genial nature required but little encouragement to bring it out. With this mood upon him, he was about to proceed to further conversation with the chief of the nation, but his wife opportunely pressing his arm, the parenthesis lines disappeared altogether, the eyes resumed their intelligent expression, and the mouth was firmly closed. Long training had taught him to obey quickly. As he was leaving the presence, the President addressed a question of some kind to him, to which the imperturbable old gentleman replied—

“I'll tell you to-morrow, or some other time, sir;” and bowing grandly, passed on with his wife to Mrs. Lincoln, who stood to the right of her husband. Here a few feminine remarks occurred between the two ladies, and the Dobbs couple passed into the green room, where Mr. Dobbs took occasion to remark, *sotto voce*, to Mrs. Dobbs—

“Sometimes, when I'm saying things in real earnest, people think I'm funny. Queer, isn't it?”

Whereupon the lady answered, that as soon as she should have an opportunity she would make

his remark a text for a private and instructive lecture, by which she hoped he would profit.

The husband said nothing, but looked resigned.

Cronier and Miss Mary Dobbs were next presented. The former observed, after the ceremony—

“The idea is come to me that Mrs. Lincoln looks very well.”

The Count was as fond of airing his English as Miss Mary was her French. Thus, from their preferences, the conversation between them frequently went on in two languages, with the understanding that they should correct each other when occasion required.

“Oui,” remarked the young lady, “cette robe lui va joliment bien, mais, que diable——”

“As you say in the expressive language of yours,” interrupted the Count, “it is not the cheese for the young lady to say, ‘que diable.’”

“Qu’est ce qu’il faut dire, alors, en pareil cas?”

“Whatever it shall please you but that.”

“Eh bien, allons sans le diable,” resumed Mary. “J’ai voulu vous dire tout simplement, que Madame Lincoln s’est bien habillée, selon mon goût, malgré ce que disent les gobe-mouches. Mais le mari—voilà un homme endimanché.”

“I shall not make to myself the pleasure to ask him the address of his tailor,” added the Count,

who tried sometimes to say waggish things in English, but generally with indifferent success.

Next came Alice with Clavers and Ruggles, when the inevitable hand-shaking was again performed with the head of the nation, who starts forward quickly a step or two in taking the hand of the guest, gives it two shakes, and drops it as if it were something hot. This is accompanied with an inclination of the body and the conventional "How do you do" of the White House, varied now and then according to the remarks occasionally addressed to him. The greetings of the guests are generally of the same character—frequently flattering, as many of the people who throng around him have favours to ask, and therefore take every means to ingratiate themselves. Others, again, frank, loyal natures, speak very plainly in the presidential presence of the presidential duties. Mr. Lincoln seems to take it all in good part, for his patience and humour are inexhaustible.

As the trio stood in the corner of the room regarding the scene before them, Ruggles said—

"Mr. Lincoln commenced by trying to please both friends and opponents, and he was for a long time, saving his presence, like the horse between two bundles of hay, not knowing which to choose. As the breach in the Republican party widened, each fraction tugged the harder to induce him to

follow their respective policies. Of course the struggle has been hard and protracted, and still goes on, but those known as radical Republicans—Phillips, Greeley, Beecher, and that ilk, seem to have had the best of it; and strange to say, although the President has yielded to their wishes in a great measure, not perhaps from a sense of the justice of their demands, but to the great pressure, these people are more dissatisfied with his course than those to whom he has yielded nothing. Mr. Lincoln, unfortunately, has referred so frequently to great pressures being brought to bear upon him, that the people are beginning to believe that he is too impressible. It is the great misfortune of the President to split differences between opposing parties if it can possibly be done. For instance, if one set of men want one thing, and another wish something else, the President will endeavour to persuade them each to lop off something, will see them separately, and try to whittle the affair down to a point on which they can both agree; thus apparently losing sight of the question of right, which of course should govern, above all, the action of a chief magistrate. That wing of the party for which Greeley wields the pen and Fremont the sword reached the culminating point in its opposition to the other wing when it conspired, and that is the proper word, to eject Mr.

Seward from the cabinet; failing in that dark-lantern business; its influence since in the Executive mansion is believed by many to have decreased. Mr. Seward behaved in that disagreeable affair with that sense and spirit which usually characterize his course. At the first intimation of what was going on he sent in his resignation, which the President afterwards begged him to withdraw, to the disgust of the Guy Fawkes gentlemen. This was claimed as a triumph for the constitution men, but the President subsequently made concessions to his first love,—hence it is difficult to tell exactly where he stands. My opinion is, that a union, constitution-loving sentiment, is gaining ground every day, which is destined to be the dominant one of the country, and which has been nursed by, and is now gathering strength under such leaders as Seward, Bates, Senators Cowan, Harris, Collamer, Fessenden, Wright, and Governors Morgan and Curtin, and others. The party of which these men are in the foremost rank is destined to be the great popular union party, which will sweep away all one-idea combinations."

"What a partizan you are!" answered Alice. "It is well seen to which wing of the old party you belong. And how prone you are to finding fault with the President! I venture

to say there is no one could bell the cat better than he does, under the circumstances. In such times as these, if the nation were to take Presidents on trial, as she does military chieftains, every few days there would be a new President, as there are now military heroes, who come and go like the apparition-descendants of Banquo—heroes who strut their short hour before the public, and then—all is quiet along the Rappahannock. No; people seem to forget the difficulties which hedge the position of President now. To be President from the days of Washington down, was mere child's play compared with the duties of that officer at this hour. To manage the affairs of such a great nation, with a newly organized army in the field, a navy under construction—annoyed with a disturbed foreign policy, a determined enemy in front, and something very like one behind—badgered by office-seekers and officious advisers—pestered by one-idea people, and attacked by partizans—to manage, under such circumstances, without committing mistakes, would be to do something superhuman, for certainly no mere man could do it. Let us not forget that he is flesh and blood the same as ourselves, and instead of increasing his difficulties by scolding him for making mistakes that would occur under any rule, let us aid him as far as we can, by sympathy and un-

swerving loyalty not only to the government, but to the man."

Ruggles was about to reply somewhat after the style in which he harangued the voters, for when he heard political opinions advanced in opposition to his own, he was as spry as a war-horse at the sound of the trumpet; but the young lady prevented him, saying—

"Pray don't say anything more on the subject at present, Mr. Ruggles. Reserve yourself for the next fourth of July in Dobbstown, where you can fire yourself off in a pyrotechnic display of tropes and figures befitting the occasion. I trust what you were going to say will keep until that time, and that the present repression of your ideas will be attended with no disastrous result to you personally."

Ruggles was very loth to let the occasion pass thus, but was at length obliged to submit to the persistent young lady, who took a pleasure in arousing the bristly-headed gentleman, and then begging the question, as he called it, by not listening to him.

"Mr. Lincoln," said Clavers, "though noted for his humour, is, after all, a melancholy man. His face, in repose, is pensive, and the eyes are remarkable for their tenderness. His merry anecdotes are safety-valves by which the accumulating sad

ness of his mind is relieved. If this gathering bile of *ennui* were not thrown off in this way, he would surely resort to opium-eating or some other stimulant, which just such constituted natures as his are prone to, in their efforts to remove the oppression weighing so heavily upon the spirit. It is the old story of Tom Hood and of the French comedian over again, who possessed the power of amusing others, but could not amuse themselves. These makers of puns and jokes are sympathetic people. Was there ever such a spirit-wail as that which reached the world through the 'Bridge of Sighs' ? There we find the true Hood—the other is disguised with the gay costume and mask of a merryandrew. We catch a glimpse of the President's real nature, in his touching appeal to the people of the Border States, before issuing the emancipation proclamation. It is superficial to call him an easy-going, happy fellow, as many do, judging him by his surface humour."

Having thus freely discussed the character of him on whom all eyes are now turned, they passed on into the east room, where they rejoined the other members of the party. As Alice, Mary, and Cronier formed a group apart for a moment, the first-named asked—

"And what do *you* think of the President, Count ?"

"I cannot think at all of him, when I am in the presence of two charming ladies like you," said the gallant foreigner, bowing.

"Very prettily turned. You are making rapid progress in your English, Count," said Alice.

* * * *

When the ladies had returned to the hotel, the younger sister exclaimed to the elder—

"What delightful people the French are!"

"Ah! I see the Count's compliments are beginning to tell on the little innocent," remarked the elder.

"My dear," said Alice, who at times took upon herself the office of mentor to her sister, "you must pay no attention to this kind of chaff in which the Count indulges. It is a part of his education to say these things to every lady he meets. The best way is to reciprocate these complimentary favours. When he tells you your teeth are like pearls, or your lips like coral, or some other banal thing, which gentlemen like the Count are addicted to, you, in return, should dilate on his remarkable qualities of mind and person; for men, after all, swallow a gilded bait like this quicker than women."

CHAPTER IX.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE—SIGHT-SEEING—CONFESSION
OF RUGGLES.

THE Misses Dobbs, accompanied by Clavers and Ruggles, drove up the Mall toward the Smithsonian Institute, on one of those bright winter days peculiar to Washington, to take a hasty look at that building and its contents.

The ground on which the building stands occupies a portion of the government land known as the Mall. The enclosure belonging to the Institute comprises fifty-two acres, tastefully laid out in walks and drives, and ornamented with trees and shrubbery by the lamented and distinguished landscape-gardener, Andrew Jackson Downing, to whose memory a vase of fine Italian marble has been erected in the Smithsonian grounds—the scene of his last labours. The vase is of an antique pattern, the body ornamented with rich arabesques, the lower part surrounded with acanthus leaves, and the handles resting on satyr heads. A carved base supports a pedestal of carved cornice and four

sides, each containing a panel with appropriate inscription.

The building has been subjected to much criticism as regards its style, some affirming that it is neither fish, flesh, nor fowl. An English writer calls it bastard Gothic, and many of our own citizens have indulged in much architectural talk on the subject. Those who admire the construction of the building, claim that it is after the style of the twelfth century—that is, the Gothic in its incipient state, when it had not yet lost its Norman and Romanesque character. Whatever may be the opinion of the critics, the public seems disposed to regard the building as a handsome edifice, well adapted to the purpose for which it was intended. “Touching these disquisitions on architecture,” Ruggles remarked, as the carriage rolled up the gravelled avenue in front of the Institute, “the architectural subject is about as great a *do* as there is going. It is one of those indefinite themes that you cannot take hold of fairly and squarely like almost anything else, and so you are led through a mysterious maze of grand terms which may mean something or nothing, and if you ask to be enlightened, the explanation is more puzzling than what went before it. Of all talk, save me from architectural talk.”

Our visitors, after taking a view of the outside,

entered the building, and were soon occupied with the thousands of curiosities of the museum, which contains, beside many specimens from foreign countries, almost everything which inhabits the water, earth, and air of North America, all mounted in life-like manner by skilful taxidermists. There are also here all sorts of articles and objects, which would require volumes to describe.

After a hasty inspection of the museum collection, the sightseers visited the Regent's room, which is used by the officers of the Institute in their meetings. In it are deposited some of the personal effects of James Smithson, the founder of the Institution, comprising trunks, cane, sword, &c., also a painting by Berghman. On the walls are likenesses of Taney, Rush of Pennsylvania, and Senator Pearce of Maryland, and a marble head of St. Cecilia by Thorwaldsen.

In the library they spent some time in turning over the large collection of etchings and engravings by celebrated painters and engravers—Albert Durer, Rembrandt, Claude Lorraine, Hollar, Bega, and others. The library contains about twenty-five thousand volumes, in various languages, on subjects connected with art and science, many of which have been donated to the Institute.

Between the library and the museum is a large hall, which seems to be devoted to works of art.

It contains some tolerably good paintings, the most meritorious of which, perhaps, is the full-length of Guizot, by Healy. Among the indifferently executed, may be classed the portraits of Thomas Coram and Washington, and as an unmitigated daub, the historical picture of Marion offering a potato dinner to the British officer. This hall also contains a number of pieces of statuary in marble and plaster—Venus de Medici, Minerva, and Apollo Belvidere from Pompeii, one or two others, and some groups intended as designs for the Capitol. The busts of the Pettrich family—seven or eight in number—seemed to be regarded by our visitors as the comic feature of the collection. The round heads of these busts vary from cocoa-nut size upward. Ruggles thought they would make a well-assorted set of ten-pin balls.

Beside these are twenty to thirty bust portraits of celebrated characters.

The objects which next engaged their attention were those in the south hall, the most prominent of which is the sarcophagus supposed to have at one time contained the remains of a Roman emperor. It was brought from Syria by one of the United States naval commanders, and offered to General Jackson as a fit receptacle for his bones, "when life's fitful fever should be o'er," but which the old hero declined to receive, alleging as a

reason that the sarcophagus of a Roman emperor was not an appropriate repository for the remains of a Republican President.

A living alligator from Georgia, in turn, was duly inspected by the party, and called by Miss Mary "a horrid thing," which one of the attendants of the Institute informed them was what all the ladies called it.

The idols from Central America, placed in this part of the building, excite considerable interest. The largest of them is carved in black basalt, and was obtained from one of the aboriginal temples. There are other statues here, taken from the same neighbourhood, which are considerably mutilated, having been buried a great many years. There are also some vases in this collection, in which the bones and ashes of the dead were packed, after decomposition of the flesh or the burning of it had taken place.

In the museum is the largest meteorite in the country, with the exception of the one from Texas at Yale College. This meteorite was obtained by one of the United States naval commanders at Saltillo, and is said to have been found in the neighbourhood of Santa Rosa, Mexico. When first seen by the naval officer, who brought it to this country, it was used as an anvil. This meteorite

weighs 252 pounds, and is believed by some of the learned to be of lunar origin.

Up stairs, in the gallery of art, as it is called, are hung nearly a couple of hundred Indian portraits, of which very few are good.

"These aboriginals are worse than the alto-relievos in the rotunda of the Capitol," said Alice. "It was hardly worth our while to mount such a long stairway. However, these pictures serve a purpose by encouraging young artists, in showing them how much better their own productions are than those which they see here."

"How hard the flesh looks on some of them!" observed the *Trumpet*, man. "The faces seem as if they would be good places to straighten crooked nails on."

The young ladies feeling somewhat fatigued, concluded to postpone the further examination of the interior of the Institute, and devote the balance of the day to shopping, of which they said they were never tired. They descended, were assisted into their carriage, and the gentlemen took leave of them.

When the ladies had gone, Ruggles and Clavers, arm in arm, walked for an hour or so through the grounds, apparently engaged in earnest conversation,—the former, who seemed dejected, being the principal talker.

After walking in this way for some time, Ruggles, with a sigh, said, as if resuming the conversation—

“Yes, I have loved Alice since she was quite a little girl, and from the time I first edited the *Trumpet*. I used to see the bright-eyed little creature when she was twelve or thirteen, from the window of my office, playing merrily with her little companions, and her silvery laugh came gaily to my ears and lightened many an hour of weary labour. Occasionally her father came to see me on business matters connected with the journal, and brought her with him. She used to say she liked to hear the clickety-click, as she called it, made by the compositors in setting type, and to see their regular swinging motion over the cases. But,” digressed Ruggles a little, as the technicalities of his craft came up in his mind, “the easy swinging motion is not common to all compositors. It is only those who understand their business properly who possess that grace. Bless you, I had one old fellow who never could swing, but dived after his types with a jerk and a duck, like a chicken after corn. I recollect one day she asked old Griggs, that was his name, why he did not set like the others, which was touching him on a very tender point, and to our surprise the grim old fellow looked quite gentle over his spectacles, and

answered, 'Too late, my little miss—you can't teach an old dog new tricks.' She was such a bright little thing, you see; everybody took to her, even old Griggs. I taught her how to hold the stick in her little hand, the position of the letters, and how to make the clickety-click with her thumb.

"As she grew older her occasional visits to the office with her father ceased; but as I had grown on a familiar footing with her family, I had frequent opportunities of noting the gradual merging of the child into the woman. When she had reached eighteen, many a young fellow of our town had been drawn into the maelstrom of her fascinations," said Ruggles, who, as the reader has doubtless remarked already, was given to the use of strong figures. "But, by Jove! sir, it was no use. Bouquets and drives and parties wouldn't melt her, and still they ran after her like a lot of juveniles after a butterfly. You have seen the youngsters chasing the insect. One throws his hat over it, and thinks he has it to a dead certainty—slowly and cautiously removes the hat, and, to the astonishment of the juvenile, the fly is gone! but there it is again, a little distance off, lazily flapping its gossamer wings in the sun, and enticing the youngster to a renewed and more vigorous chase. By Jove! how she used to laugh with them and at

them. She was head and shoulders above them in mind, and they could not throw the ball with her when it came to intelligent talking. Always full of life and spirits, she seemed to live for the sake of living, as if she were going to live for ever on this earth in beauty and health and happiness. I think sometimes, if she were schooled by an affliction of some kind, the discipline might do her good, and make her more tender and thoughtful. And yet," queried Ruggles, "I doubt whether I could love her any better if she were free from fault. Petruchio loved Katherine, you know, for her faults. No," added Ruggles, reflectively, "I believe I would not like to see her change in aught except the manner with which she receives my suit.

"Well, I made a goose of myself, like the rest of them, and followed in her train, and for years she has twitted and laughed at me, scolded and praised me, until I am as much enslaved by her as ever Antony was by Cleopatra.

"About this time I began to be considered what we call a rising man. My position as editor of the *Trumpet* brought me before the people; I was talked of as a candidate for Congress, and a couple of days before the convention met, I was the man agreed upon by the delegates; but I was so much enamoured with Alice that when her

mother, who was ambitious of political distinction for her husband, requested me to waive my claims for preferment, that her husband's chances might be enhanced, I withdrew my own name, although urged not to do so by my friends, in favour of John Dobbs. I worked hard for the nomination of Dobbs, as did also my friends, whom I brought over to his support, and we obtained it after a struggle. From that time I have been his mouth-piece. I toiled early and late in the canvass, making speeches, and writing for my paper, and Dobbs was elected. And, as you see, I have followed him here, still to act as his mouth-piece and to be near his daughter, leaving my paper in the hands of a subordinate, when I ought to be conducting it myself. I have never spoken of these matters to any one but yourself, Clavers, but I felt that I must tell you what I have done to gain the affections of that girl. You are a noble young fellow, so different from the young men one usually meets, I felt as if I must relieve myself of the load which I have borne—as Sinbad the sailor carried the old man of the mountain—for many a weary day. Nothing in her conduct, so far as I know, indicates a decided preference for any one. I have never asked her if she could reciprocate my feelings towards her—I have never had the courage to do so. Whenever the conver-

sation seemed to be drifting toward the subject nearest my heart, she always evasively shifted it into a different channel. Then, you know, she is so full of her badinage, it is difficult to get her to talk seriously. She is ambitious, too, like her mother. I told her once in a spirit of raillery that the price of her love was eternal vigilance and about ten thousand dollars a year, when she made me the target of half-a-dozen sharp repartees for my impudence.

"So I have gone on, propping up the simple, good-natured man, her father, whom, with your penetration, you must have suspected of being a sham before this. You may have observed, too, that the wife's individuality so overtops that of her husband, that she acts and thinks for him. She is an energetic, managing woman, fond of this public life, and devoted to what she conceives to be the interests of her family, the most important of which is to marry her daughters to rich and distinguished men. You may have remarked how affable she is toward Cronier—it is homage rendered to his title. She is fond of nibbling at this kind of bait, like many others of our simple Republicans, who profess admiration for our form of government, and do homage to the institutions of royalty in paying court to its titles.

"Since I have been here I have received letters

from old political friends in my district, in which they urge me to throw over Dobbs at the next convention, and they are old wheel-horses of the party, who have stood shoulder to shoulder with me through thick and thin. They say I must do it in justice to them if not to myself, and that on account of what they call my former self-abnegation, my election will be certain. But I cannot do it. My destiny is intertwined with that of this family, and I cannot extricate myself. I could more easily change my nature than transfer my affections from her on whom they are placed to another. I have arrived at the condition of old Griggs—I can't learn new tricks.

“Something impels me to bestow my confidence in your keeping, as the ancient mariner was forced to impose his story upon the unwilling wedding-guest, and perhaps, like him, I weary my listener.”

On receiving from Clavers assurances to the contrary, Ruggles continued—

“You are such a good Samaritan, going about binding up wounds of mind and body, I know you will feel for me. I have seen you around the hospitals attending to the wants of the brave fellows maimed in battle, although you try to do it so slily, and I have heard of you speaking soothing words to the unfortunate, although you profess to be so grim. You seldom seem to be in earnest

when you are talking in society—one must go to the abode of misfortune and poverty to find out your true nature——”

The listener here interrupted Ruggles, and begged him to dispense with his compliments, and proceed with whatever he might have yet to say.

“Now, perhaps, I come to my real motive in laying my heart open to you,” continued Ruggles. “I fear that you will become a rival. It may be that I attach too much importance to your attentions to Alice—it may only be a pastime for you. But these attentions, whatever may be their object, make me unhappy. You are comparatively a new comer—you have known her but a short time, and your affections, supposing they are at all touched, cannot be seriously engaged, while I have served a long apprenticeship. Remember the sacrifices that I have made and must still make, and then judge between your own and my claims to the hand of Alice, and ask yourself if she *can* be as essential to your happiness as she is to mine. I appeal to that noble nature which you hide under a stern face, to decide between us.”

As Ruggles finished his confession, he looked with solicitude into the face of his listener, to try and read his thoughts. A pause occurred—the latter remaining impassible and absorbed, and he who told his story anxious and expectant. He to

whom the appeal was made seemed as if he would never break the silence. At length he said, in his usual cold manner—

“And you say the mother and daughter are ambitious of position and wealth?”

“Yes; but the mother more than the daughter.”

Another pause, which ended by Clavers saying, as he walked away—

“Good evening.”

“Have you nothing further to say?” asked Ruggles.

“Nothing.”

And he was gone.

CHAPTER X.

THE SENATE—PRESTON KING—JUDGE COLLAMER—CHARLES
SUMNER—HENRY WILSON—WILLIAM P. FESSENDEN—
EDGAR COWAN—GARRET DAVIS—POWELL.

THE Senate is an improvement upon the House in point of dignity and order, owing partly to the much smaller number in the former than in the latter, and is the more interesting place of the two for a spectator, as sufficient order is maintained to hear what is going on. The presiding officer of the Senate—the Vice-president—has an easy time of it compared with the duties of that officer in the lower branch of the Legislature. The Vice-president is more of a looker-on than an actor in the senatorial scene. Old John Adams, who held this office, regarded it as an “insignificant” one, but he was one of those restless spirits who chafed in inactivity. The Declaration of Independence gladiator, compelled from his position to remain a silent spectator of the senatorial contests which took place before him, doubtless often longed to be down among them, striking out right and left.

The duties of the Vice-president are less onerous

than those of the Speaker of the House in another respect ; there is less wrangling between him and the members of his body about parliamentary questions. From longer experience, senators are better versed in the rules which govern legislative bodies, and there is consequently less disputation about them. In the House much time is taken up, and the Speaker annoyed, by appeals from the decisions of that officer, and questions of order that are raised, for some one pops up every few minutes to introduce a bill at the wrong time. As members of the House generally serve but two years, by the time they begin to learn something about their duties they are replaced by others, who in turn are replaced ; and the lower branch is in this way kept in a crude state. There are, of course, old and experienced members in the House, but they are so much in the minority it does not affect the general lack of system, which is the first thing that strikes the stranger. There are probably men in the House who have never read the Constitution of their country. From the way in which popular suffrages are made up, by propitiating frequently the weaknesses, and even the vices, of certain portions of the population, of course many demagogues are elected who are skilled in nothing but party tricks. Senators being elected by a chosen body, which is in a degree responsible for

its action, are generally men of mark and experience, most of them having served in the lower branch of the Legislature. They are, too, more independent in their legislative action than the members of the other body, not being deterred by the fear of losing their seat at the end of two years.

The gallery, enclosing the Senate chamber as it does, is suggestive of an amphitheatre with arena and surrounding seats, where, in lieu of the bull and red kerchief, the war of words goes on. A portion of the gallery is set apart for the use of the diplomatic corps, and another portion over the seat of the Vice-president for the newspaper reporters. The official reporters of the Senate occupy seats on the floor of the chamber. The Secretary of the Senate, John W. Forney, and his clerks, occupy seats behind a long marble table in front of the presiding officer. To the left of the Vice-president stands the deputy sergeant-at-arms, who controls the movements of the little army of pages who throng around him, and sit about the steps of the rostrum of the Vice-president awaiting orders. They are bright, active boys, and seem to be on quite familiar terms with the "reverend signiors" whom they serve.

When the private secretary of the President, Mr. Nicolay, enters the door of the chamber with a message from that official to the Senate, he stops

near the entrance with the document in his hand, and the deputy sergeant-at-arms with military precision marches from his place to where Mr. Nicolay stands, and ranges himself alongside. The presiding officer of the Senate interrupts the proceedings, and states that there is a message from the President, whereupon the private secretary announces that he has the honour to present a message from the President, number —, containing —, and then hands the document over to the sergeant-at-arms, who marches back to his place like an automaton.

It is observed by those who are familiar with the premises, that the lobbies are haunted from the beginning to the last of the session by several ladies, whose faces are as familiar as those of the senators. They appear to have cases which they plead with eagerness whenever they can get the ear of a senator. These females seem to be endowed with patience and perseverance, for they are always to be seen on the spot, rain or shine, without appearing to be discouraged by disappointment or hope deferred. They can be seen almost any day in the waiting-rooms, spreading out the documents with which they are generally provided before senators whose gallantry scarcely prevents them from yawning at the old story which has so often been dinned into their ears.

The intercourse between senators is distinguished by more courtesy and good feeling than many suppose. In the heat of argument sharp things are sometimes said, but very soon forgotten. As an instance of this, during the last session, two senators had high words with each other on the floor, an account of which two partizans of the gentlemen referred to read in the newspaper. Each took up the cause of his respective senator, and they became so incensed that they ceased holding any intercourse with each other, although they had previously been great friends. One of them, subsequent to the difficulty with his friend, visited the Senate filled with indignation toward the antagonistic senator, who had insulted, as he thought, *his* senator, when, to his utter astonishment, he found these two senators seated together, and chatting away apparently on the best of terms.

Some may say that on any day, in one hour, four things can be seen in the Senate: Henry Wilson introducing a bill, Sumner making a classical quotation, Fessenden getting angry, and M'Dougal gay.

As Mr. and Mrs. Dobbs and Ruggles took their seats in the gallery, the first mentioned drew forth his voluminous bandanna, wiped his spectacles, and said to him of the *Trumpet*—

“ Well, drive on, my boy, and let us hear what

you have to say about some of these gentlemen below."

"Yes," added the lady, "we shall listen to you with great interest, as we always do, Mr. Ruggles."

"What a winning way you have, Mrs. Dobbs!"

"On the contrary, I think it is one of your attributes," returned the lady.

"You are so skilled in complimentary tickling, I cannot hope to match you."

"Then please change the subject, and commence by telling us who the very fat man is, who sits near the main entrance," said Mrs. Dobbs.

"That is Mr. Preston King, of New York," answered Ruggles, "the Falstaff of the Senate. He is not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in others, like the hero of Shrewsbury. He is shrewd, oleaginous, and affable, a lover of good things and convivial society, as most fat men are. In practice the most peaceable of men, and in theory the most sanguinary. Too plethoric to move about much, his pedestrian efforts are confined pretty much to the walk between the Capitol and his residence, which is but a few doors off. An evening spent with him when he is in vein, I am told is equal to one of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. He receives every one with a pleasant unctuous manner, no matter how great a bore his visitor may be, or how disagreeable his business.

"The grey-haired senator, who sits cross-legged quietly chewing his tobacco and looking as much at home as if he were sitting at his own hearth-stone, is Judge Collamer, of Vermont. When he rises to speak, it is as if he were holding a little off-hand conversation at the street corner with two or three friends, as regards the manner; and as to the matter, *that* is always methodical and comprehensive. He may speak for an hour or two, and his voice never rises above a conversational tone. This quiet, easy manner is rather characteristic of the old senators, and they are so tempered that they can listen to the highest flights of eloquence unmoved. Indeed, I am inclined to think that they consider oratory as one of the indiscretions of senatorial youth, and rather plume themselves on their stoicism. I have seen the shade of a smile cross the faces of these old stagers when a new hand came upon the floor and pounded the books before him, waving his arms and vociferating in a high key; and I have thought the mental reflections of the old gentlemen, if expressed, would be, 'What a spooney he must be to think that old birds like us are to be caught with such chaff—to think that *we* are to be convinced by such vulgar *ad captandum*; but it's like the measles a good deal—incidental to inexperience, and must be gone through with; they will get over it bravely before

they have been here very long ; and to hasten the cure we shall have to administer a little wholesome discipline to these raw hands who rampage around here, and forget that the place which they desecrate with their shouting once echoed to the voices of Clay and Webster and others, who, it is generally believed, *could* talk a little.'

"Judge Collamer is always listened to with attention when he has the floor, because he never speaks unless he has something to say. Though his speaking would not please on the hustings, it is fully appreciated in the Senate.

"The large, fine-looking senator, so industriously engaged in writing, is Charles Sumner, the chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations. His ease and affability indicate the refinement of the drawing-room. He aspires to be a Burke, it is said, and elaborates all he writes to the last degree, and in working up a speech will hunt half a day after a quotation. There is no spontaneity about Sumner, he is never ready for an *impromptu* debate, he must always be well primed before going off. It is questionable if he can speak fifteen minutes upon a general subject without preparation. His opponent, therefore, has him at a disadvantage after the first round, as Sumner cannot, on the spur of the moment, reply to his arguments ; he must first fish out his quotations and round his

periods before he can answer with round number two, which may be a day or two afterwards, when the iron is cold. A speaker, to be effective here, must strike at white heat. Douglas was an anti-type of Sumner, always ready and quick to do the right thing at the right time, and so thick-skinned as to be impervious to ridicule or menace, and therefore never deterred or embarrassed in following out his line of reasoning. Sumner is sensitive to ridicule, and lacks pluck. If his head could be placed on the shoulders of his colleague Wilson, Massachusetts would have a very fair representative. With regard, however, to the negro he is courageous, and it is believed would suffer martyrdom in his behalf if necessary. His voice is deep, round, and musical, and as a reader he is superior to Vandenhoff. He is an accomplished gentleman, having travelled and studied a good deal. He speaks French with fluency, and some Italian. His style of writing is like Everitt's, and that ilk of Massachusetts, full of classical starch and well-balanced sentences. He is crammed to a prodigious degree with the graceful perorations and high-sounding phrases of poets and orators, and I suppose his draughts at the Pierian fount have been long and deep. In a word, Mr. Sumner is poetical and philosophical rather than argumentative.

“The stout, red-faced man, leaning down over

his desk and writing vigorously, is Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts. He is one of the most industrious men in the chamber, and introduces more bills than any one else. He speaks in speech-making style, as we hear it on the hustings—loud, animated, and with frequent gesture. Mr. Wilson is a popular speaker on the stump at home, outside of the classic precincts of Boston, where his colleague Sumner, in political oratory, rules the roast.

“If I were to look around here for some one who presents the greatest contrast to Mr. Wilson, I should select Mr. Fessenden, who differs as much physically from him as he does mentally. Fessenden is pale and delicate, and Wilson is stout and red. Fessenden’s intellect is subtle, clear, and quick ; Wilson’s slow and heavy. The brain fibre in the one is fine, and in the other coarse. Fessenden, with his clear perception, sees all that is necessary to be said, and when that is done he stops : Wilson, with physical resources that sustain protracted effort, beats about the bush a long time before he flushes up the bird. One arrives at a conclusion by the shortest and quickest road ; the other by a circuitous, haphazard route. Wilson is something of an orator in the sense of moving the passions, and Fessenden is not, as his speeches are appeals to the reason only. Fessenden has

remarkable facility in getting through business with order and despatch, and a wide field is open to him for the exercise of this talent in his position as chairman of the Finance Committee. Wilson, also, holds an important position, that of chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, the business of which he conducts in a loose, unbusiness-like, but indefatigably industrious manner. Senators generally attend only to what is going on when their especial business is before the Senate, but Fessenden is cognizant of everything which comes up, and participates freely in the discussions. He is a national man, for he takes an interest in all national measures; not being like some of his neighbours, who work only to the end of advancing the interests of their respective States. He appears to have a horror of legislation conducted in an irregular manner, and may be frequently heard offering a practical suggestion in the pauses of speeches, to bring back wandering senators to the question in hand, that business may go on in proper parliamentary fashion. This, his long experience in and knowledge of legislation qualifies him to do with a good grace. He is sometimes called the Mentor of the Senate.

“The tall, fine-looking gentleman, with keen grey eyes and aquiline nose, is Edgar Cowan, of Pennsylvania. A short time ago I heard one of

his brother senators say that he was the most talented man who ever came to Congress from Pennsylvania. This is the opinion, too, of one opposed to him in politics, and therefore more entitled to credence than if it were the expression of a partisan. Senator Cowan has come up from the people. At a very early age he was thrown upon his own resources, and has by his indomitable will and talents mounted to his present position. He is the fullest man in this chamber. Although his specialty is the law, it would be difficult to name a science that he is not more or less acquainted with. Nothing delights him more than to tackle with men of science, who are able to throw the ball with him; then the riches of his well-stored mind are displayed in profusion. Let the subject be what it may, he always touches bottom. He has the appearance of an indolent man, but is really an industrious one.

“In the casual or running debate that frequently occurs here, he does not speak with fluency. There is a degree of hesitancy in selecting or finding his words, which falls unpleasantly on the ear; but as soon as he is fully aroused, all impediment is removed, and his words roll out in well-rounded sentences, the voice full and deep. Some of his tones are disagreeably harsh, but his voice has greater volume, when he chooses to employ it, than that of

any other senator here, except perhaps Sumner's. His style in one point—classic illustrations—is not unlike that of the Boston senator ; but in other respects it is more vigorous and logical than Sumner's. Cowan is practical and argumentative—a wrangler by profession ; Sumner is impractical and visionary—a weaver of finely spun notions. Sumner lacks determination ; Cowan is as brave as Julius Cæsar. The one is rhetorical without being wordy ; the other is rhetorical and verbose. The style of the Pennsylvania senator is symmetrical, while that of Sumner is inflated and pompous. But they are both fond of tradition and classic lore—here they meet on common ground.

“When Cowan gets well into his subject, his face becomes pale and his attitude striking, and he is truly eloquent. He is a conscientious, high-minded man, who dares to do what is right, regardless of consequences. He has never pandered to the views of cliques or factions, but always shown himself bold and independent—never flinching, but always fairly grappling with the question.

“The small, spare, grey-haired senator is Garret Davis, of Kentucky. He is courteous, truculent, and has the gift of gab—he never uses manuscript or notes. Indeed, he is inclined to be garrulous. His voice is pleasant, and his gestures not without

grace. His specialty is to attack his colleague Powell, whenever he can get an opportunity, and that senator doubtless deserves all he gets, for he still talks of peace, and harps on the illegality of the actions of the Government.

"The matter of Davis's speeches is spread out pretty thin, but it is delivered with warmth and animation. He seems hardly up with the times, but he is downright loyal, and supports extreme measures for the putting down of the rebellion. But his old-time prejudices about slavery stand in the way, and prevent him from taking a comprehensive view of what the nation requires during this crisis."

When Ruggles had reached this point in his discussion of the peculiarities of the senators, it was discovered that worthy Mr. Dobbs, oblivious of all surroundings, had fallen asleep. Thereupon Mrs. Dobbs woke up the old gentleman, and suggested that they should go out and get some fresh air. The suggestion was gladly acceded to by Dobbs, but rather reluctantly on the part of Ruggles, who, as the reader is aware, never grew tired of hearing himself talk.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SOIRÉE DANSANTE—THE GERMAN—RUGGLES AND
DOBBS—ALICE AND CRONIER—GENERALS BOMBAST AND
BUNCOMB—THE NOTES.

AT an hour when most of the good citizens of the Capitol were sound asleep in their beds, and a general stillness reigned over the place, the sound of music issuing from a spacious mansion, broke out upon the tranquillity of night, and glancing lights from the windows fell upon rows of empty carriages, and muffled, heavy-coated coachmen, who stood, some like sentinels, whip in hand, and others walked up and down swinging their arms to warm feet and hands—the while, doubtless, grumbling at the tardiness of masters and mistresses in relieving them of night duty. If the latter could hear the reflections of James and Thomas as they stand thus expectantly at the door, they would probably hear some not very flattering gossip, seeing they have the same weaknesses as their betters. Jehu's fate seems a hard one. Compelled to "stand by" and be ready at a moment's notice, and sometimes

waiting for hours in all kinds of weather, now and then catching a glimpse of Elysium as the hall door opens, which for him is consecrated ground on which he can never walk. Thus frequently to see the pulpy fruit and never to taste of it, to hear the lively strains of the music and not to dance to them, must at times make him feel like the impatient wedding-guest, who "beat his breast when he heard the loud bassoon." The distance lends an enchantment to his view, and the scene appears more attractive to him than to the actors. He is not sufficiently near to see the blemishes and trappings of the spectacle, and beholds all in rose colour. Pure Honiton for Jehu is the whole thing. It is not improbable that, when occasion offers, he endeavours to treasure in his memory some of the gems of conversation which fall from the lips of the upstairs world, to be retailed to Bridget in the area or in the kitchen at the first opportunity, with as good an imitation as he is capable of; and to recollect, as well as he can, the pose and gestures before the fair of some of the white-chokered gentry, that he may, in turn, play the Corydon to his admiring Bridget-Phillis.

The horses remain perfectly quiet and dejected, with hanging heads, and the drivers sullenly watch the door like surly mastiffs—their breath exhaling into the frosty night air like little puffs of steam.

But Corydon and Phillis within are oblivious of all save each other—even discontented Jehu slapping his great boots together on the side walk. The heart of Phillis is full of sympathy, but all bestowed upon Corydon and none left for Jehu. Corydon is fearful lest the winds of heaven should visit too roughly the face of Phillis, but it does not occur to him that his man Thomas is shivering in the blasts of winter. So Corydon continues to woo, and Phillis to listen, perfectly contented with each other within, while the Wellers preserve a masterly inactivity without.

In the interior everything was ablaze with light and beauty and flowers. The entertainment had reached the noon of its glory. The modern dervishes were twirling and whirling in the all together German, or, as a solicitous mother overhead expressed it, "They are at it again—that outlandish fandango." The ladies seemed to be exquisitely attired—in short, 'as Ruggles remarked, gauzy, floaty, and ethereal; the gentlemen in conventional black, and among them a number of diplomats with insignias of rank and orders attached to their coat-lapels. Many were lookers-on at this dancing, for it is not every one who has sufficient dexterity in his heels to thread the tortuous mazes of the German. Some ambitious youths, with a view to improve themselves in this accomplishment,

in which they had not yet ventured to appear in public, being still under the hands of a master, looked on to learn its mysteries; others, mostly elderly gentlemen, from curiosity to note the changes which time had wrought in what dancing-masters call the poetry of motion; others, again—admiring mammas—to mark the grace and animation of some dear Angelina, who perhaps this night was making her débüt.

In the dining-room epicureans were hovering around the table, and taking tit-bits of the delicacies of the season, and dipping their noses into glasses of toothsome wine, every story or anecdote being sandwiched with renewed draughts. And however flat and pointless the wit might be, it was received with applause, for the wine was of that quality to render the imbiber appreciative of any kind of humour. In effect the point and flavour of the beverage compensated for the absence of those qualities in the story.

It is easy to please those who are anxious to be pleased. Men cachinnate over the ambrosia of this table at jokes which the next day they would have listened to with faces as stern as Justice. Dobbs and Ruggles found themselves in one of these groups, the former complacent and genial, saying little and partaking freely. A stalwart Saxon, unable to speak English, pressed Ruggles, who

seemed reluctant, in broken French, to join him in a bumper, saying—

“Vous me combrennez? She ne buis barler votre langue, mais en Français she suis à monaise. Vous combrennez, she poit à votre santé, Monsieur;” and having quaffed with satisfaction, said—“C’est bon ça. L’amphitriion s’y connaît en vin.”

“Oui, c’est bong,” responded Ruggles, with a degree of hesitation, his knowledge, as he says, of the lingo being quite limited.

“Oui,” continued the tall gentleman, “l’amphitriion fait une ponne maison. On trouve ici toujours des shens gomme il faut, en effet, la grême de la grême.”

“Oui,” answered Ruggles, shaking his head like a China mandarin to make amends for his lack of speech.

“Voulez-vous vous humecter le bec encore avec moi?” asked the foreigner.

“Non,” responded Ruggles, wagging his head.

“Allons. Brennez un autre verre,” resumed the transatlantic gentleman, with some insistance. But the editor of the *Trumpet* resolutely declined, and at length disengaging himself, took the arm of Mr. Dobbs, who was becoming too communicative, and led him out of the room. Indeed, the honourable member was beginning to babble in a manner quite infantile; hence Ruggles’s rather abrupt exit with

that worthy gentleman, who expostulated with his energetic companion for taking him away in the midst of one of his little stories, to which Ruggles replied—

"You forget that before leaving the hotel, Mrs. Dobbs told you to take my advice in everything this evening."

Of course no further explanation or apology was necessary to Dobbs, who at once became pacified.

"Here is a good place for you to stand and see Alice and Mary going through the German," said Ruggles, as he led him into the corner of the room. The old gentleman's face brightened up with affection as he noted the evolutions of his handsome daughters in that interminable dance. His face was radiant with fatherly pride.

"How they do go! it beats all."

And then added, in a confidential tone, his face becoming quite serious—

"But, Ruggles, is it the respectable thing, you know, to dance in that way?"

"Quite the respectable thing, I assure you," was the answer, with a tinge of irony in it. And such was the worthy gentleman's confidence in the judgment of his companion, not remarking the peculiar tone of the response, that his face soon regained its former radiancy as he observed—

"It's a beautiful romp, friend Ruggles. It reminds me of the time when I was a boy playing prisoner's base, and all that sort of thing—at recess, you know, when the boys get out and have a good time. Ah, how jolly it was!"

The paternal fears becoming excited, the old gentleman again appealed to his companion.

"But see how those young men toss the girls about like balls, and the music seems to go quicker and the feet faster. It's a reckless play after all. What if one of my darlings should fall——"

"No danger of their falling," broke in Ruggles. "Might as well expect to see a fish drown. Bless you! they are just as secure spinning around there like teetotums as they would be sitting on your knee. The amiable creatures take to this kind of thing as a duck does to water; and they must make the most of their time, and dance while they can, for in a few years they will no longer have the opportunity. They are belles now, and have plenty of partners; in course of time they will pass into wall-flowers, when scarcely a partner will be found with temerity enough to pluck them. Don't be the least uneasy, Dobbs; I'll answer for their safety."

The relieved old gentleman drew the bandanna across his brow, and began to regard the scene with renewed interest.

While the many feet in unison kept up the

thump, thump on the floor, and the music reverberated from cellar to garret, guests were seated cosily overhead, smoking, chatting, and playing whist. The tall Saxon whom Ruggles had met below, was here, repeating to some one—

“Oui, on fait ici une ponne maison. En haut, on fume, on shone aux cartes. Moi, she fais très bien tous les deux. En effet, sh’y suis à mon aise.”

The inevitable Major-General Bombast and Brigadier-General Buncomb were also here in full feather, talking as grandly and familiarly of battles as if they had spent their lives at the cannon’s mouth, while some innocent young men listened to them as if they were oracles.

The conversation in this room was a medley of subjects. There was much talk about the war and the generals. One man regarded Fitz John Porter as a martyr. Another presumed that such a matter might safely be left in the hands of men of such ability and integrity as Joe Holt, who were authorized to send for persons and papers, and who, consequently, must be better acquainted with the features of the case than any outsider *could* be. Another contended that M’Clellan was a military genius of the first order, while a second considered him a downright blockhead, to be held accountable for the blood of thousands; a third interposing, said that M’Clellan was no military genius, but

simply a clever officer, who was certainly not equal to the occasion, but the best that could be found. "Where will you find a better?" demanded the interposer. To which some one answered, "Rosen-cranz," whereupon a discussion followed as to the merits and demerits of this general. One man thought that if the war had turned out a military hero, that individual was Ben Butler. A person of the long-hair-parted-in-the-middle style asserted roundly that John C. Fremont bore in his hand the beacon which would lighten the country to victory and a glorious future, if the people would give him a chance. "But," added this gentleman, "they are so blind they can't see it." To which some one remarked, "That's a fact. They can't see it." There was difference of opinion in reference to Burnside's military career, but unanimity as to his noble manhood. One speaker held that Joe Hooker was the coming man, on whom the nation would be obliged to depend. "The hour has come," said this one, "but the man not yet; when he does come, that man will be 'Fighting Joe.'" Another held, that as yet no generals had appeared of a calibre to master the situation, and that the government should go on trying to find one, though she should be obliged to throw them aside one after another, like sucked oranges. Thus were the changes rung on the capacity or incapa-

city of every military leader in the service of any prominence.

While the gentlemen amused themselves in this way upstairs, Ruggles, who stood looking at the dancers again, made some matter-of-fact reflections with regard to the Terpsichoreans, with a view, apparently, rather to relieve himself than for the edification of Mr. Dobbs.

“Talk about delicately nurtured ladies unable to sustain any kind of fatigue ! Why, there is not a washerwoman in the city who works as hard and as energetically over her washboard as these amiable creatures do in kicking up their antics in this complicated, never-ending whirligig. There is a latent power of endurance in them which nothing can call out but this fantastic turn-about, wheel-about, jump-Jim-Crow arrangement. I have seen robust, brown-skinned women, raking and binding in the fields, who would get tired and be obliged to take a rest now and then ; but I defy any one to see any signs of giving out yet on the part of these so-called delicate creatures ; and they have been at it at least two hours, and look as if they might hold out an hour longer.

“What a waste of propelling power !” continued the bristly editor. “Bless me, if it wouldn’t run a locomotive. And look at those poor musicians. They are the boiler arrangements of this dancing

machinery. They furnish the power which sets the whole thing in motion. If they play quickly, the machine goes quickly, and if slowly, it moves correspondingly, and if they stop, the whole apparatus stops.

"What a contrast these blowers of sweet strains present to the dancers who revel in the sounds! The musicians look wearied and fagged out. And it is not surprising when one reflects on the amount of wind they have expended this evening. Why, that bugler there has blown hard enough to have bursted a lung-testing machine, such as we see on the Avenue, and the trombone-man has expended muscle enough to have knocked Sayers into the middle of next week. Then look at the dancers, as gay and buoyant as if they were carried around on zephyrs' wings."

Ruggles' further reflections were here interrupted by the approach of the tall Saxon, who observed, looking about him with a satisfied expression—

"On s'muse sholiment bien en bas. On mange, on poit, et on danse; moi, she fais tous les trois très bien. Vraiment, on y fait une ponne maison. En effet, sh'y suis tout à fait à mon aise. Voulez-vous vous humecter le bec encore une fois avec moi, Monsieur?" asked the tall gentleman. To which Ruggles, wagging his head, said—

"Non."

Whereupon the Saxon walked away, perhaps in search of a more convivial companion.

After a whirl with Cronier, as she took a seat to get breath for a fresh start, Alice said to her partner—

“What a delightful creature you are!—as partner in the German I mean.”

“And for the German only?” asked the foreigner.

“Oh, no. I find you very nice as a partner in the Lancers, too.”

“Ah, you have the idea to evade me always. How find you me as a partner for the matrimony?”

“Really, I have not yet thought of you in that connexion. I have always thought of you as a handsome waltzer, a fanner of fatigued ladies, as a careful attendant, who sees that his partner has a proper *vis-à-vis*, and that she is duly supplied with ices in the pauses, and that she is never kept waiting for the carriage—in short, as a gentleman who makes himself agreeable in every way. I have thought of you as a well-gloved and booted *flâneur*, with whom it is pleasant to while away a half hour in promenading, or as a cavalier who mounts well, and, what is more important, who understands how to assist a lady in mounting. I have thought of you as a nice partner at table, who studies my tastes, and passes or gets me whatever I want, particularly chicken salad, for which, you know, I

have a passion. But, above all, I have thought of you as a partner in the German, for in that capacity you are really stunning."

"But what delightful music that is!" said she, humming to the time. "Tra la la la, tra la la la, tum te tum tum. It is our turn now, Count. *En avant.*"

And they were off again, gliding through the throng, to the never-ceasing strains of the music.

The two generals, having descended, took a position and reviewed the dancers.

"A lively action," observed Major-General Bombast.

"At close quarters," added Brigadier-General Buncomb.

"A handsome body of females, who do their work effectively," continued the first.

"Their skill in manœuvring is only equalled by their beauty," observed the second.

"Bombshells and blunderbusses! how they move," exclaimed Bombast.

"The dash of a light brigade," added Buncomb.

"And what a din that music keeps up!—equal to the cannonading of a division," said the Major-General.

"Or the crash of a big cavalry-charge," added the brigadier.

Thus the conversation, garnished with all sorts

of military terms, went on between these doughty heroes, as they posed themselves to the best advantage before those who were the subject of their remarks.

The Germanians at last left off, took their seats and ices, which an attentive Ganymede proffered. As Alice sipped her ice, she said to Ruggles, with some disappointment in her tone—

“Mr. Clavers is not here to-night, and yet he *was* to have been here with you. I suppose he has stolen off to a hospital, to look after some unfortunate wight, on whom he will lavish all his tenderness, and then come back to us to-morrow with a face as cold as this ice, and say sarcastic things, as if his heart were steeled to any gentle feeling. But did he send no excuse, Mr. Ruggles?”

“I received two notes from him before leaving the hotel, one for myself, the other for you, and here is yours,” said Ruggles, presenting the missive.

“Excuse me while I read.”

“Certainly.”

The letter ran as follows :—

“DEAR MISS ALICE—It has been the crowning pleasure of my life to follow where you led, to enjoy whatever contributed to your happiness. It has been an enticing chase—a pretty day-dream—a castle in Spain, or what you will. Pleasure

pointed to you as the mistress whom I must obey, and around whom, I must confess, all my inclinations clustered ; but my old master, Duty, whom I have always honoured, admonished me sternly for my weakness and ingratitude to think of leaving him, and—must I admit it?—I attempted to debate the matter with Duty, but his arguments were so convincing, I at length decided to remain his loyal subject.

“Thus, you will please pardon me for saying that I cannot reconcile the *dolce far niente* life that I have latterly spent with you with my sense of duty.

“If any previous doubts had existed in my mind as to my proper course, they were removed to-day on learning a fact which I am not at liberty to explain, as it concerns another. By the light of this fact, my conscience at once decided what was to be done, and I now endeavour to carry out the dictates of that monitor, however reluctant the task may be, by saying to you—Adieu ! “CLAVERS.”

She said nothing as she mechanically folded up the note. She seemed even to have forgotten the presence of Ruggles, for her eyes were pensive and abstracted.

At length Ruggles said—

“It is a farewell, is it not?”

“How do you guess so correctly?” asked she.

"From the one sent to me," was the reply. "He is a nobleman of Nature's make—a great heart, with the face of a Mephistopheles in society, and that of a saint in the homes of misfortune and bereavement. He has been so generous, I feel constrained to show you what he wrote to me," said the expansive Ruggles, handing her another note, which read as follows :—

"MY FRIEND,—I have rid you of a rival, and at the same time performed a duty, by enlisting as a soldier. If I have judged the character of Alice aright, she will not stoop to me now, even though she should have been attached to me before, of which so far I have had no proof. Perhaps I might have wooed successfully—who knows?—in my former position. But the rubicon is passed, and there is no retracing my steps. If I *have* had a desire to aspire to the hand of Alice, for your sake I will crush it.

"Your long and honourable devotion to Alice and her family entitle you at least to a preference, and though it may give me pain to hope that you will succeed, I will school my heart to do it.

"CLAVERS."

After reading the above, Alice exclaimed—

"Ruggles, I shall learn to hate you!"

CHAPTER XII.

DINNER-TABLE TALK—POLITICS—RADICALS AND CONSERVATIVES—JOHN C. FREMONT—DANDIES—BEAUREGARD—GENERALS BOMBAST AND BUNCOMB—DISCUSSION BETWEEN ALICE AND RUGGLES—REMARKS OF MR. DOBBS—THE MOUNTED GUARD—MRS. DOBBS' OBSERVATIONS.

WHILE the rest of the party were taking their soup, Ruggles discussed at length the situation of the country, eulogizing, according to his custom, the constitutional men of the nation, and animadverting upon the radicals and radicalism.

Alice, looking across the table at the *Trumpet* man, when he had finished, laid down her spoon, spread out her napkin with a determined movement, and, as Ruggles said, "took the floor."

"That word Radicalism is a great bugbear to many of our citizens, and plays an important part in every-day conversation. It is nothing new, however. It was worn out long ago in England, and was also employed in France. What does the word mean? Does it designate a political or a social party, an orthodox doctrine or a heresy? Must it be taken as a compliment or an insult?

People are often accused of radicalism, but rarely complimented for it, and among those who are treated as Radicals few accept, and show themselves proud of the term. But your word Conservative is popular, and, as I understand it, the Conservative is a man of peace and order, who wishes the Union as it was, if it can be re-established, and who wishes to respect slavery as the most sacred of all rights, as the base of the social edifice. The title Conservator is a passport in every latitude and under every system. It commands the respect of the banker, the landlord, and the tailor. The title of Radical, on the contrary, awakens the suspicions of these worthy people. For them, it is almost a synonym for Black Republican, Socialist, or Abolitionist. Let us admit that it means nearly the same thing as these names, and let us see what the mission of Radicalism is, in the present crisis ; let us see if it ought to be ashamed of itself.

“The Radical is a Republican by principle, and not by circumstance, because he searches ideas, because he examines and digs in some sort to the root of things to inform himself as to their nature. He allows himself to be called Black Republican, without inquieting himself about a ridiculous epithet, because his reflections have demonstrated to him that liberty is a right for the black man as

well as for the white. He is an Abolitionist ; in other terms, he wishes the abolition of all abuses, commencing with slavery. In fine, the Radical is a man who thinks, and who, by this single fact, gives umbrage to the man who vegetates.

“ Under one name or another Radicalism is always at work in human society, and always with the object of supporting some principle of justice and destroying some form of servitude. At one time it was called Christianity, and hid itself in the caverns and the catacombs, in order to preach to its followers universal fraternity, and to prepare for the overthrow of the slavery of the ancients. Once it called itself Protestantism, when it reclaimed that liberty of conscience for several ages confiscated by the Roman theocracy. But yesterday, as it were, it wore the name of Jacobinism, when it overturned the oldest monarchy of Europe. To-day, in the struggle which is going on under our eyes, Radicalism calls itself Radicalism. Its enemies have recognised it under its true name. So much the better ; it will have no reason to regret it. It is Radicalism, principally, which is engaged in the struggle with the monstrous oligarchy, whose roots sink into the pestilential marshes of the South, whose outstretched branches reach out even over the North, and whose dark shadows threaten to plunge the Republic into a

mortal lethargy. Radicalism shouted the alarm in time to prevent the fatal enervation from reaching the heart of the nation. It is Radicalism which keeps awake the instinct of danger, and shakes off the torpor of the indifferent, and foils the perfidy of traitors. Radicalism which inspired, under peculiar and critical circumstances, the indecisive but honest soul of Abraham Lincoln, and put the axe in his hand and told him to strike—to strike at the root of the evil! And the old rail-splitter struck. The rude hand which in days gone by laid low many an oak of the forest, gave the first blow to the Upas tree of slavery. The accursed tree will fall, and the soil that it impoisoned with its fetid emanations will at last be purified by the glorious sun of liberty.

“That is Radicalism, what it seeks, what it demands, and what it proposes to accomplish. In the ordinary course of politics it makes way for the Conservative, and its theories are treated as idle dreams. But in a grand crisis it comes back by force the master of the situation, and some of its disdained chimeras are at length adopted as the only means of safety. Even when it dictates its laws, it is without the arrogance of the politician, never claims its share of the spoils, and only waits for the moment when the crisis shall be past to withdraw from the tumult.”

Alice, more than usually excited, resumed her knife and fork, and Mr. Dobbs' eyes beamed with parental pride as he looked at Ruggles with an expression which said, "Well, what have you got to say to that?"

"Miss Alice," responded Ruggles, "in looking at this matter, you are carried away by your feelings, like others who take the same view of the question as yourself. If the rulers were governed in the same way, that is, by their feelings, in administering the laws of the country, there would soon be an end of all government. Order is Heaven's first law, and by order all governments to be permanent must be regulated. They must stick to the law, whatever it may be, and it will bring them safely through danger. And if the law is not right, change it, but never let it be broken. Let the law be the guide of the ruler of this nation, and he can't go much astray.

"Internal war brings out the bad as well as the good traits. All loyal men wish to put down the rebellion by armed force, but a portion of the people are not satisfied with that. Not satisfied with the immense job already on our hands down South, they wish to revolutionize the established order of things at home. These people are composed of irresponsible mob-law men, and well intending fanatics, who here find themselves on

common ground, and who *will* lay about them right and left to the utter disregard of law and order. These men say that if the Constitution will not permit their measures to be enacted, let it be strained until it will, and if it is not elastic enough for that, let it be broken. Thus, if they had their way, the blood which the fathers of the Republic shed so freely for the great compact would have been shed in vain. It is this kind of feeling working up from these people into their representatives in legislature, which does away with reverence for objects heretofore regarded as sacred, and leads to a species of legislation tending to undermine the Constitution, which people forget is the *only* bond of union between states. If the strain upon that single cable should be so great as to snap it in twain, there would be nothing else to hold them together. They would be as destitute of rule or guide, as rudderless boats driving about at random. We would be a second edition of the petty confederated states of Germany.

“The law-and-order people are willing to fight the enemy as hard and as relentlessly as the fanatics and the rabble, but it must be done according to law, for they hold their government dearer than all else. But with the other party, next to whipping the rebels, is the desire of intimidating all who oppose the measures proposed

by them for putting down the rebellion. These efforts at intimidation are growing more apparent and bolder every day, as the war progresses, and the bad passions of men are aroused. The word traitor is beginning to be bandied about and hurled at every one who is disposed to censure the acts of the two classes referred to. Thus the dissensions between the loyal are becoming frequent, and leading to much crimination and re-crimination, and if reason and charity do not soon prevail there is no knowing where this state of things will end."

"If every man in a spirit of concession would yield something of his pet political views to his neighbour, and they would stand united, I should have no fears as to the result of our efforts in putting down the rebellion. But until we cease squabbling among ourselves there is ground for serious apprehension."

Ruggles here stopped to note the effect of his remarks on the young lady to whom they were directed. But the excitement of the moment had passed away, and she continued her prandial occupation as she tranquilly replied—

"The old story over again about the Constitution. You would lead one to believe that it is as brittle and as easily broken as china, when it is in fact a tower of strength which will stand much

harder knocks than many people have any idea of. These Conservative people, with their old story about the danger of breaking the Constitution, remind me of one of those parrots the burden of whose song from morning till night is 'Polly wants a cracker.'

"When the ship has sprung a leak," she continued, "the men should be at the pumps instead of shaping the course of the vessel—time enough for that when the leak has been stopped."

"That is just what the Constitution men want to do," returned Ruggles, "but in a proper way. You cannot stop a square hole with a round plug, and we cannot exist as a free and enlightened government if the law-makers loosen or break the girdle which holds it together. And if this solemn compact—which we should prize above all things, having come down to us as it did through much blood and tribulation—if this compact should be violated in one instance on the score of necessity, a precedent would be established for violating it in another, and eventually the whole thing would go by the board."

"Excuse me from following you any further in your remarks," said Alice, "as I wish to devote my entire attention to the mixing of this salad."

"La, ma, how prosy Mr. Ruggles does get when he talks politics," whispered Mary in the maternal ear.

Thus, for the time, Ruggles was obliged to abandon the subject—remarking *sotto voce* to Dobbs—

“Females take this kind of thing only in homœopathic doses.”

“I see,” said Mrs. Dobbs, “we have a distinguished arrival at the house—the major-general with hair parted in the middle, who is just taking his seat at the opposite table and removing a pair of light-coloured kid-gloves. It must be Mr. Fremont.”

“That is the individual,” said Ruggles. “Rumour says the President is going to give him another trial, and a command commensurate in importance with what Mr. Fremont considers his military capacity deserves. To this end it is said the may-and-meditation gentry are pressing the President hard.”

“I think he is too much of a dandy to possess great capacity,” observed Mrs. Dobbs.

“Although I agree with you in your estimate of this gentleman’s calibre,” said Ruggles, “it by no means follows that dandies are not clever. It is a common mistake to suppose that elaborate toilettes and the graces are incompatible with great talents.”

“Out of politeness to present company,” said Alice, looking at Cronier, “I agree with you in your last remark.”

"History furnishes many instances of clever dandies," observed Ruggles, fishing for a request to proceed.

Mary eagerly took the bait, saying—

"Pray tell us something about them, Mr. Ruggles, dandies are so nice and interesting."

Ruggles, well pleased to have another opportunity of hearing himself talk, continued—

"The first dandy of any note was Alcibiades, who used to thrill the multitude with his oratory, and curl his hair in a manner the most fastidious; discussed ethics with Socrates, and perfumed himself with fragrant odours. He was as fierce as Mars in battle, and as gentle as a lamb under woman's influence. He suggested equable laws for the government of the State, and increased the Grecian bend which was for many years in vogue with Athenian youth. The man in his day caused a deal of commotion.

"In the fifteenth century, the Chevalier Bayard shines out as the bright particular star in the dandy horizon. Charles VIII., as you doubtless remember reading, called him the 'Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche.' There was much in him to admire and respect. He was one of the most accomplished men that ever lived—a paragon of perfection as seen through the spectacles of his own age. He was equally at home in delivering learned

disquisitions from the Professor's chair, and in defending a bridge at Naples, single handed, like another Cocles, against two hundred warriors. He was a learned pundit, a subtle debater, the most skilful swordsman of Europe, spoke several languages with fluency, and could read a number of others, remarkably handsome in appearance, feared by his enemies, loved by his friends, and adored by the women. Bayard might be classed as the dandy chivalric.

"Then we have in Lord Chesterfield the dandy pedantic, with extensive acquirements and polished manners, who became through his talents Ambassador to Holland, and afterwards Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. Though reprehensible in his teachings and principles of morality, he was unquestionably a man of power. He was distinguished for care in paring his nails and drawing up Acts of Parliament, for exactitude in the execution of dances and the laws, for being particular in the adjustment of his wig and national differences. We can imagine how overly fastidious this exquisite was, since he would not suffer Dr. Johnson to come near him. History, however, tells how the sturdy old doctor afterward made him wince for it.

"Under the reign of one of the Georges, we find another dandy cheek-by-jowl with royalty itself, of the first water, and the very pink of fashion—a

miraculous adjuster of cravats, a wearer of most immaculate linen, and though a commoner, the bosom friend of the Prince of Wales. Ah, Brummel, thy audacity was sublime! To have given a command to royalty such as 'Wales, ring the bell,' required a temerity that no other man in England possessed. Some people called him a ninny and a coxcomb, but he had too much brain to merit the appellations. In his palmy days he was the umpire of fashion. His words to tailors, and hatters, and bootmakers, were as those of Pythagoras to his followers. Unassisted by the influences of wealth or lineage, he made himself socially equal to the best nobility of the time.

"Then we have the poetic dandy—Byron—who has written such wonderful things, and was yet possessed of the foibles and vanity of a coquette. What a flutter he created among the youth of his time! Standing collars were turned down unanimously, curly hair was the rule, except where it was obdurate, and then it was kinked, and everybody mounted his Pegasus, and did dreary things in verse, which it is to be hoped have all been burned by this time.

"But the Koh-i-noor of dandies was that young Apollo, Count D'Orsay, whose name is linked with that of the Countess of Blessington. He was not remarkable for any one particular talent, although

he could do a number of things very cleverly. He 'toiled not, neither did he spin,'—his business was, if he had any, to be a gay butterfly in the London world, to decorate and make himself as agreeable as possible, especially to the women, who courted him to such an extent, we are told, that he was intolerably bored by the dear creatures."

"Perhaps you are now doing what you said the ladies did, with your dandy talk," said Alice, who, in this way, came to the rescue of her sex. "I cannot speak for the rest, but as for me, the subject is anything but interesting, and I believe, moreover, I am not easily bored."

"Why, I thought I was saying some very neat things," said Ruggles, putting himself outside of some roast beef.

Alice had not yet relented to the unfortunate editor of the *Trumpet* since the night of the *soirée dansante*.

"Now, I was very much interested in what Mr. Ruggles was saying, and I hope he will go on and tell us something more about those nice gentlemen," said Mary, poutingly, and in a spirit of mutiny.

"Child!" said the elder sister, with imperial dignity.

The "child" not being able to stand up under the imposing and queenly manner in which the word was pronounced, quietly wilted.

"Mr. Ruggles, you have digressed from the subject on which you commenced to talk," said Mrs. Dobbs, by way of a reminder.

"Was it Fremont?" asked Ruggles, suggestingly.

"Certainly; don't you recollect?"

"Well, coming back to Fremont," said Ruggles, "I think there are points of similarity between him and Beauregard. They are both French creoles, and on the descending scale, in a military point of view, now; while at the beginning, in their respective sections, they were regarded as heroes. Beauregard reached his apotheosis at the battle of Bull Run, in the estimation of the rebels, and Fremont, in ours, when he marshalled his hosts on the western bank of the Mississippi, preparatory to making his descent to clear the entire valley of rebels. Since then their glory has in a great measure departed. Whether from the hazards of war or the intrigues of enemies, their stars, which shone once so brightly, glimmer at present quite dimly in remote corners of the military horizon, having 'paled their ineffectual fires' before the brighter ones of Johnston and Halleck. Prestige attached itself to the name of Beauregard after Bull Run, and the rebels thought that the military talents deployed by him on that day showed that they had a general who could defend them. The news came to us that they called him down there, after that."

the Washington of the new revolution. The remembrance of Bull Run, however, was soon effaced, and popular enthusiasm was transferred to Johnston, and he, for awhile, wore the mantle of Washington, stripped from the shoulders of Beauregard, and now it is Lee who is the G. W.

“In manner, Beauregard wears an habitual reserve, approaching to coldness. This trait in his character is supposed to have been borrowed from our New Englanders during his youth, which he spent among them, as this phlegm is in contrast with the expansive effusion of the Creole. He is the leader of the young chivalry of Louisiana, at least those of them who have followed his fortunes, and whose hearts have been fired more frequently than their guns.

“When the war broke out, Fremont was in France, and was one of the first on whom the hopes of the Administration were turned. Coming back to America, the grade of major-general was conferred upon him, and he received an important command, in which, ‘not to put too fine a point upon it,’ he did not shine. It is not courage which Fremont lacks—his whole life proves his bravery—nor military talents, his friends say; but he is too much of a politician to be a good general. There is where the shoe pinches.”

Among the numerous constellated military gen-

tlemen who had their legs under the mahogany, were the inevitable Generals Bombast and Buncomb, who were there with the rest, to do their duty like men, and attack the roast beef and other good things which the proprietors set before them, in a style that would have done credit to Major Dalgetty.

When it comes to this kind of cutting and slashing—this dinner warfare—Bombast and Buncomb can hold their own with the best. And as for liquids, their capacities are stunning, an ‘outward and visible sign’ of which they carry on the tips of their noses. Many a fading beauty, doubtless, would like to have worn on her cheeks the charming pink on the prominent features of these worthies. How often the ends of those noses have dipped into glasses, and sniffed the bouquet of the contents of cobwebbed bottles! No new-fangled stuff can be palmed off on these heroes; they are too well acquainted with the genuine article. They might possibly deceive themselves and make a mistake in conducting a campaign, for all men are mortal, but never in a matter of this kind. How often those lips have smacked with satisfaction over port and Burgundy!—none of your claret for them; they are not such Miss Nancies as to be satisfied with that, but something with body in it. How often those good right arms have held aloft

the glass, and tipped its contents into appreciative mouths ! How often those eyes have bent searchingly on the liquid upheld sparkling between them and the light ! They doubtless thought with him who wrote—

“ For baser tribes the rivers flow,
That know not wine or song ;
Man wants but little drink below,
But wants that little strong.”

“ My dears,” said Mr. Dobbs, who had been silent for some time, “ I was quite surprised to see our old friend Mr. Clavers yesterday as I came from the Capitol. He is a soldier in the ranks, and is stationed on a black horse just in front of the hotel. I was right glad to see him. As we shook hands, I asked him why he did not come to see us any more, and now I recollect, he didn’t promise that he would come. He said something about expecting to have been sent into the field, but it was his duty to be wherever he was ordered. Queer that he should be a common soldier, my dear, isn’t it ? I don’t understand these things, you know, but I used to like to hear him talk about military matters more than Major-General Bombast or Brigadier-General Buncomb. I wonder what put it into his head to go a-soldiering in that way ? I remember when I was a little chap, I saw a play where a young fellow became a soldier

because his sweetheart thought he was too humble for her, and so Claude Melnotte, that was his name, went to the wars, and came back a general ; then they got married, and were happy. It was a very interesting play, my dears," said the old gentleman, reflectively.

"We don't expect to see Mr. Clavers any more, Mr. Dobbs ; we don't wish to," said Mrs. Dobbs.

"Oh, we don't, eh ?" said Dobbs, wonderingly, and yet acquiescingly.

"Don't we, mother ?" asked the eldest daughter, with some agitation.

"No," answered Mrs. Dobbs, quite firmly.

The repast being concluded, the ladies repaired to their private parlour, the windows of which looked out on the Avenue. Alice took up a book and placed herself at one of these windows, where she could have a fair view of what was going on in front of the hotel. She turned the leaves mechanically, but her eyes wandered every now and then to the dragoon on the black horse, who sat upright in his saddle, with a drawn sword in his hand, as impassible as a statue. The expression of the man manifested no curiosity as to what was passing around him, except in so far as his duty was involved as guardian of the street ; and his head never turned once in the direction of the window from which the thoughtful face looked down upon him.

An hour or so passed away, and still the eyes of the spectator at the window dwelt upon the horseman, as her fingers mechanically turned the leaves, while he sat grim and motionless, looking straight before him.

The shades of evening began to fall, and the fair reader still held the book before her.

"That book must be to your liking, my dear," remarked the mother. "You have probably found an interesting character."

"You are right, mother, I *have* discovered an interesting one. I have been making a study of it."

"The character is a man, of course?" observed the mother.

"Yes," answered the daughter, "a man of noble principles and much self-denial."

"They exist plentifully in books, such individuals, but in real life I have yet to meet the first of these martyrs to principle. I must say I am sceptical on that point."

"I also have been, but I am beginning to change my opinion," said the daughter, as she cast one more lingering glance on the immovable dragoon, and arose from the window and took a seat beside her mother.

* * * * *

The unattainable is always longed for. The interest of whatever is prohibited is enhanced

thereby. The apples in Eden did not look half so pulpy and beautiful to Eve before she learned they were forbidden ; but as soon as she knew this her hands itched to pluck the tempting pippins, and at last the beautiful but covetous fingers clutched the enticing fruit, the twig was snapped, and the deed done.

The name of Clavers was tabooed in the respectable Dobbs family according to the wishes of the mistress, who could no longer tolerate private Richard Clavers. It was well enough when he conducted himself in accordance with the conventionalities of society, but since he had so little respect for himself as to become a private soldier, he certainly could not expect others to respect him. If he desired to enter the army, why did he not do as other gentlemen did—procure a commission ? He was impractical, and would never get along in the world. He did not use the agencies and instruments necessary to success. He had such odd notions ; he very probably thought he was doing a meritorious action in serving as a private. For her part she was not fond of heroics—very pretty in a book, but in life, bosh.

"Ah, my dears," she would say to her daughters, "it is very innocent, not to say verdant, to believe in such things—worthy only of romantic school-girls. I trust my girls will never indulge in

thoughts of such idle stuff," would the mistress say ; "it may work them a deal of mischief, and cannot possibly do them any good. It is not the way to get on in life. Our fortunes, ever since I became the wife of your father, have been improving, and I hope that my daughters will aid me in still pushing the fortunes of the family, by conducting themselves in a way to advance our social and material interests.

"The life of woman is divided into several parts," would that lady continue. "At school she is ingenuous, and vows eternal friendship to some equally ingenuous school-mate whose name she almost forgets two or three years after she has left the educational establishment. She thinks a great deal about the beaux, as she calls them, but has no more idea of a man than a Choctaw has of Hebrew; and, for lack of contrasts, regards an ordinary music-master as an Apollo. This is the period of adolescence, when all is in rose colour, because her pleasures are mostly in anticipation, and tinted by the dawning mind of womanhood. The eventful period comes, when the demure, bashful school-girl, throwing aside her simplicity of dress and manner, emerges from her chrysalis, a butterfly of fashion. Her view of the world does not extend beyond balls, operas, dress, and young men with faint moustaches, canary-coloured kids, and

switchy canes. Ah! my dears, this is her season of peril. To go through it all without committing an indiscretion, or forming an entangling alliance, requires one to be continually on the watch.

"I recollect," she continued, "I enjoyed very well myself this life, although I have not had your advantages, my dears, but I never forgot myself nor my future by indulging in day-dreams of ideal life. It is a merry-go-round—a pleasant masquerade, of which young people think they can never tire, but with years comes reflection—then they cease to look through the glass so darkly.

"Then there is the married life, and spinsterhood, but as these have nothing to do with the present, let them pass. Time enough to talk about the duties of either of these conditions when they are imposed upon you.

"Be careful about getting romantic notions into your young heads, and allowing your affections to become entangled with one of these poor poets, or artists, or people of that sort, which these novels are always harping on. Have an eye single to your future prosperity—to your being well established in life, which means, in English, a comfortable home, with servants, and carriage, and a lot of stock which pays good dividends. There is happiness for you—of a kind you will appreciate at forty.

"Come to me," said she, bringing the maternal lecture to an end, "unhesitatingly, in all your troubles, and I will counsel and sympathize with you, my children."

Notwithstanding this invitation of Mrs. Dobbs to her daughters to make a confidante of her, Alice communicated nothing. Mrs. Dobbs doubtless made these remarks with a view to learning the state of her daughter's feelings toward Clavers. But Alice remained reticent and isolated with her secret, if she had any.

As they retired that night, Mrs. Dobbs kissed them very tenderly, and called them her dear little birdies, whom no mother could love as she loved, and of whom she should take the greatest possible care. And the "birdies" returned the gentle caresses of the mother, and whispered affectionately in the maternal ear that no one was blessed with such a mother as they were. They all certainly loved each other, and were happy.

CHAPTER XIII.

VARIATIONS ON THE PIANO BY MISS ALICE—THE DECLARATIONS OF MESSIEURS CRONIER AND RUGGLES.

SOME people have a surplus vitality that must be worked off in occupation of some kind—restless, go-a-head, do-something, anything, kind of people. Davy Crockett was one of them, and Alice another.

At this moment she was expending her energies on the piano in the private parlour fronting on the Avenue. She played but rarely, and then for herself. This day it seemed as if she would never leave off. For the first hour her playing was a continuous whang-bang, the accumulated surplus steam escaping through the safety-valve. It would have been difficult to distinguish the air, but it seemed to be a medley of something loud, deep, and violent, and was certainly not gay. The pretty white hands ran up and down the keys, and the little feet thrust down the pedals as if they would never tire. The confusion of sounds, however, at the second hour began to change into a sort of tender wail that, if it were not the music itself, sounded very much like the famous duet in *Il*

Polinto, wherein a pleasure-loving titled votary of the world—a beautiful and fashionable Roman dame, tries to entice from the walls of a monastery a young novice, who sings in a touching manner his vacillation, doubts, love, and religious obligations. The woman still pleads, and the man still hesitates between the world and the church, and while the soft, tender wail of the wooers goes on, an accompaniment of grand old church music wells up, as the voices of the singers die away; and again, as the voices mount, descends, but still keeping up a sort of melancholy refrain to the wooing and lamenting lovers. This is one of the most effective scenes of the opera, and was described by Miss Mary Dobbs as *déchirante*; indeed, that young lady averred that, if it should be her good fortune to see it again, she would certainly provide herself with at least three handkerchiefs.

While the white hands still chased each other up and down the keys, and the feet kept patting the pedals, and the trum, trum rang out of the instrument, some one knocked at the door.

“Come in,” said the persistent pianist.

Cronier responded to the invitation by making his appearance, looking as if he had something on his mind of which he wished to relieve himself.

“Ah! Miss Alice,” said the Count, “I am delighted to find you. You have keep-ed yourself

for several days in the house, and I am as if the sun had departed from me. You are homely to-day."

The unfortunate gentleman wished to say she was domestic in her habits; but it mattered little to the pianist, apparently, what he said at this time, although she would have been amused, doubtless, with the remark at any other time.

"You are musical to-day," continued the Count, "and *triste* too. So am I; *tant mieux*, we are in accord."

The trum, trum of the piano was the only reply.

"My dear Miss Alice, I have the heart very heavy, and only you can make it light. But would you make me the favour to stop a little while I say something to you?"

"I can hear you all the same, Count, as I play," answered Alice, through the trum, trum of the music.

And the Count, watching the pretty white hands capriciously coquetting over the keys, told the story of his heart in real Romeo fashion, but the pianist was apparently disinclined to enact the part of Juliet.

What an old, old story it is, of which those concerned never tire, however indifferent they may be to the history of the loves of others! The majority

of men take but little interest in the heart experiences of others, but women, more sympathetic, ever lend a listening ear to these kind of stories. Woman, next to being the principal actress, likes to be made the confidant in one of these episodes. As soon as she has passed through all the phases of being wooed and won, which those who have had experience therein tell us are so delightful, and is settled in her matrimonial nest for the balance of her days, she takes up some couple who are yet in the incipient stage of courtship, and helps them on, and is not satisfied until she sees them enter on that state in which no man or men (excepting the individuals composing the legislature of Indiana) can "put them asunder."

Albeit the amiable creatures may not or will not reciprocate the tender feeling, they like to hear the avowal of the sighing swains. Declarations they seem to regard as something due to their charms, and are treasured in the memory as the Indians keep their scalps—as mementos of their power. It is certainly a very neat compliment to a woman to ask her to become one's wife—a man could not well pay her a higher one; and if the individual be not a Cyclops altogether, must be more or less grateful to the heart of the object of the tender avowal. So love, in effect, is an amiable weakness that almost any woman will pardon in a

man, if she be the object to which the heart's incense is offered.

Still the Count wooed, and the pretty white hands struck the keys, but the pianist replied rarely and in brief remarks, as she continued the trum, trum without interruption.

That the gentleman's heart-offering may have had a soothing and gratifying effect upon the young lady is not unlikely, but the pretty lips said nor no nor yes. Considering that the Count was an agreeable young gentleman who danced the German to perfection, and was withal a nobleman, Miss Alice was, as the politicians say, a little shaky under such a strong appeal. And it was not to be wondered at, when the system by which her mother educated her is taken into account, the great feature of which was getting on in life, that is, getting money and position. It was always the old song with Mrs. Dobbs. "My dear," that worthy dame would say, "your father and myself began under great disadvantages, particularly so when you consider, my dear, that your father is not a remarkable man; but, by dint of industry and making the most of everything, we have got along quite respectably. Your father's capacity, my love, is almost too limited to control successfully our rising fortunes, I therefore earnestly hope that whatever alliance you may make will give strength and solidity to the family."

At length the Count pressed the pianist for a decision. Through the trum, trum came the response, almost sadly—

“I cannot decide to-day.”

“Tell to me the difficulty. What is it?”

And while the Romeo waited in suspense, the trum, trum ceased, the pianist rose to her feet, walked to the window, and, pointing to the dragoon on the black horse, answered, pensively—

“There is the difficulty.”

And the horseman, all unconscious of the important part he played in these proceedings, sat erect and stern—the man in the strict and conscientious discharge of duty.

“Ah! you have the head still turn-ed for the common soldier,” said he, with some show of anger. “A rival like that is not a high compliment to me.”

And taking his hat, and muttering something about removing the difficulty, he abruptly left the room, saying—

“I go, soon to come back.”

And the young woman, resuming her seat at the piano, and recommencing the trum, trum, said—

“Whenever you please.”

After the disappearance of the Count, another knock at the door and another Richmond in the field—the bristly-headed, energetic editor of the *Trumpet*, Thomas Ruggles.

The pianist said, quite amiably—

“Come in, Tom, and take a seat beside me.”

When she was particularly well-disposed toward the editor of the *Trumpet*, she called him Tom, and insisted on his calling her simply Alice.

The *Trumpet* man took the proffered seat dejectedly, as he said—

“Alice, wont you stop that rummy-dum-dum? I have something to say to you.”

“Is it the old subject revamped, Tom?”

“It is, and for the last time, Alice.”

“Then I can bring down two birds with one stone—I’ll listen and play at the same time. Besides, you know you are fond of music, Tom, especially when *I* play. Didn’t you always tell me so, you gay Lothario, when I used to give you *Casta Diva* in the twilight, at home in the back parlour, and you used to sit by me perfectly quiet, and say, after it was all through, that you could sit there for ever? You would not have me believe you were shamming then, Tom?”

“It would have been better for my peace of mind if I had been shamming; but it was such a reality, it has cost me many an hour of grief.”

“Come, come, Tom, you are getting misanthropical and losing that old *bonhomie* air that I like so much. I’ll drop this weary die-away music, and rattle you off one of those lively little gems which you used to like at home.”

And again the pretty hands danced up and down the keys coquettishly, and the eyes looked through the long lashes very kindly on the editor of the *Trumpet*.

"It's no use ; I am not in the humour for that kind of thing now," said Ruggles, looking quite solemn. "I feel as lugubrious as the chief mourner at a funeral. But, coming back to my muttons, the object of my visit is to ask you——"

"Ah !" interrupted Alice, "the last edition of the old story? Well, as I am already *lancé* in that way to-day, let us proceed to the unfinished business, as they say up in the Capitol."

"Well," continued Ruggles, "you know, Alice, I have toiled and waited for you more patiently than Jacob ever did for Rachael, and to-day I have come to learn your ultimatum, as the diplomatists say, yes or no. If it be the former, I shall be so happy, I shall not stay here, nor go anywhere else. But if it be no, that little word will be for me the direst one that ever was pronounced by human lips. The word would be an every-day melancholy refrain, that would haunt my soul for the balance of my life. Which is it to be, Alice?"

"Pray excuse me, Tom. I cannot decide to-day."

"If there is an impediment in the way this time, Alice, let me know it at once."

The trum, trum ceased, and the pianist again

rose to her feet, walked to the window, and pointed to the horseman, saying—

“There is the impediment.”

And still the unconscious dragoon sat grim and straight, turning neither to the right nor the left, as the two faces looked down upon him from the window of the hotel.

A few minutes after, the dejected *Trumpet* man left the room, and Cronier again appeared.

“I find that your Mr. Clavers is not worthy of your esteem. He is a poltroon,” said the Count, speaking fair English in the excitement of the moment.

“Ah!” said the pianist, “and how did you make that discovery?”

“I sent to him a challenge, and he has declined.”

“And can’t you find any other motive for that than cowardice?” asked Alice.

“No,” answered the Count; “he is a soldier. Fighting is his profession, and not to do so when he receives the insult is to lose his honour.”

Here was the epitome of one branch of the Count’s education—to return evil for evil, and hit back to the death. He had doubtless carried his principles of honour into practice by pinking several of his fellow-men on the Continent. These young Hotspurs do not think they are clothed in full manly dignity until they have crossed swords or

pulled the trigger with some one, and so they go about trying to find a bone of contention, like Paddy at Donnybrook fair, who wished some "gentleman would be so obleegin' as to step on his coat tail." The *casus belli* is generally trivial—no real venom or hatred. It is considered quite a feather in the young man's hat if he has power enough over himself to remain cool while the nozzle of a pistol stares at him ten paces off; or better still, if he can be gay, diabolically gay, and hum an air from *Robert le Diable*, before the trigger clicks. It is about the handsomest thing he can do in the way of manhood to make a target of himself, in the estimation of his cronies, who look upon duelling very much as the juveniles regard chewing tobacco—as an attribute of manhood. It is so gratifying to the young man to feel that he is such a game cock, so full of pluck, and the admiration of his comrades, if it only ceased there. If the man ten paces off *should* fall never to rise again, so much the worse for him; but will the hand that sped the messenger of death never tremble for the deed? will the heart never be wrung with remorse? Ah! if the young gentleman would only pause to think of these things, perhaps he would believe that discretion is the better part of valour.

"And, Count, do you really think he refuses because he is afraid of you?" asked Alice.

"I regret, for the sake of your friend, that I am forced to that conclusion," was the answer.

"Did it not occur to you that he may have declined on principle, the same as you fight on principle. That he has what he conceives to be moral obligations to fulfil?"

"What are these things to me if I can win you?" impulsively cried the Count, losing his foreign accent almost. "No fine-spun ideas about principle would ever deter *me* from fighting for you—jumping into a crater for you, if need be."

Cronier saw principles and honour through the dim twilight of fashionable Continental life, while Clavers saw them in the broad light of an enlightened conscience. The former stood on a plain of circumscribed vision, and the other took in the whole from a mountain-top.

Again the trum, trum went on, and again impassioned Romeo pleaded with all the eloquence of love. And what was Juliet thinking of during this outpouring? Was she in doubt which way to turn—which of the trio—Cronier, Ruggles, and Clavers, to elect for a life partner? Or had not the hour and the man yet come? If one of the three, which would be the lucky man—the irrepressible Ruggles, Private Clavers, with regal principles and no money, or Cronier, holding in his hand the coronet of a Countess?

Some people, with narrow convictions and minds running in a groove, decide quickly, and abide by it through good and evil ; others, profound people, act as promptly from taking a comprehensive view of the question, and having once decided, are unshakable. In this instance, genius and stupidity lean to the same result ; a verification of the old adage, that "extremes meet." But the majority of clever people cannot do this. Half the world is poised between two ideas, and in the event of choosing one, eternally regret that they did not adopt the other. Is Miss Alice of this class ? As she is a discreet young lady and keeps her own counsel, one may not know.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT—INTERVIEW BETWEEN
ALICE AND CLAYERS.

IN the early days of the Continental Congress, the proposition to erect a monument to the memory of Washington was much discussed, and a resolution was adopted to have a statue erected "in honour of George Washington, the illustrious Commander-in-chief of the United States of America during the war which vindicated and secured their liberty, sovereignty, and independence." The commissioners who laid out the city selected the spot where the monument stands for the statue, and their report was communicated by Washington to Congress; but from lack of funds, or some other reason, the statue was never procured. It has been alleged that the statue of Washington by Houdon, which is believed to be still at Richmond, was ordered, with a view of complying with the resolution of Congress, by Thomas Jefferson when he was Minister at Paris. Be that as it may, no statue of the kind was purchased by the Government, and the resolution referred to remains a dead letter on the Congressional records.

More than ordinary interest attaches itself to the spot occupied by the unfinished monument at the national capital, from the fact that Washington himself believed to his last day that this was to be his final resting-place. John Adams, when he was President, was requested by Congress to open a correspondence with Mrs. Washington with a view to having her husband's remains moved from Mount Vernon and reinterred in the Capitol, where it was proposed to construct a monument in commemoration of the great man. In accordance with this request, Mr. Adams wrote to Mrs. Washington, who replied promptly as follows :—

“Taught by the great example I have so long had before me, never to oppose my private wishes to the public will, I must consent to the request of Congress which you had the goodness to transmit to me ; and in doing this, I need not—I cannot—say what a sacrifice of individual feeling I make to a sense of public duty.”

This resolution was passed in '99, and proved another dead letter. Although Mrs. Washington had so graciously accorded her permission to the removal, no monument was erected, and the sacred relics still remained at Mount Vernon, and thus Mrs. Washington's feelings were subjected unnecessarily to a trying ordeal.

The subject of removal was again revived in

1816, a joint committee appointed, and a report submitted for the erection of a monument, which ended in nothing, like the two resolutions which had previously been offered. In the same year the legislature of Virginia instructed their Governor to communicate with Judge Bushrod Washington, who was then proprietor of Mount Vernon, to learn if he would allow his uncle's remains, together with those of Mrs. Washington, to be removed to Richmond. The nephew declined, and assigned among other reasons the following:—

“But obligations more sacred than anything which concerns myself—obligations with which I cannot dispense—command me to retain the mortal remains of my venerated uncle in the family vault where they are deposited. *It is his own will, and that will is to me a law which I dare not disobey.* He has himself directed his body should be placed there, and I cannot separate it from those of his near relatives by which it is surrounded.”

When John A. Washington became proprietor of Mount Vernon, a similar proposition was made to him by Congress in 1832, which he declined for the same reasons. It was proposed, in the event of John A. Washington's compliance with this proposition, to have placed the remains of the great man and of Mrs. Washington in a vault under the rotunda of the Capitol. When the wishes of

Congress were submitted to Mr. Washington, the legislature of Virginia at once passed resolutions urging him to decline all overtures of the kind, to the end that these relics should be kept on the south side of the Potomac, in the event of a dissolution of the Union.

At one time a bill passed one branch of Congress to erect a "mausoleum of American granite and marble, in a pyramidal form, one hundred feet square at the base, and of a proportional height," but nothing came of it.

In 1833, a number of the citizens of Washington assembled together, and organized a society for the purpose of constructing a national monument. The society was called the Washington National Monument Society, and Chief Justice John Marshall was elected its first president; and subsequent to his death, the successive Presidents of the United States have filled that position, in accordance with a clause in the constitution of the society to that effect. To this society the country is indebted for what has been so far done towards the erection of the present monument. As soon as sufficient funds were obtained, the design of Robert Mills was selected from among a number of others, the corner-stone laid with much ceremony, and the masons set to work. Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, who was the orator of the day, on the occasion of

laying the corner-stone, closed his oration with the following beautiful sentiments:—

“Let the column which we are about to construct be at once a pledge and an emblem of perpetual union! Let the foundations be laid, let the superstructure be built up and cemented, let each stone be raised and riveted, in a spirit of national brotherhood! And may the earliest ray of the rising sun—till that sun shall set to rise no more—draw forth from it daily, as from the fabled statue of antiquity, a strain of national harmony which shall strike a responsive chord in every heart throughout the Republic!

“Proceed, then, fellow-citizens, with the work for which you have assembled! Lay the corner-stone of a monument which shall adequately bespeak the gratitude of the whole American people to the illustrious father of his country. Build it to the skies; you cannot outreach the loftiness of his principles! Found it upon the massive and eternal rock; you cannot make it more enduring than his fame! Construct it of the peerless Parian marble; you cannot make it purer than his life! Exhaust upon it the rules and principles of ancient and modern art; you cannot make it more proportionate than his character! . . . The Republic may perish; the wide arch of our ranged Union may fall; star by star its glories may expire; stone

after stone its columns and its capital may moulder and crumble; all other names which adorn its annals may be forgotten; but as long as human hearts shall anywhere pant, or human tongues shall anywhere plead for a true, rational, constitutional liberty, those hearts shall enshrine the memory, and those tongues shall prolong the fame, of George Washington."

The ground around the monument, to the extent of thirty acres, has been set apart for a public square. "The foundation of the monument is ornamented with statues of the signers of the Declaration of Independence; the base of the shaft is 81 feet square, and the shaft is to rise to the height of 600 feet, and to be encircled by a grand colonnade or pantheon, 250 feet in diameter and 100 feet high; over the portico of which is to be a colossal statue of Washington, 30 feet high, in a chariot drawn by six horses, driven by Victory—all of colossal proportions. The colonnade is to consist of 30 columns, 12 feet in diameter, and 45 feet high, surrounded by an entablature of 20 feet, and a balustrade 15 feet in height. The entablature will be decorated with the arms of the States, enclosed in wreaths of bronze. The portico consists of a projection supported by four columns, and is reached by a grand flight of marble steps. Over the centre of the portico will be emblazoned the arms of the

United States. The interior, or rotunda, will be clarification of Independence, set in niches in the surrounding wall; and upon the wall, above the niches, will be represented, in basso-relievo, the principal battles of the Revolution. Conspicuous in front of the entrance of the rotunda will stand a statue of Washington. Within the stylobate or base of the monument, will be a labyrinth of apartments arranged in a most intricate manner.

. . . The interior lining is to be decorated with blocks presented by the different States and foreign nations, societies and city corporations, ornamented with coats-of-arms and appropriate inscriptions, and so disposed in the wall as to be visible in ascending the shaft of the monument. The ascent will be by a spiral iron staircase, lighted with gas; the only openings, except the doors below, being star-shaped windows near the top. It is proposed to close the apex with a cone of glass. Besides the staircase, the ascent will be made by means of machinery up the centre of the shaft."

So much for what the monument is to be, if ever completed, serious doubts of which exist in the minds of many. It remains *in statu quo*, at a height of 184 feet, topped by unsightly scaffolding. It stands on the upper end of what is known as the "island," which is separated from the main ground on which the city is built, by a canal of

slimy, green, almost stagnant water, which drags itself slowly past the base of the monument. The island in the neighbourhood of the monument is dotted here and there with rude shanties, but is occupied principally as a cattle-yard. Its immediate vicinity is so unapproachable on this account, that visitors content themselves with a more distant view of it from the other side of the canal, whence it presents a much more favourable appearance. Viewed from the Mall, owing to the trees which skirt the canal and cover the lower part of the Mall, the monument looks as if it were adorned with proper surroundings.

* * * *

Private Richard Clavers, off duty, took recreation in a lounge on the Mall near the monument. The young Spartan permitted himself a pipe of tobacco, the only luxury in which he indulged in his new condition, and from which he doubtless drew much comfort, for tobacco is a kind of soothing weed, let its enemies say what they may of it. Private Clavers indulged himself with a good smoke on this occasion as he sat cogitating. He had ample time for reflection, both here and when he sat all day long astride of his horse on the Avenue, and as he was of a thoughtful turn, it is probable he reflected about a great many things. Perhaps he thought he had acted too hastily in placing him-

self in his present position, or, it may be, that the tranquil joy of an appeased conscience made full amends for the sacrifices which he had undergone in entering upon his new vocation. Like all creatures of flesh and blood, he had his moments of doubt and despondency, when he possibly regretted that he had not shaped a different course for himself. In other moods, he probably felt comparatively satisfied with what he had done. Beside, he had a sure rock on which to lean when his heart was weary of the vicissitudes of life—the Rock of Ages, to which he clung as the shipwrecked clings to the last plank. The consciousness of trying to discharge his duty toward God and man was very likely his chief enjoyment.

As the smoke ascended above his head in little drifting clouds, and his eyes looked out mechanically over the tops of the low trees towards the monument, his vision was intercepted by a smiling, familiar face, which bent in recognition.

Private Clavers took his pipe out of his mouth, and bowed. His face, before the appearance of the new comer, tender and thoughtful, changed to the old bantering expression. The figure which had cut off his view of the monument came forward and held out her hand quite friendly.

“What! the rose of Dobbstown permits Private Clavers to come betwixt the wind and her nobility? I take it as a gracious act of condescension.”

"Mr. Achilles is still pleased to be facetious," was the reply.

"Let us be seated," said she, seating herself on a stone, while the soldier stretched himself on the grass.

"I am fond of the odour of tobacco-smoke," said she; "pray continue—but I see I have interrupted the operation, and the pipe has gone out. Please hand me your tinder-box."

After striking the flint and igniting the tobacco, she said—

"There, Mr. Warrior; draw."

Which he at once proceeded to do, and quite vigorously, saying—

"What a lucky dog I am to have my pipe lighted by the hand of beauty! But you fire the heart as well as the tobacco."

"I don't believe you have any heart to fire, Mr. Warrior. You are a vampire, going about taking away the life of innocent young women, and remaining yourself cold and bloodless."

"I believe, myself, I bear about me only the half of that interesting piece of anatomy, but the other half is in your possession, young lady—you, who are the disturber of my repose," replied the soldier.

"Mr. Warrior, I cannot think that it is divided only in halves. It is more fragmentary. I am inclined to believe you have distributed it around

in small pieces to a number of interesting young women."

"One would say from the pretty talk with which you indulge me, that I belonged to your set. You forget I am simply Private Richard Clavers, whose chief business is to sit astride of a horse and see that the cavaliers of the Avenue conduct themselves in an orderly manner."

"And is Private Clavers content in the performance of such high functions?" she asked. "Be serious, now, and throw off that naughty Machiavel face, and tell me truly."

The soldier, thus appealed to, emitted slowly several puffs of smoke, and replied—

"Private Clavers is content to do his duty, whatever that may be."

A pause of several minutes ensued, which he of the pipe improved by whiffing slowly and with regularity, and she of the parasol by drawing lines with the point of that article on the turf.

"The reasons must have been very weighty which induced you to take such an important step—to make such a personal sacrifice as to become a common soldier," said she, watching his countenance.

"They were," he replied. "I think it is the duty of every American to do something for his

country in this hour of tribulation. He who stands by an idle, unsympathizing spectator while the vessel of State is rocking in the surging seas of these turbulent times, cannot be a true man. Every one can do something, and the rebels themselves teach us this lesson. If the citizen cannot shoulder the musket or wield the sword, let him give money; if he cannot give money or any material thing, let him at least sympathize with and stand firm in support of that Government to which he has been unhesitatingly loyal in the days of prosperity.

“Until this national trouble came upon us,” he continued, “I had no idea of the corruption which infested every arm of the Government, and ate into the life of the nation. Many of the rulers and leaders still grovel in the work of seeking office and emolument; but the mass of the people, in strong contrast with some of those who profess to be their teachers, remain uncorrupted, and are still ready to pour out their blood for the sacred cause, although so much has been already shed to no purpose. Some of the people are growing faint-hearted, as they see the leaders scrambling for the loaves and fishes, while they are thinking only of saving the country. To retain their confidence, examples are needed of men willing to sacrifice something for the cause, and I have humbly offered

myself as one who at least is willing to lend his right arm in his country's service.

"War is a purifier ; and it may be, by God's providence, through blood and much misery, the ills festering upon the body politic are to be removed. We have not reached the end yet. I sometimes think that the fire of patriotism will not burn as it did in the days of '76, nor the arms of the nation be as successful, until the country has lost its wealth, and its people have nothing more to lose and everything to gain ; and that not until then will the martyr-like feeling nerve the people to deeds of heroism and self-abnegation."

The bantering expression of the speaker had given place to one of earnestness.

"And were there no other reasons which impelled you to the life of a common soldier?" asked she, still watching his countenance.

"There *was* one—perhaps the strongest—which I have not mentioned," he replied.

"And yet, has the end to be attained by this sacrifice of yours been reached?"

"I believe not—so I have been informed, at least, by the person for whose benefit, in part, beside the considerations already mentioned, I became a soldier."

"And have you any regrets now for the course you have taken?" continued the fair questioner.

"Many: for perhaps this single act severs me from one to whose hand, under other circumstances, I might have aspired—from one who could render me completely happy. But, alas! I *must* obey the dictates of my conscience, regardless of consequences; and the ideas entertained by this person of the proper aims of life were so foreign to my own, that I might have been led astray, for she exerted over me a great influence. For the life that I had already begun to lead with her, I felt as if some act of penance on my part were necessary, and this also prompted me to gird on the sword. I am rejoiced that I have had strength of mind enough to do my duty, and am still rejoiced that I remain at my post willing to serve my country, to the rendering up of life if necessary. It is in my better nature that I am glad. But the man is still weak, and yearns after her from whom he is separated.

"Now more than ever," he continued, "am I drawn toward her, for she has latterly shown that she is something more than a butterfly of fashion. I hear her life is changing—that she is becoming a ministering angel in the hospitals, at the bedside of those unsung heroes whose martial deeds contribute so much to the fame of their chieftains, and nothing to their own—in fine, that she is beginning to learn that life is earnest."

"She must have profited by your companionship, your views of life," said she.

"If I have been instrumental in my humble way in this change, it will always be to me a source of rejoicing."

A long silence here occurred, which neither seemed disposed to break.

These two persons were evidently beginning to understand each other.

She said at length—

"Is there any probability of your finding preferment?"

"I think," he replied, "there is always a probability that the man who tries to do his whole duty to his fellow-man, his country, and his God, will find preferment. When he has settled in his own mind the business of the life to come, he will the better accomplish the business of this present life. When will man learn that to succeed, as it is called, in the world, he must first succeed in finding the path which leads heavenward? To make this the first business in life—the eternal hereafter—is to ensure a measure of success in any honest pursuit; for to be a Christian is to be upright, hopeful, industrious, and temperate, and the possessor of these qualities must, unless there be an extraordinary difficulty in the way, in time meet with success. Above all, the Christian is hopeful, his

religion makes him so, and he is thus enabled to rise above the disasters and misfortunes common to the life of man. With an intellect kept clear through sobriety and discipline, he is not so apt to have those weak moments in which to execute indiscreet plans, of which he would afterwards repent. The reasoning common to humanity is, to seek first what the world has to bestow, and afterward the kingdom of the other world. The chase is a bootless one, after some ever-eluding bubble. If the object be gained to which the man has long looked forward, discontent follows close upon possession, and engenders new desires and anxieties. If ambition be the power which impels him onward, the spirit of unrest seizes upon him and banishes repose. He is the standard-bearer on whose flag is inscribed 'Excelsior'—who leaps from crag to crag up the giddy heights, looking ever upward toward some imaginary crown, with eye distended and muscles quivering, the face pale with exhaustion, but eager with desire, with shout becoming weaker and weaker, as he leaps the chasms, and bears aloft his motto, and who at last is still in the repose of death.

"Cole's pictures of the 'Voyage of Life' truthfully tell the story of some of these dreamers," he continued. "The first is a picture of shady groves and sparkling fountains, of flowers and sunshine.

Extending in snake-like undulations, in beautiful perspective, is a stream stretching miles away into the background, until it looks like a silver thread winding deviously along the valley, and ends almost in the clouds, where a vaguely-defined palace arises, stupendous in size and magnificent in appearance ; and in the foreground is a youth, in form a young Apollo, who is steering his light bark toward the far-off, almost cloud-enveloped palace. The position evinces eagerness and absorbed interest in the far-off, imperial edifice. The beautiful things which are around and about him he heeds not—the sunshine and the flowers and Arcadian groves are lost upon him as he stands with gaze riveted upon the splendid palace. Near him on the shore, bathed in holy light, hovers his guardian angel, who has tried in vain to lead him homeward. In the last of these pictures, the youth, bowed down from age and tribulation, is still in his bark on a wide sea, where all is dark, save where his eyes are bent with an imploring expression : there the heavens are opened, and a celestial light shines down upon him, and he catches a glimpse of the illustrious company of heaven. The guardian angel who had left him for a time has returned, and hovers near, with a smile on her face, as if her heart were full of gladness at the return of the wayward wanderer,

and she points to the opening in the clouds, to where the redeemed's eyes are turned, as if her task were done.

"These pictures are faithful histories of those whose first aspirations are of the world—of those who struggle for preferment regardless of duty.

"If I am to have preferment, it shall be the effect, but not the cause of my action. I trust I am serving as a soldier because I love my country.

"The question you ask about preferment, Miss Alice, is, alas! too much in vogue in these trying times. With many, to serve the country with profit to themselves is the leading idea—to sell their wretched services, like Hessians, at the highest rate they can get—conditional soldiers, who fight for a *quid pro quo*. These are the men who sheath their swords for the most trivial causes, such as not being able to serve with a favourite commander, or from jealousy of being outranked, or any little circumstance which chances to wound their vanity. If we are to crush this rebellion, Miss Alice, the blow must come from the patriot, for the hireling cannot be depended on. The man who joins the army more from love of pelf and position than love of country, the Government would be better off without. Yet frequently this is the kind of man who most blatantly proclaims his loyalty.

"Riches and position!" he continued, "that is the refrain of the age. What genuflexions are made to them! What a quantity of humble pie is consumed to conciliate them! What manœuvring has been practised by cunning mammas to entrap them! Ah, what a sad, unmanly, unwomanly business it is, this tufthunting!"

Mr. Ruggles, who had accompanied the Misses Dobbs to the Mall, during this conversation was accomplishing a piece of strategy by dodging among the bushes some distance off, and doing his best to entertain the younger daughter, that the soldier and the elder daughter, might enjoy an undisturbed *tête-à-tête*, when Miss Alice cut short his manœuvring by beckoning him with her parasol to come forth. As soon as that individual and Mary joined them, Miss Alice appeared more at ease.

The *Trumpet* man, by way of saying something, asked the soldier—

"All quiet along the Rappahannock?"

The soldier, still in his earnest mood, replied—

"Inertia has settled down upon the army in front of Fredericksburg. A cloud of disaster overhangs all its operations. There is some terrible incubus which bears it down and clogs its action. One says it is the fault of this general, another says it is the fault of that general. The explanation is always a complaint against a commander-

in-chief. But does the safety of this nation depend upon the skill of any one man? Far from it. There is something wanting, not only in the generals, but in the rank and file, and that something is faith in the righteousness of our cause—lack of dependence upon an overruling Providence. When the commanders, and the soldiers under them, believe that the cause is just and holy, victory will perch upon our banners. Away with ribaldry, and levity, and vain boasting, and let us go earnestly to work. Let us stand upon the righteousness of our cause, and we shall drive the enemy before us like scattered sheep.”

As the irrepressible editor always liked to take a leading part in the conversation, and as he saw there was but little prospect of his doing so if the soldier continued in this strain, he changed the subject by inviting him to accompany them to the President’s-square, the ladies having purposed going there before returning to the hotel. Clavers assenting, the party left the Mall, Ruggles and Alice walking on ahead, and the other two following after.

With one of those smiles with which Ruggles said he could sweeten his coffee for a fortnight, Alice said to him as they walked on—

“Tom, you are a good soul.”

This was his reward, doubtless, for dodging among the bushes.

CHAPTER XV.

PRESIDENT'S-SQUARE — THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF
GENERAL JACKSON—VISIT OF THE YOUNG LADIES TO THE
SQUARE—THE WALK AND TALK OF RUGGLES AND
CLAYERS.

THE President's-square, or, as it is more frequently called, Lafayette-square, is situated in the most attractive part of the city, in front of the White House, on the north side of Pennsylvania-avenue. It is handsomely laid out in gracefully contrived walks, and is said to contain more exotics than any other piece of ground of the same size in the country. An equestrian statue of General Jackson, in the centre of the square, is the chief object of interest. The statue is colossal, and represents the general in the act of saluting his troops on a rearing charger. The design has been to portray him faithfully in the military suit which he actually wore at the battle of New Orleans. The statue was modelled and cast by Clark Mills, and was constructed principally from brass guns which were surrendered to Jackson at Pensacola. It rests upon a marble base, at the corners of which are four six-

pounder guns taken from the British at New Orleans, the whole surrounded by an iron railing.

This is the first equestrian statue which Mr. Mills made, and it is said he took much pains to study the anatomy of the horse before modelling his design.

There is another equestrian statue by the same artist, in the centre of what is known as the Circle, in the western portion of the city, near Georgetown. The site was selected by James Buchanan. It represents Washington as he rallied his troops at the battle of Princeton, by dashing ahead of them up to the cannons of the enemy. The horse is in a recoiling posture before the fire of the artillery, while the rider appears calm and undaunted.

Mr. Mills' Jackson is generally regarded as superior to his Washington.

On the side of the square facing the White House are several fine residences, the most elegant and spacious being that of Mr. Corcoran, the former banker, now occupied by the French minister, M. Mercier. Adjoining is the mansion of the Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Welles. Further on, the oldest Episcopal Church in the city, St. John's—a plain, old-fashioned edifice nearly covered with ivy. The sides of the square, at right angles with the one described, are shorter. The corner house, at the upper end of the east side, possesses more than

ordinary interest from having been the residence of Mrs. Madison, who here entertained her guests famously, according to the accounts of the old residents who partook of her hospitalities, and who of course regard these latter-day entertainments as tame affairs compared with those of Mrs. Madison. The house is at present occupied by Admiral Wilkes. Mr. Seward's residence is in the middle of the block, and next to it, what was formerly known as the Club House, from one of the windows of which the signals of the well-known intrigue were carried on with the occupant of the yellow house on the opposite side of the square.

President's-square is one of the most inviting places in the city for a lounge during the summer time, when nature throws her vernal mantle over it. Then it is filled of an evening with visitors, who while away an hour or two under the thick shady trees in friendly chat, or in looking at the children amusing themselves on the green. Many ladies, in becoming summer attire, visit the place and saunter over the grounds to get a bit of country. Many young men also repair to the square ostensibly for the same object, but are possibly more influenced by other considerations than the enjoyment of the rural features of the square.

The statue of Jackson then also appears to greater advantage : he looks as if he were removing

his hat and bowing to the be vies of ladies who throng around him, which, by the way, is a point often adverted to by the fair loungers as Jackson's gallantry. In the winter, when the square is comparatively deserted, the facetiously-disposed say that he makes his bow to Mrs. Lincoln, over the way.

People, in summer-time, seem to have ample time for recreation, and assemble here to enjoy this nice little bit of landscape gardening, to hear the birds sing and see them flitting through the branches, and amuse themselves with the prattle and gambols of children.

Among the frequenters in the summer season are a number of convalescing soldiers, who limp in and seat themselves on the benches, a number of which are placed around the grounds for those who wish to sit, and are, of course, very acceptable to those bronzed veterans who belong for the time to what they call the C.'s—the condemned, *i.e.* unfit for service. The round, rosy faces of the children present a striking contrast to the emaciated features of these invalids. Such a picture of peace and innocence to men who have just come from scenes of carnage and slaughter must indeed be very grateful.

As the friends stood in a group near the centre, Alice asked Clavers, who had relapsed into his every-day mood, how he liked the statue?

"How do *you* like it?" asked he.

"Haven't you faith in your own judgment, and want to take your cue from me?" returned she.

"*Vanitas.*'

"Or do you wish me to commit myself to an opinion, and then argue me out of it with your art-talk?"

"I leave strategy to the military chieftains who think they understand it. My question is ingenuous; there are no masked batteries behind it."

"Then allow me to say—although it is so fashionable to criticise—that I like this statue very well," responded Alice.

"I think myself," said Clavers, "it is very creditable as a first attempt, as I believe this was. But, whatever may be its faults, it possesses at least the merit of representing the gallant old general in the clothes which he actually wore. Putting people in extravagant postures, and in garments they never saw while in the flesh, which was once the rule, is now going, if not altogether gone, out of fashion. Our own Benjamin West was the first to strike a blow at this custom. When he went to London it was the fashion to invest everything in toga and sandals. Artists adhered slavishly to painting all their figures in Grecian and Roman costumes. If the memory of a great man was to be perpetuated in marble, or

the act of a hero immortalized on canvas, [they were forthwith attired in the garments of Socrates or Caesar. They thought heroism was inseparably connected with a Roman shirt or a Grecian sandal. West was the first one who attempted an innovation on this arbitrary rule in his painting of the 'Death of Wolfe,' in which he dressed the figures in modern coats and black boots. He met with direct opposition from all sides. The Royal Academy, of which he was a member, were in a great hubbub, and insinuated that his powers were failing him ; but he stood up manfully for his principle, and finished his modern coats and black boots in spite of them.

"One of the chief objects of the arts of painting and sculpture is to record scenes from history, and if the representation is untrue as regards the personal accessories of the actors, this object is defeated, and the picture in this respect is of no value.

"There is a picture of 'Napoleon crossing the Alps,' which would be valuable if it were not historically untrue. You must have seen the engraving of it. The great French captain is swathed in a voluminous cloak, a good portion of which is thrown over the left shoulder in gallant cavalier style, the face turned, not in the direction where his frantic horse is pitching, but towards the spectator, with an air which expects applause. He looks as if he were acting.

278 PICTURE OF THE "CHILD OF DESTINY."

"Another picture of the same subject was painted by David, I think. You have probably seen the engraving of that also. The 'Child of Destiny' is mounted on a mule, which climbs slowly up the snow-clad mountain side, led by a guide. The expression of the hero is melancholy and abstracted ; in effect, he does not look as if he were acting ; the costume, that which he really wore. It is historic—true as a page of 'Gibbon's Rome.' There can be no comparison between the pictures.

"Mills has in this work carried out the idea of which West was the first exponent, and presented the old hero to us in familiar guise, astride of a horse—for the general was a superior horseman—and in the identical military suit now deposited in the Patent Office.

"Although this statue is of the heroic order, it has it's comic feature."

"Pray what is it ?" asked she.

"Viewed from a certain point, the whole resembles one of the celebrated comic characters of Shakespeare. Walk round to the front, Miss Alice, and I shall endeavour to show it to you."

"There," said he, stopping at the point whence this peculiarity could be seen ; "half close your eyes in order to mass the whole, and tell me what you see."

"Why! it's a man with a horse's head on his shoulders!" exclaimed Alice.

"Lengthen the horse's ears a little with your imagination, and what character from Shakespeare do you have before you?" pursued Clavers.

"Ah, I see now what you are driving at. It *is* 'Bottom,' sure enough."

As Clavers and Alice seemed determined to discuss art, Ruggles invited Mary, who was nothing loth, to stroll around the grounds with him.

As they sauntered away, the editor of the *Trumpet* remarked—

"There is no getting a word in edgeways when those two people begin to talk about high lights and broad lights, and their Angelos and Raphaels. It's a good deal of a *do* is this art-subject, besides being as dry as a powder-horn. Don't you think so, Mary?"

"But then, you know," she answered, "it's fashionable to talk about it, although for my part I think it's a great bore. It is not half as interesting as bonnets, and diamonds, and dresses."

"What a little martyr to fashion you are! And pray, what can you say on the art-subject?"

"Oh, I can say, for instance, that the modern painters can't do it anything like as well as the old masters; that Mr. Düsseldorf's school of painting is very fine; that the Greek slave of

that naughty slaveholder, Mr. Power, is divine ; that Tait is great in feathers ; that the roan horse in Rosa Bonheur's 'Horse Fair' looks as if he were jumping out of the canvas ; and some other pretty things that I don't just now recollect. Can't you teach me a few stunning speeches which will make the people think I understand all about it ?"

"You precious little humbug," said Ruggles.

"One thing I have found out myself, and that is, one must find fault with everything to be considered *comme il faut* in art," observed Mary, sagaciously.

"What an astute young lady you are !"

"There is more truth than poetry in that remark," said Mary.

"But," said Mary, speaking with more animation than she had bestowed on the art-subject, "are you not ashamed to be encouraging Alice to talk to Mr. Clavers ?—then, too, inviting him to come with us to the Square. I'll tell ma of you as soon as we go home—there now."

"If you do, I'll persuade your ma never to let you dance the German any more."

"I won't say a word about it, good Mr. Ruggles," said the young lady, hurriedly.

"I have half a mind to do it, anyhow."

"Now you wouldn't be so cruel, Mr. Ruggles !

—and I do like you so much, and I think you are so nice,” said she, purring around the bristling editor, whose only response was—

“Blarney!”

“And I *do* think there is not a man in Dobbs-town who can make half as good speeches as you can, Mr. Ruggles. Now promise me you won’t.”

This tribute to the orator doubtless had its effect.

“Well,” said the editor, “if you promise to behave yourself as young ladies ought to do when they get into long frocks, and not interrupt your sister’s *tête-à-têtes* with Clavers, I’ll not mention it.”

A compromise being thus effected, they rejoined their companions, one of whom, Clavers, was still mounted on his art hobby, and the other performing the part of a good listener. The newcomers tried to listen for a few minutes, but the *Trumpet* man could ill conceal his restlessness under what he considered an infliction, and the handsome Teuton face of Mary grew very listless. Clavers at length perceiving the expression of fatigue of the younger sister, brought his remarks to a close out of charity to that young lady.

The gentlemen returned with the ladies to the hotel, and said adieu to them at the door, and afterward took a long walk together.

When they had walked for some time, Ruggles, whose manner was not nearly as energetic as usual, nor his hair as bristling, said to his companion—

“Of course I have made a virtue of necessity and withdrawn, leaving the field open to you, and I think the palm of victory will soon be awarded to you. Her heart, I believe, is already yours. The ambitious head has struggled hard against the heart, doubtless, but to no purpose.

“The triangular contest between Cronier, you, and myself is over,” continued the dejected *Trumpet* man. “It has lost one of its angles since I received my quietus. It is now between you two—Cronier backed by his title and the Dobbs family, and you—— Well, you are endorsed by Thomas Ruggles, who, since he cannot win the fair himself, will take as much pleasure in seeing you win her as the peculiar circumstances will admit of.

“The day when she told me, in her way of mixing up the serious with the comic, that I was *de trop* as a lover, but *bien venu* as a friend, I felt as a barnyard fowl not web-footed is supposed to feel on a rainy day. I have been so long dallying in the primrose path of Cupid, that the platonic course which she has laid out for me is hard, very hard to follow. But Ruggles the lover must be

put out of the way, and Ruggles the friend alone must live. Let the sighing swain be laid upon the shelf, for he has played his play out—the lights are extinguished and the music ended. It was an illusion in which the fellow lived for a long time, and to have the veil torn away, and so suddenly to see the reality, has been *rather* trying for him—the rejection, as an eye-opener, did its business more effectually than the decoction of that name which certain old fellows indulge in before breakfast.

“The poet tells us that ‘sweet are the uses of adversity.’ Perhaps the upshot of this business will be my going to work in earnest, and making something of myself. If my spoony aspirations had been realized, perhaps I should have subsided into an indolent hip-and-go-easy husband, perfectly happy but unconscionably lazy. Too much contentment begets laziness, and that, you know, is incompatible with the successful running of a newspaper.

“I have been shaken off,” continued the *Trumpet* man, “cast loose from the controlling idea which I have hugged delusively for years, and I have at last touched bottom ; and as a man must needs hold on to something in life, I will take a firmer hold on the *Trumpet*, which shall serve as my life-preserver in the troubled sea in

which I have been thrown. In blowing my newspaper horn hereafter, I shall have an eye single to the interests of number one, which I have been too much losing sight of under the shadow of my illusion. Hurrah! then, for Ruggles, and—and—— well, the right kind of principles, whatever they may be. I must work; that is the prescription for my case. Many men, with such a load on their hearts as I carry on mine, would take to strong drink, and finish the chapter six months afterwards by gazing permanently at grass roots. But I trust I am not so weak as that. No, my dissipation shall be work—work incessant.

“The self-denial,” pursued Ruggles, “you have practised, and the sacrifices you were willing to make for me and your country, shall serve as an example to me now that my turn has come. I hope the lessons which you have thus taught me in magnanimity will not be lost upon me. One would never suspect that such a great loyal heart could be in the possession of as cold and grim a looking fellow as you.”

“If I were a sentimental young miss, Ruggles,” said Clavers, interrupting him, “you would turn my head with your everlasting compliments. My friend,” said he, with less than his usual reserve, taking the hand of his companion, “I sympathize with you in the position in which you are placed,

and if you still entertain any hope, however slight, of ultimately gaining the hand of Alice, which you have so well earned by a life of devotion to her and her family, I shall take no further step with a view to securing her affections."

"Though I had such hope," answered Ruggles, "it would be an ungrateful trick to avail myself of your proffered generosity; but I have not the ghost of a hope, my dear fellow."

"I am unworthy of her, perhaps," resumed Clavers, "but my sense of duty will not permit me to deviate from my plan of life. Part of this plan is, that I must know whether she who is to be my wife will choose me for myself alone, without the aids of wealth and position. It has been my habit, as far as I have been able, until now, to make my happiness subservient to my idea of duty, and I shall not depart from it. It would be a noble sacrifice for her to choose me as I am, and when I reflect on it seriously, I can scarcely hope for so great a one. But my duty is imperative, and she must either take me as the common soldier, or leave me to an unhappy fate. I shall subject her to the test in a day or two, friend Ruggles; then I shall know if my pathway is to be strewn with roses or thorns."

"Yes," said Ruggles, "you had better not let the grass grow under your feet, for Congress

adjourns in a few days, when the family will return to Dobbstown. Delays are dangerous, the copy-book tells us, you know, and in this case particularly so, seeing that you have such an alert rival as Cronier. My advice," said Ruggles, as he shook hands in parting from his friend, "is to lose no time."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE WAR DEPARTMENT—ITS BRANCHES—THE CONTRA
BAND CAMP — MR. STANTON—HIS RECEPTION-ROOM—
TALK ABOUT THE WAR—THE AFRICAN RACE.

THE War Department, at this time a place of especial interest, is situated west of the White House, and fronts on Pennsylvania-avenue. A number of forest-trees occupy the space between the building and this thoroughfare. The main entrance is not through the front, but at the end or side of the department on Seventeenth-street. The building formerly was of two stories, but within the last year, owing to the increased business, another story was added, and it is now a three-storied building, after a dry-goods-box pattern, extending from Seventeenth-street back to the grounds of the Presidential mansion. There is a walk leading from the back entrance to the White House, so that the President can at any time, without inconvenience, drop in upon his secretary quite informally, and talk over the military affairs of the nation. The President can be seen almost any evening entering the back-door, accompanied fre-

quently by a little son—the little fellow's height of about three feet six presenting quite a contrast to the father's six feet three.

The building known as the War Department contains but a small part of the force of this branch of the government. The business of the Adjutant-General's office is conducted here, and takes up the greater portion of the department. A number of officers and soldiers have been detailed for duty in this branch of the service, the whole being under the superintendence of the Adjutant-General, Lorenzo Thomas. The telegraph office, where despatches are transmitted to, and received from, all the armies of the United States, occupies several rooms. Rooms for the head-quarters of the Provost-Marshall-General have been assigned in this building. The Secretary and his assistant, and the clerical force under them, occupy the remaining rooms.

The business of the Commissary of Subsistence is conducted principally in a large house on President's-square. The government bakery, which was carried on temporarily in the basement of the Capitol at the beginning of the war, is now situated in the western part of the city, beyond the horse corrals, and is conducted under the superintendence of this branch of the government.

The Surgeon-General's offices are situated on the

corner of Fifteenth and F streets, and the Paymaster-General's next to Riggs' banking-house, on the Avenue.

The Quartermaster-General's offices occupy a number of buildings in different portions of the city, the most spacious of which is the one facing the War Department, and owned by Mr. Corcoran the banker, who dedicated it to art ; but since the breaking out of the war, Uncle Sam has dedicated the same to a more useful purpose, and keeps his army-clothing there. The horse corrals, of which there are three, covering several acres of ground, come under the superintendence of the Quartermaster-General. One of them is used especially for the cure of sick and disabled animals. In connexion with the corrals are waggon shops, harness manufactories, &c.

The "Contraband" camp located out on Twelfth-street, at the outskirts of the city, is under the direction of this department. The camp contains, on an average, about eight hundred negroes, chiefly from Virginia. Upwards of five thousand have already been received here and provided for. Situations are usually obtained for them shortly after their arrival, so that the inhabitants of the camp consist principally of the sick and the infirm. Applications for "contrabands," to be employed as servants and labourers, are made to the superin-

tendent of the camp in such great numbers that he is unable to supply the demand.

The camp resembles negro-quarters on a plantation. The tenements are low, one storied, and all front upon a large court-yard—being in four rows, which form a square. As these tenements are not sufficient to house all the “contrabands,” a number of tents have been pitched outside of the square, in the rear of the rows of shanties, where frame hospitals have also been erected, in one of which the religious services of the refugees are performed. The shanties are pretty nearly all whitewashed, and a number of them are quite clean.

Mr. Stanton, in his department, is one of the most accessible officers of the Government. He holds his levées in a small room (the door of which is always open) in the second story. He stands at one end of the room, behind a desk, pen in hand, and listens to what each one has to say. Although the accounts or stories of those having business with the Secretary seem often unnecessarily tedious, especially to those who come after them, he bears with them patiently, and replies courteously, but briefly, to all. The visitors form in a line to the right as they enter, and take each their turn, in the same manner as crowds do at the general delivery of post-offices in large cities. As soon as each one has had his say before the desk of the

Secretary, he turns off to the left and passes out of the presence. Some of the bronzed heroes without shoulder-straps, in their modest estimate of themselves, on finding that they are standing in the presence of such a distinguished gentleman, are often quite abashed and almost lose the use of their tongues, but the Secretary comes to the rescue, and speaks to them encouragingly.

As Ruggles and Dobbs stood in the hall of the department, they overheard a conversation between a couple of these soldiers, one of whom had just seen the Secretary, and who said to his companion—

“Bill, you can just tell the boys, when you go down, that the Grand Mogul fixed me up all right.”

“Why, Sam, he ain’t such a bad fellow after all. I heard some of the chaps down on the Peninsula say he was mighty cross, and wouldn’t do nothing for nobody.”

“Bosh,” says Sam; “that comes of his being down on the prigs that wont stand up to the rack. But, Heaven bless you, Bill, you ought to see the Mogul when he comes across one of the boys who has been blazing away at the rebs, and p’raps carries a crutch, or has his arm in a sling; then he’s as soft as a woman. Darned if he ain’t a mother to them kind of boys.”

This conversation was a fair illustration of one phase of the Secretary’s character.

When Mr. Stanton is absent attending Cabinet meetings, or has important business in his private room, General Canby takes his place behind the desk of the little reception-room, and performs the duties, *pro tem.*, of Secretary.

Mr. Stanton appears to be a man of order and fine administrative ability. The effect of system is now observable in all the workings of this immense department—no confusion anywhere, or lounging about of officials—everything goes on smoothly, and each one seems to have something to do. The Secretary is one of the most industrious of men. and the work which he has gone through is beginning to tell on him. He has lost that buoyancy of spirits which he took with him into office; his mind has been on such a continual stretch, that it is losing its elasticity. One of his assistant secretaries, Mr. Wolcott, tried to keep up with him, and died in harness; and now Mr. Watson, another assistant secretary, appears to be breaking down from overwork.

The duties of Mr. Stanton have been more arduous for some time past, as he has had but one assistant secretary. He formerly had three; but, by some oversight, Congress at its last session failed to make an appropriation for more than one.

When Dobbs and Ruggles returned to the hotel, they found the ladies, with Cronier, grouped com-

fortably around the fire. As soon as the editor of the *Trumpet* was seated, he gave those who chose to listen an account of the visit to the War Department; and from that branched off naturally on to the war subject, with regard to which he ventilated some of his ideas, when he was at length interrupted by Cronier, who said, in pretty fair English, for he was somewhat excited on the subject—

“Your country is yet in its youth in the art of war. It must be learned step by step, with plenty of experience. Your country has never been much at war, and it cannot be expected that she would understand much about it. The French are the people who understand the art of war, sir !”

“You are right, Count,” answered Ruggles, “when you say that we have had but little experience in fighting, and I am thankful that it has been so; but the little fighting that we have done has been about as well done as any of our Transatlantic neighbours could do it, I opine. If you inquire of the English, for instance, I think they will admit that we did up our little jobs with them quite handsomely, both in 1776 and 1812.”

“But,” said Cronier, “the English are not much farther on in the art of war than yourselves. It is the French who have advanced in this direction.”

“And their advance into Mexico is a proof of it, I suppose,” returned Ruggles. “Why, twelve

thousand Yankees, half of them shopkeepers who made no pretensions to military science, took Mexico in a few months—marched right into the capital with General Scott at their head. Eighty thousand of your countrymen, with their wonderful knowledge of the art of war—the heroes of Solferino and Magenta, and the bronzed veterans of Algiers—have failed to do in two years what we did in a few months with only twelve thousand men, more than half of whom never smelt powder before, nor pretended to any knowledge of the art of war. Why, sir, every American soldier considered himself equal to three ‘greasers,’ as they used to call them.”

“But that was a dozen years ago,” said Cronier. “Mexico has since become more warlike.”

“But you say,” replied Ruggles, “experience is necessary in learning the art of war, and Mexico has had none since her war with us. A few trivial internal dissensions do not amount to anything. A dozen years or so makes little or no change in the military character of a nation at peace. The Mexicans had the same wholesome respect for us long before our war with them. Why, one of our Western trappers, Colonel Bowie, after whom the bowie-knife is called, once entered a ranche where a crowd of twenty-five or thirty Mexicans were congregated who bore a grudge against him, lay

down on the floor, and had his hands and feet tied, and offered to fight any one of them with his teeth, but not a 'greaser' stepped forth."

"But your military operations," rejoined the Count, "disclose blunder after blunder, from Bull Run down to the repulse at Fredericksburg; and your blunders are shouldered on to some of your best generals. Tell me one of your fighting generals who has not made a blunder. You are no farther ahead now than you were at the beginning."

"You talk about blunders as if they were confined to this war," returned Ruggles. "I question if there ever was a war in which a blunder of some kind was not made. Your greatest captain, Bonaparte himself, blundered at Waterloo, and lost. And I do not think it comes with a good grace from you to say that you understand more about the art of war than the English, seeing that they whipped you. Happily we have never had occasion to fight the French, but if we should by any possibility get each other by the ears, I have no doubt as to what the result would be. We whipped the English, and they whipped you, *ergo*——"

"But England had something else on her hands when she fought with you. She had but a small portion of her forces here," said Cronier.

"If she had sent all her forces here, by Jove,

we would have cleaned them out all the same, for the old Continentals never would have given up while a man of them was left," returned Ruggles.

"Are you not what you call spreading the eagle a little now, Mr. Ruggles?"

"Not a bit of it. It's the naked truth, sir."

"Why, that is just what they say down south—that they will never give up," resumed Cronier.

"And they wont—if they can help it," added Ruggles. "But, if it becomes necessary, we will change off with them, as the chess-players do when they want to finish the game, and have man for man killed; and as we have the greater number of men, there will be enough left to claim the victory and maintain the government intact as it has come down to us from the patriot fathers of the Revolution.

"A moment ago," continued Ruggles, "you said we were no farther ahead now than when we commenced. Why, sir, we are gaining ground, slowly but surely, every day. We are gradually taking possession of North Carolina, Tennessee, and Louisiana, and are in possession of the rich valley of the Mississippi. Even now the flag of the Union floats over every State in the Union.

"We admit that it is hard work whipping the South; but it is not calculated to improve our temper when foreigners tell us we don't know how

to do it anything like as well as they could, especially as we are doing our best. We are a non-interfering nation, and all we ask of others is the right to manage our affairs in our own way—a privilege which we have always accorded to them. As one of our Yankees said, all we demand is, that ‘them foreign chaps will stand back out of the ring, and they will see one of the tarnationest fights they ever set eyes on.’

“We have inaugurated more improvements in the art of war since we have been in the business than was ever done by any people in the same time since the world began. To go no further, look at the improvements in the Navy Department, in monitors, rams, shells, mortars, revolving turrets, &c. We have worked a revolution in naval warfare, sir. Your countrymen have tried their hand at shipbuilding, and turned out a *La Gloire* and several other abortive specimens of their handiwork. By Jove, sir, if you want ships, get them built in this country, for you can’t make them yourselves. The King of Italy got one or two built here, and ever since I heard of it I have had a higher respect for the man. You may rest assured that monarch has gumption.

“As for the rebels saying they will never give up, we take that as we did all that talk about dying in the last ditch, on which they rung the

changes until it was played out. They fought bravely in their ditches, every one will admit; but when it became too hot for them, we found they were not willing to die there, as they had so often told us, but found use for their legs in getting out as nimbly as possible. Then we had a great deal of talk about their leaving their bones to bleach on the field of battle. But we have learned that all these fine phrases don't amount to anything when we come to test them. The point of the bayonet lets the wind out of these full-blown, high-sounding sentences amazingly. Van Dorn was an astonishing hand at this kind of thing. His proclamations were a jumble of verbose high-falutin' phrases, such as 'Beautiful maidens of Louisiana, suffer not the craven youth to linger round your hearthstones, but send them forth to the field of glory, there to win imperishable renown or fill a martyr's grave,' &c. &c., *ad libitum*.

"Now, the fashion in Dixie is to say, 'We will never give up—they never can whip us.' The frequent reiteration, however, of these words indicates an apprehension of such a result on their part. They are like the boy in the graveyard who whistles to keep up his courage.

"The determination to subjugate the rebels is becoming stronger as the fight progresses. There are only a few Copperheads, of the Vollandigham

and Wood stripe, who still harp about peace—‘honourable peace,’ as they call it. The Government is only waiting for these peace men to commit some overt act, when she will soon dispose of them, by making such an example of one or two as will prevent the balance from croaking any more about peace. The mass of the American people are united in reference to carrying on the war until the Union is restored, cost what it may. There are only a few radical Republicans and Democrats who hint at anything else. And the Border States are the most strenuous promoters of a vigorous war-policy, because their territory has been the battle-field of the struggle. They have seen and felt the horrors of war, and there a man can occupy no middle ground ; he must be either Unionist or Secessionist.

“ We find it a big job to purge the nation of the disease which endangered its existence, but when it is restored to a healthy condition, as it surely will be, the work will have been done so effectually that it will never need to be done again. We have already made a moral progress in the last two years, which perhaps never would have been accomplished if we had gone on in the old way, ruled over and bullied by the South. Slaves are being unshackled by thousands. The Government wisely does not make slavery a *casus belli*, for that

would compromise many loyal men who still own slaves ; but the abolishment of slavery inevitably follows the army in whatever direction its operations are extended. It is a sacrifice for the loyal slaveholders to give up their slaves, for these bondmen represent to them so much money ; then there are the social ties which have grown up between them, that must be broken. It is hard, but they must submit. The terrible engine of war has been set a-going, and everything which impedes its action must fall before it. Slavery is in the way, and must fall, as a natural result. Many of those slaveholders who foresee the end are anxious to free their slaves through Government aid, and this is the favourite project of the President, which he has been labouring to establish since the breaking out of the rebellion. Missouri has already taken legislative action in reference to the abolishment, and asked the Government for assistance to be made a free State. The lower branch of Congress voted a certain sum for the purpose, but the measure stuck in the Senate on the score of unconstitutionality. The senators were afraid of establishing a precedent in the case of Missouri that might have led to rather complicated results, and after a deal of discussion the matter was dropped. But whether Congress grants the sum asked for or not, Missouri must become a free State, whatever may

be the political sentiment of her people; they, however, are now quickly learning this fact, and hence are desirous of disposing of such portable property as slaves as speedily as possible, seeing that it is provided with legs and constantly taking itself off.

"The errors in which men have been educated for a lifetime are not easily eradicated, and it is hard for these slaveholders to destroy the idols which they have petted and nursed so long; but war is a terrible iconoclast.

"Another effect is the advancement of the black man in the scale of civilization. The privilege of fighting for the preservation of the Union on an equal footing with the white man has been extended to him. If he conducts himself in a manner worthy of the privilege which has been bestowed upon him, this will prove for him the initiatory step to several others in the ascending grade of civilization. An opportunity is now offered to him to show if he really is a 'man and a brother,' and worthy of the blessings of freedom. This war should possess for him even a greater interest than for us, for he fights not only for his country, but for the freedom of his race. A philosophic historian says, that an enslaved race which is deserving of freedom should themselves strike the first blow. We shall soon see now if the black

man will avail himself of his advantages. We shall soon see if the black ram is going to butt seriously at the rebellion."

At this moment Alice, who was sitting opposite, spoke up quite warmly—

"There you go, laughing at the first effort the black man is about to make toward bettering his condition. How much nobler it is to lend a helping hand to a fellow-man who is struggling upward, instead of standing by an indifferent spectator! If the African people do *not* take advantage of the glorious privileges extended to them by a wise and beneficent Government, it will be because they were discouraged by the levity and want of sympathy of American citizens. The people must not fold their arms and say, 'Well, let us see what the negro is going to do for himself; we have given him a chance—let us see if he is going to seize it.' If all were to act in this way, the project for improving the moral and mental condition of the race which is now afoot would certainly fail. Who ever heard of a race that did not require moral support in conquering their freedom? And this race, so long oppressed and untaught, keenly feel the need of encouragement and sympathy in their first unsteady steps towards that future so big with hope for them. Happily for them and for the country, there *are* men enough in this land who will per-

form these kind offices for this people, and thus the cause of justice and charity will and shall, in the end, prevail. It shall be recorded in future history that a new era dawned upon the fortunes of America in 1863, when she began to live up to her dictum, that 'all men are born free and equal,' and took the outstretched hand of Ethiopia's son, and conferred upon him some of the rights of citizenship."

Ruggles' remark in reference to the butting propensities of the negro, which he made before Alice spoke up so warmly, had by this time taken root in the mind of Dobbs, and bore fruit in the following observations—

"They are remarkable butters, are the negroes," said the worthy gentleman, shaking out the folds of his bandanna. "I remember, when I was a boy, I used to see one of them who was always butting with a ram in a field hard by for his amusement, and the negro always got the better of the animal, until one day the ram took him unawares, and butted the poor man on the shins. After that he could never be induced to butt the ram again; but a man in the neighbourhood said he took to fighting the tiger instead of the other animal; and I remember some of my neighbours were amused at the remark of the man. I suppose they thought the tiger a less formidable beast to butt at than the ram," added Mr. Dobbs, reflectively.

"Father," said Alice, "your youthful reminiscences are untimely. I am sorry to hear you speaking so lightly of this race. The subject demands the serious attention of every patriotic, thoughtful man, especially at this time."

Thereupon Mr. Dobbs, who always wished to stand well in the estimation of his daughter, recollecting two or three of the phrases in one of the speeches which Ruggles had written for him, replied—

"May this right arm be withered if it should ever be raised against a dusky son of Ethiopia! May this tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if it should ever utter a word against this suffering, down-trodden people!"

"How well he remembers it!" whispered Ruggles to Mrs. Dobbs, who was sitting next to him.

"Your speaking so humanely in behalf of the negro race," said Ruggles to Alice, "has suggested to me an idea for not only the amelioration of that race, but of the whole human family. If my idea were carried out, there would be no more wars—human strife, nationally considered, would be at an end, and all the swords would be turned into pruning-hooks, and all the cannons sold for old metal."

"And pray what is this luminous idea of yours?" asked Alice.

"It is this. Let all the nations of the world send plenipotentiary delegates to a Congress to be held once a year at the capital of each country, successively. Let a code of laws be drawn up at their first sitting, and be adopted and held as sacred as we regard our Constitution. Let the differences between nations be settled according to this code, without recourse to any other tribunal—its action in every instance being considered final; and when a nation should attempt to break this Constitution by opposing the decisions of the Congress, made according to the law of the Constitution, let all the world turn upon the offending country and punish her as a common malefactor. But, in view of such a fate, no nation would pursue such a suicidal course; consequently, all men would be at peace."

"Ruggles," said Alice, "your sphere is too contracted as editor of the *Trumpet*; you should at least have control over the foreign policy of the country. I doubt not, if Mr. Lincoln were aware how much concentrated wisdom still remains outside of his Cabinet, he would make room for it and take you in."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE DEPARTURE—CONCLUSION.

THERE was hurry and bustle in the Dobbs family. The packing of trunks, giving of orders, and the usual confusion previous to a departure were gone through with.

The member from Dobbstown was glad the session was at an end, with a prospect of rest ahead. The poor gentleman's mind had been upon such a continual stretch in Washington, that he had lost considerably in flesh. He wanted to unbend himself—to come down from the high stilts on which he had balanced himself with difficulty during the past winter. He thought of his garden at home—the grape-vines that required latticing—the soil that must be spaded, and the squashes and pumpkins that he would plant.

He looked forward with no little pleasure to seeing neighbours Jones and Smith, and telling them of the conspicuous part he had played in making the laws of the country, and receiving their thanks for the cuttings, and seeds, and public documents

which he, from time to time, had sent them under his frank. As to political conversation, he made a mental resolution to steer clear of *that* when he reached home. He had been done to death with *that*; he would say nothing; he would refer people of an inquiring turn to Ruggles, who was always up to that kind of thing, for an exposition of his views. He was determined to keep quiet, and stay at home, and look after his gooseberries and currants, &c.

The worthy gentleman had been going under such a heavy press of sail in Washington, he felt as if he could stand it no longer, and must take in canvas and rest awhile. To be always under marching orders, to be always acting under implicit instructions, to be always reined up and well under hand of those who were driving him, was wearisome indeed to the simple gentleman.

Mr. Dobbs was knocked up with his trials at the capital, and was glad to go home. As he sat upon a trunk he looked quite radiant, and said to Mary, who did not seem to share the old gentleman's desire to leave the city—

“I'll make you such nice bouquets, as soon as the flowers bloom; and I'll buy you a nice canary bird that will wake you up early in the morning with its singing, you sleepy little puss; and if

you are a very good girl, maybe, in the hot weather, I'll take you to Newport. There now!"

This was all very well and delightful for the young lady to hear, but still she was loth to leave Washington so soon.

"Why don't you stay until the first of May, pa? There is to be ever so much gaiety yet. Just to think of it, Mrs. Thingumbob's party comes off in a few days, and I'll be gone, when I have already engaged for the German; and you don't know how delightful the German is, pa. And then the rides, and drives, and walks—and the nice young men. I declare it's too bad."

"And can't my little puss find these things in Dobbstown?" asked the parent.

"Oh, the people are so stupid there," answered the young lady.

The old gentleman turned the remark over in his mind, and felt apprehensive that the residence at Washington had engendered a crop of "notions" in his daughter's head which might give him some trouble. Dobbs often had misgivings about mounting the political hobby. He felt as if the thing would let down some way, or bring trouble; but he always satisfied his doubts with the reflection that "Mrs. Dobbs would have it so, and if anybody knew about it, she did."

Mrs. Dobbs was nearly as well pleased as her husband to leave the capital. She doubtless felt as the pilot feels who has brought his ship through an unknown sea to a safe harbour. She had reason to pride herself on her husband's success as a legislator. He was established for life as the Honourable John Dobbs, who had made a speech in Congress, and shared in the deliberations of that body. The Dobbs family was looming up—was becoming known. She was content with the winter's work.

Alice expressed no preference with regard to going or staying, but sat listless and silent. Had she buffeted so long with the waves that she had grown weary of the struggle, and allowed herself to be borne away by the current? Had the worldly-wise counsels of the mother prevailed? Had the assiduous attentions of the Count become more agreeable? Had the love of pleasure and position carried the day? Perhaps she was asking herself these questions as she sat, pre-occupied, waiting the moment of departure.

If her heart had been touched by the soldier—if she loved him—would she soon forget the episode? Would there be any more serious result attending the little heart-story than dropping a tear or two over a few *billets-doux*, and pressing to

the heart a few withered flowers? Perhaps she was asking herself these questions.

The age is growing more matter-of-fact every day. Silk ladders, guitar serenaders, and elopements have passed away. No more scaling of walls, no more twanging of the light guitar, no more "meet me by moonlight," no more fleeing from obdurate parents. All that is changed now. Such matters are conducted in these latter days by due process of law and conventionality. Red-tape, to a certain extent, has invaded the institution of matrimony. Young ladies do not choose their life-partners now, but their papas and mammas do it for them ; and they, like well-behaved, obedient daughters, submit to the selection of their parents. Occasionally the young creature casts a wistful eye on the forbidden fruit, in the person of some young gentleman who does not come up to papa's requirements ; and, although she stoutly maintains that she will wed none but him, papa's logic at last prevails, and she succumbs to become the wife of his selection—Mr. Smith, probably—and in a few months Mrs. S. gets reconciled to her matrimonial harness, and ambles along life's journey with Mr. Smith quite amicably. Then papa will be sure to remind his daughter of his wisdom in selecting for her such a husband as Mr. Smith,

and inveigh against those artist and poet chaps, who have no more idea of practical life than a hen has of swimming.

Perhaps Alice also made these reflections.

At length Cronier, with the air of one of the family, announced that the carriages were ready, when the Dobbs folk descended with that gentleman, and took their seats. Ruggles stood by the vehicles to bid them good-bye for a week or so, when he expected to rejoin them. Mr. and Mrs. Dobbs entered one carriage, the daughters and Cronier the other, and the face of the Count wore an exultant expression as he took his seat in front of the ladies. The farewells were soon exchanged with the editor of the *Trumpet*, and the carriages started. As the one containing the young people moved off, the eldest daughter leaned over the side of the vehicle, waved her handkerchief to the cavalier of the black horse, and smiled a sad parting adieu. The horseman responded with a low bow, and the shadow of deep dejection rested upon his face. He turned his head in the direction of the receding carriage, and looked longingly after it until it was out of sight, and then turned, as one having authority, to an orderly standing near, and told him to take charge of his horse, dismounted, and the orderly

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took his place. As the dismounted horseman joined Ruggles he removed his great-coat, thus disclosing the undress uniform of an officer, which he wore underneath.

As the two friends grasped each other by the hand, the officer said—

"She could not stand the test."

THE END.



